

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 invited from the Society for the post of Secretary, 'Dwarf News'. As this is a support role, applicants need not own a Dwarf, or be a member of the Society. You must be computer literate, and prepared to work for minimum wage.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Welcome to the June issue of 'Dwarf News'. Much has been happening over the last month in the Dwarf world. Assistant Editor Jane Collins B.A. has returned from honeymoon, however she is at present suspended pending the outcome of a police investigation.

There is fascinating news from Italy regarding the origin of Dwarfs, more on the trial of radical Dwarf feminist Minnie Small, and you can catch up with all the latest sports stories in our Sports News section.

We had great hopes for the Colour Supplement this month, as we have moved to new, modern premises. We now have all the very latest equipment, including a fully automated, computer controlled printing press capable of producing one hundred thousand different colours and shades. Unfortunately, at the moment it has chosen to exactly match the ink with the green paper we bought for this month's supplement, so that although the print quality is superb, it is impossible to see the words. For this reason, the Colour Supplement is, once again, printed in black and white.

DWARF NEWS ASSISTANT EDITOR

"ASSISTING POLICE WITH THEIR ENQUIRIES"

Jane Collins B.A. Assistant Editor of 'Dwarf News' returned from honeymoon at Lego Land, Windsor with her new husband, to be met by police investigating the death of her first spouse, Charles Longfellow. Officers were at first reluctant to question Harry, employed as an office boy by Dwarf News, as he failed to match the description provided by our Editor. "We were expecting someone of twenty-five, who stood five feet one inch tall", a spokesman said, "instead we were confronted with a man of forty, who was only four foot eleven". Jane informed the officers that Harry was tired after the holiday, and "may be a little worn down". Once they were certain they had the right Dwarf, police arrested the pair, and they were taken to Half Street Police Station for questioning.

Our Deputy Editor spoke to the officer in charge of the case, who said that his suspicions were aroused as soon as he was called to the scene of Mr Longfellow's tragic death, after the engineer fell into the printing press at our old premises, now closed.

“Mr Longfellow was, after all, a Dwarf. He was supposed to have slipped and fallen while adjusting the steam pressure relief valve on the press. That valve is seven feet above the floor, yet the nearest stepladder was leaning against a wall, over twenty feet away”, the Deputy Editor was told. “We must also remember that Mr Longfellow wasn’t only a Dwarf, he was also male. We are expected to believe he was engaged in the adjustment of a delicate and important piece of safety equipment, and yet no hammer was found with the body. I immediately smelt a rat”. (See note below – Ed).

The couple have been released on police bail, pending further inquiries. Interviewed at home by the Deputy Editor, Jane has vehemently denied any involvement in her late husband’s death. She has, however, admitted to police that she was probably the last person to see him alive. “I dropped in to the Printing Shop before I went home that night, as I knew Charles had to run a test on the press. I wanted to ask him what time he was coming home”, she revealed.

She has also been forced to admit that she and Harry have been lovers for three years, and have apparently been carrying on their affair during the office lunch break, while hiding in the stationary cupboard. “I’m afraid that Charles wasn’t very good in certain areas”, Jane confided. “About four years ago he got hold of a bottle of whisky. That night he tried to relieve himself out of the bedroom window. We live in an old Victorian house with sliding sashes, and the sash cord broke at the wrong moment. I blame myself; I know what Dwarfs are like after drinking spirits. I always kept the bottle on a high shelf, but on this occasion I forgot to hide the stepladder. Afterwards poor Charles was never quite the same, and a woman does have needs”.

Our Deputy Editor told Jane that the police had carried out a thorough search of her office, and discovered Dwarf sized footprints on the bottom of the fire bucket, which they suspect was used by Harry while standing in the cupboard during their moments of passion. Harry claims they are being fitted up. “My boots were stolen from outside the bedroom door one night, during our honeymoon. Anyway, I used my own bucket, and I always took my boots off”, he stated. Jane has confirmed this. “Harry has always been a gentleman”, she said.

Unfortunately, police later obtained a search warrant for the couple’s home, and discovered a pair of size three boots hidden in the outside coalbunker. These boots have now been matched to the prints found on the bottom of the fire bucket. As a result, the society felt it necessary to suspend Mrs Collins appointment as Assistant Editor of ‘Dwarf News’ for the foreseeable future.

Editor’s Note: As all Dwarf Keepers are aware, Dwarfs and rats are ancient enemies. Whenever it was that the Dwarfs first appeared, they would have found themselves in direct competition with these long established rodents. Both species would seek to occupy the same ecological niche, living amongst people almost unnoticed, eating scraps and leftovers. Understandably, the rats objected to the interlopers, and even today it is not unknown to lose a favorite Dwarf to a hunting pack of these vicious creatures. As our old Printing Shop was infested with rats, the policeman can be forgiven for thinking he smelt one, when what he probably smelt was, in fact, Dwarf. If they are living in close proximity, rats and Dwarfs are inclined to smell very similar, due to existing on almost the same diet. The only difference is that the rats seem to prefer theirs wrapped in fresh Dwarf.

DWARFS “COULD BE MUCH OLDER THAN PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT”

An amazing discovery in Italy last month suggests that Dwarfs may have been common in Britain many years earlier than experts presently believe. Archeologists working on the site of a first century A.D. villa, prior to the construction of a new ring road near Rome, have uncovered a letter from a soldier serving in Camulodonum, or present day Colchester. Many such letters have been found, both in Italy and Britain, however this particular find reveals what life was like prior to the Iceni revolt of A.D. 63, led by the warrior queen Boudica.

The writer, a middle-ranking officer, informs his parents that he has been appointed as liaison between the Roman governor and the Iceni. Like many soldier's letters home, it begins with the usual complaints regarding the British weather, and a request to send more socks, and warmer underwear. In the second part of his letter, however, he tells of a day spent hunting with the British king and his wife. “At the time of the harvest, they mount their chariots, onto the axles they fix sharp blades, and these they use to hunt down the little men, who they regard as vermin”.

A mainstay of British agriculture at this time was a form of wheat, planted in an extensive system of fields dating back many centuries. As the wheat ripened, so the “little men” would enter the fields and steal the grain. Due to the thief's small stature, warriors guarding the fields were unable to see them. At harvest time, the whole tribe would gather for a day of sport, and other duties would be forgotten. The wheat would be harvested from all boundaries of the field simultaneously, with the reapers working in towards the center. This would force the Dwarfs to move inwards, until a single strip of wheat remained in the center of the field. Concealed within this central stand would be the prey. When the hunters were ready, the last wheat was cut down. This would force the Dwarfs to make a run for the field boundary, in an attempt to escape. They would then be exposed on open ground, making them clearly visible to the charioteers. The Dwarfs would be chased around the field, in an attempt to decapitate them with the chariot blades. If carried out properly, the Dwarf's head would rise into the air, and the hunt followers, mounted on ponies, would try to impale them on spears before they hit the ground. After the fun, the British would erect two poles at one end of the field, and the children of the tribe would be invited to try and kick a head through the poles from a distance of around ten meters, while the warriors would take turns at standing between the poles and trying to catch the head, or kick it clear. It was, claims the writer, “a spectacle with much blood, and makes many of the contests in the Coliseum look like a game for weaklings”.

This letter seems to suggest that Dwarfs must have reached Britain many years before the time of King Arthur, the previously accepted period of their arrival. As this discovery throws doubt on all accepted theories of Dwarf origins, ‘Dwarf News’ contacted ‘*Chariots Of The Dwarfs*’ Author Eric Von Smith, at present confined to the orthopedic ward of Leeds City Hospital with both legs in traction, and asked his opinion. Three days later we received a letter, and are pleased to print the following:

Dear 'Dwarf News';

Although I stated in my book '*Chariots Of The Dwarfs*' that they appeared in the years after the Romans left Britain, in the course of research for my next work, '*Interstellar Voyages Of The Dwarfs*', I have uncovered evidence which points to the Albion dwarfs having belonged to a 'second wave' of dwarf settlement. Unfortunately, when I was attacked the manuscript for this was stolen, along with much of my research material. I am at present trying to reconstruct this work, and am optimistic that the book can still be published next year.

I am hardly surprised to hear that dwarfs were to be found in Roman Britain, or that they were regarded as vermin. Any reader of even average intelligence will realize that the dwarfs had to go somewhere after the sinking of Atlantis. To reach our world, they must have been able to navigate in three dimensions. Finding their way around in only two would have been simple. As the Pole Star would have been visible from the middle of the Atlantic, dwarfs fleeing the sinking island could have used it as a beacon to guide them to a new home. They would, therefore, have sailed north, and the combination of the prevailing winds and the Gulf Stream would bring them to southern Britain.

Plato wrote extensively about Atlantis, placing it "Beyond the pillars of Hercules". This would position the island in the Atlantic Ocean. He gives us details of its central city, built in a circular pattern, which the Atlantean dwarf's descendants attempted to recreate in their designs of Stonehenge and the Coliseum. It is from Plato's accounts of the number of inhabitants, and the area under cultivation needed to support these numbers, that we can deduce the size of Atlantis, and many scholars feel that such a huge land mass could not have sunk without trace. If the population were much shorter than previously realized, however, then the buildings and fields would not need to be anything like the size deduced. In order to house a population of dwarfs, Atlantis only needs to be about the size of the Isle of White, which could sink beneath the waves leaving little more than a ripple. When they first arrived on Earth, the dwarfs would have desired a secluded and safe place to set up their civilization, and such an island would have seemed ideal. Owing to their advanced science, they soon dominated the more primitive cultures around them. Naturally, after the Atlantean grip on the ancient world was broken, the history of their empire remained, and became a legend. Racial memory would soon blot out the fact that the inhabitants of Atlantis were less than three feet tall, as no later civilization would care to admit they were once dominated by a race of people less than half their size.

My new book will cover not only the voyages made by the dwarfs to reach Earth, but will reveal details of some of the ancient civilizations they founded, both before and after the destruction of Atlantis. It will cost fourteen pounds ninety-five pence, and be available in all good bookshops.

Yours faithfully;

Eric Von Smith



LOOT L.C. MAY '04

COURT DIARY

Mon 2 May

The trial resumed today of radical Dwarf feminist Minnie Small, held on charges of belonging to a proscribed organization, and grievous bodily harm. The court had previously been adjourned for one week, to allow Miss Small time to recover from a stomach complaint, believed to be due to the prison diet.

Asked by Mr Scrote Q.C., prosecuting, who had carried out the assault on controversial author Eric Von Smith if it wasn't her, Miss Small replied that this was a question for the police, and she had no intention of doing their job for them. Mr Scrote then suggested that the Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs Of Albion, who had sworn a blood oath to break the writer's kneecaps unless he retracted certain statements made in his book, '*Chariots Of The Dwarfs*', might have carried out the attack. Miss Small replied, pointing out that this would require the Brotherhood to "Take at least one thumb out of their collective arses, so they had a hand free to hold the hammer". At this point Miss Small was admonished by the judge, and the court was adjourned for the day.

Tues 3 May

This morning Mr Arthur Law Q. C. began the case for the defense in the Minnie Small GBH trial at the Old Bailey. He opened by challenging the prosecution to produce the black dresses, white aprons and frilly caps worn by Minnie and her accomplice Maxine Small, deceased, in their assault on Eric Von Smith. "We accept that the attack was carried out by two female Dwarfs disguised as Goblin Teasmaids, but my client was not one of them", he told the jury. He also asked where the toffee hammers used to break Von Smith's kneecaps were. "The police have failed to produce them", he stated. He admitted that his client had contracted her services to the Provisional Wing of The Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, but that the attack had been carried out before the contract had been filled, by another, as yet unidentified, organization. "To promise an action is one thing, to actually carry out that action is another matter entirely. Ask anyone who has been told by a plumber that he will be there on Monday morning", he informed the court.

Wed 4 May

In his closing statement Mr Scrote Q.C. has claimed that the absence of weapons or uniforms used in the attack on author Eric Von Smith should not blind the jury as to the guilt of the accused, Minnie Small. "The two accomplices who carried out this attack had plenty of time to dispose of the evidence", he pointed out. In closing for the defense, Mr Arthur Law Q.C. asked why, if the attack had been carried out by Minnie and Maxine, Eric Von Smith had failed to notice that one of his assailants was of Afro-Caribbean descent. "Surely the prosecution does not share the police view that all Dwarfs look the same", he challenged. Considering that the jury is made up entirely of people who are less than five feet tall, this was a telling argument. As to the charge of belonging to a proscribed organization, Mr Law informed the court that the Anti-Fascist Ultra Left Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion was not a proscribed organization in the eyes of the law. "How can it be, when even the acknowledged expert on radical Dwarf feminist movements, Assistant Editor of 'Dwarf

News', Jane Collins, admits that she has never heard of them", he asked the jury. "They only had two members, and one of them died in prison over a month ago". The judge will give his summing up tomorrow morning, and the jury should begin their deliberations in the afternoon.

Thurs 5 May

The judge in the trial of Minnie Small has finished his summing up, and the jury has been sent out.

Fri 6 May

The jury is still out in the Von Smith kneecapping case. They have been sent home for the weekend.

Mon 9 May

Minnie Small has been found guilty on both charges. The judge thanked the jury, and informed Miss Small that continually changing the name of a proscribed organization every few days does not change the organization itself. "Even if we accept that the group you formed with your partner in crime, Maxine Small, was in fact, a separate organization, you have still admitted working for the parent movement as a contract hit Dwarf", he informed Miss Small. He added that the kneecapping of Eric Von Smith was one of the most brutal and sadistic crimes he had ever come across. He then sentenced Minnie Small to six years in prison for the attack, and a further eighteen months for being a member of a proscribed organization. Miss Small, who is approximately four months pregnant, denounced the court from the dock, and had to be removed to the cells. Two warders suffered bruised kneecaps from kicks, and the court bailiff received a bite on the ankle while trying to subdue the protesting Dwarf feminist. Her Q.C. Mr Arthur Law has stated that he will appeal, and called the verdict "a triumph of prejudice over common sense".

Two days after the trial, the editor of 'Dwarf News' received a telephone call concerning the case. A transcript is provided below.

Caller – "Listen up, Lofty, if you like your legs to bend in the middle. This is a spokes Dwarf for The Popular Front of The Red-Handed Brigade of The Provisional Wing of The Ultra Far Left Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, the PFOTRHBOTPWOTUFLRDFM, TNASOTDOA for short. We want to tell you that Minnie Small is going to get her kneecaps done for denouncing our sister organization, The Provisional Wing of the Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, as a bunch of tossers who couldn't find their own backsides with both hands and a map".

Editor – "Hello again, weren't you once the spokes Dwarf for the RHBOTPWOTUFLRDFM, TNASOTDOA? I remember your voice".

Caller – "I might have been. That's not important".

Editor – “So your organization is going to break in to prison and attack Minnie Small, is that right?”

Caller – “We don’t need to. She’s upset the big lady Dwarfs now. They don’t just break your legs, they put them through the paper shredder afterwards”.

Editor – “While they’re still attached?”

Caller – “Only at first”.

Editor – “So who are the big lady Dwarfs then? I’ve never heard of them”.

Caller – “Oh, bugger. Maureen, I think I’ve just told him about, them, you know. What do we do now?”

Second Voice (In background) – “You didn’t mention the name ‘Pink October’, did you? If you’ve given their name to ‘Dwarf News’ they’ll go bloody mental!”

There followed ten minutes of muted sound, believed to be two female Dwarfs arguing.

Caller – “Hello? You must have the wrong number. This is Wendy’s Wool Shop. Goodbye”.

Second Voice (Still in background) – “Why did you say that, Wendy? Now they know your name as well as mine. You might as well....”

At this point, the caller terminated the connection.

SPORTS NEWS

May 2004

The Dwarf Owners Society Of Great Britain’s sports coach has announced that final trials for the forthcoming Dwarf Owner’s Olympic Games will be held at the start of June. He is optimistic regarding our medal prospects this year, and says that Britain may well be able to field its strongest team ever. He told me over a drink in the Society Social Club bar on Friday that he has high hopes of a medal in the woman’s basketball. “We are selecting our tallest players, and should be able to achieve an average height of over four feet six inches”, he boasted.

The team receives no financial help from the government, unlike many of our foreign opponents, and is supported only by the generosity of the Society’s members. Most competitors have to pay their own way, often taking time off work and meeting their own traveling expenses. At least this year, with the event taking place in Britain, their pay packets shouldn’t be too short.

The coach has appealed to members to help finance the purchase of modern equipment for some of the more technical events. “In Floodlit Dwarf Racing most of the other

countries have equipped their Dwarfs with the very latest hammers, with lightweight carbon fibre handles. Our lads are still using the old hickory, and even William Bigger may find it tough going”, he stated. His main concern was for the woman’s basketball team. “They desperately need lighter stepladders”, he pleaded. “Four years ago, the Americans dominated the competition using ultra lightweight titanium stepladders, this year all the other teams will have them. The problem is that although they are actually made in Britain, they cost around two thousand pounds each, and our girls and their owners just don’t have the money”.

I am proud to announce that since this appeal, the staff of ‘Dwarf News’ has had a whip round to start off the collection. We raised nearly two pounds fifty, plus five pesetas and two buttons, which smelt slightly of Dwarf. (What, no polo mints? – Ed).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Dwarf News;

Thank you for sending me the full neutering kit I ordered earlier this month. Unfortunately, I haven’t had a chance to try it out yet. Since my Dwarf Keeper saw my letter to you in last month’s issue, he has stopped drinking whisky. The money this has saved has more than paid for the kit, and the bricks make excellent doorstops. Tony is now sleeping in the spare room, with a chair wedged under the door handle, so at least I can get a good night’s sleep, without him waking me up at all hours and going on about Dwarfs.

I am sure he will drop his guard sooner or later, and I have a friend who is a nurse standing by, just in case I do break a thumb. I will write and let you know how the operation went when I can get him drunk, probably at Christmas.

By the way, you were right about the equipment being more than big enough.

Yours truly,

Gill

Dear Gill;

I’m glad you are happy with the neutering kit. It is always nice to hear from a satisfied customer. Good luck with the operation.

Yours truly,

Editor, Dwarf News

The winner of the “Dwarf News” T-Shirt offered in last month’s issue is Angela, for her suggestion of a smoke, as the Dwarf would have somewhere to shelter in the rain. Most readers seemed to be obsessed with what is to be found lower down, rather than the young lady’s ample chest. As a result, most of the replies are unprintable. The Editor thanks readers for their efforts, and will award a second T-Shirt in the near future.

SUPPLEMENT

I am grateful once again to Professor Hugo Darkley B.A., Senior Lecturer in Applied Dwarf Lore at Merkin College, Cambridge, for this article, which follows on from his piece in last month's issue.

UPSY DAISY: HISTORY AND NOTES ON JUDGING.

I am sadly familiar with the views expressed by the author Eric Von Smith, on the origins of Upsy Daisy. His suggestion that the Dwarf's invention of the practice, many centuries before the discovery of elastic, proves they have a racial memory of a land where rubber was so common that "it seemed to grow on trees", is obviously ludicrous. In olden times the Junior Judge, who must be a taller person, was always the Dwarf's owner, and this only ceased during the early years of the last century. A male Dwarf's owner is always female, and most modern women refuse to witness the last moments of their Dwarf. They also object to being spattered with his remains from a height of thirty feet or more if the attempt is successful. Even an offer by the Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion to lend them a hat, and to pay the cleaning bill afterwards, rarely persuades them to change their mind. For this reason, the Junior Judge nowadays is always a Dwarf Keeper, or a Dwarf Friend who has been asked to serve by the Brotherhood. The Dwarf's owner is an invited guest, though few choose to take up the invitation. My feeling is that the Dwarfs came up with the practice, and insisted on one taller person being present, to remind us that in matters of honour, they are determined to the point of death. We should never forget that even the most sedentary and easy going Dwarf can, if pissed off enough, still surprise us. Upsy Daisy reminds us of this fact.

In the past, any Dwarf who considered Upsy Daisy was a Dwarf to be reckoned with, as the chances of a successful attempt were virtually zero. Merely to try was enough to regain the honour of the disgraced Dwarf concerned. There was so much that could go wrong, and bring the attempt to a premature and messy conclusion, as opposed to the correct and messy conclusion that is the object of the exercise. The ancient Dwarf was faced with a choice of plaited leather, or a rope that had been twisted many times to provide the desired stretch. The latter choice invariably ended with the failure known as 'Corkscrew', and many Judges had to be treated afterwards for a twisted neck. Frequently, the chosen material would snap, leaving the Dwarf, plus two large suitcases full of bricks, to hurtle downwards, without even the benefit of a length of fully stretched elastic to slow his descent. This was known as 'Fucking Great Hole in The Floor'. More feared than this was the possibility that the cord used would not snap at all, but bring the Dwarf to a sudden halt many feet above the floor. The result was the same as the example mentioned above, in that the floorboards would certainly need replacing, but with the addition that the Dwarf's head would be left gently swinging to and fro on the end of the cord. This was known as 'Conker'. Certainly the Dwarf of today has a much easier time, and this is one instance where the Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of

Albion, a notoriously conservative organization, rarely calls for a return to the good old days.

Many members of the Brotherhood regard the attempt by Walter Peasegood, (4ft 10in) in September of nineteen sixty-three, as the greatest ever. Because the maximum score for a perfect Upsy Daisy is ten, his final tally of sixteen is unlikely to be beaten for some time. He exceeded the previous record of eleven, awarded for a perfect attempt plus one Great Final Irony, by such a margin that few of us can hope to see his score bettered in our lifetimes. (All Dwarfs love irony, which they regard as the highest form of wit. Next time your Dwarf is trying to reach an object on a high shelf, ask them if they would like you to fetch a stepladder. I guarantee the answer will be heavily ironic, and quite possibly painful. – Ed)

When accused of a disgraceful act by a young male Dwarf, Walter Peasegood faced the senior members of the Brotherhood, and swore a blood oath that he was innocent. He offered no other defense. By taking this bold step, he relied solely upon his high standing within the Brotherhood, and his faultless reputation as a Dwarf of honour. There is no greater defense any Dwarf can offer than this. The senior members dully found him guilty. Having sworn a blood oath, he was bound by the very honour he had claimed in his defense not to winge about the verdict afterwards.

Walter Peasegood was so disgusted by the decision that he announced immediately he would show his utter contempt for the Brotherhood by committing Upsy Daisy. He then swore a blood oath to make it the greatest attempt of all time, and that the Judges would have to award him a score of fourteen. He would claim three extra points by insulting the Judges three times during the attempt, and one final point for insulting the whole Brotherhood posthumously. Some members protested that the point of a blood oath was that, if you failed to carry out the actions you had promised, you were expected to commit Upsy Daisy. As Walter's chances of survival, win or lose, were about the same as the chances of a hedgehog in a blast furnace, the oath was meaningless. The dissenters were shouted down. Walter then calmly announced his chosen location as Blackpool Tower, at midnight in three weeks time, while the illuminations were still on. There was further uproar.

When things had quietened down a few days later, the senior members met to name the Judges. Recently appointed to the position of Junior Judge was Ivor Smallpiece. (Now retired from Upsy Daisy and best known as the principle show judge at DwarfFest. - Ed). He had been married to his Dwarf and Wife Ada for six months. This would be his first Upsy Daisy, and the Brotherhood waited to see how he would perform, and if he could show the necessary wisdom and discretion required to hold this difficult position. They also elected the Fall Dwarf, and as is traditional, failed to inform him of this honour. A Fall Dwarf is only told of his appointment at the last minute, in case he tries to go sick. The senior members try to select a Dwarf with at least a City and Guilds certificate in painting and decorating, and if possible, plastering. This Dwarf, blissfully unaware of the honour about to befall him, carries on with his life as usual. On the last meeting of the Brotherhood before the attempt, he is delayed outside the meeting room by two or more of his brethren. When he enters the room, he will find that everyone else is already seated, and that there are no chairs left. Instead, in his usual place is a mop and bucket. At this point, he becomes aware of the future his brothers have in store for him.

At the appointed hour, Walter Peasegood performed perfectly. As there is no ceiling over the top of the upper observation platform on Blackpool Tower, he formally requested permission from the Senior Judge, to affix his elastic to the underside of the take off point. The Judges conferred, and young Ivor showed great wisdom by deferring to his senior colleague. Walter then climbed to the top of the tower, lowered the rope, and hauled up the two large suitcases full of bricks. This took a little over two hours, and the Judges were forced to observe him with binoculars. Once he had recovered, Walter fixed one end of his elastic to the underside of the platform, and the other to his collar. His last action before jumping was to urinate upon the heads of the judges below. He even took the time, after delivering this insult, to shake it and put it back. His second insult came just after the time of the Second Great Obstacle. On the way back up, he removed both his boots, and threw them at the Judges. It may seem impossible that any Dwarf could find time during the Third and Final Significant journey to carry out this feat, but Walter had been thinking about the problem for three weeks. At the point where he started to go back up again, he cunningly failed to drop the two large suitcases full of bricks. He only held on for a fraction of a second too long, but it was enough. As he began to rise, his arms were stretched to the point where he could now remove his boots, without taking time to bend down. At the moment of enlightenment, he achieved the perfect position. Usually this means that the last part of the Dwarf to impact is the soles of his boots. Because his arms had been stretched to twice their usual length, and were held down at his sides in the approved manner, the last parts of Walter Peasegood to impact against the underside of Blackpool tower were, in fact, his fully extended two middle fingers. He died as he had lived for the last three weeks, giving the finger to everyone else.

The Senior Judge decided that any Dwarf who could, in the course of his last moments, insult the judges by pissing on their heads, throwing his boots at them, and giving them the finger, should be awarded a bonus point for class. He told Ivor Smallpiece that he felt compelled to award fourteen points. It was at this point that Ivor once again showed his wisdom, and won the respect of Dwarfs everywhere. He recalled that the final insult promised by Walter would be delivered after his death, and would be aimed at the whole Brotherhood, rather than just the Judges. He suggested that if there was another insult still to come, then the Senior Judge would end up awarding fifteen points, rather than the fourteen promised by Walter. He politely pointed out that this would leave the Senior Judge looking like a pillock. A discussion ensued, concerning the exact point at which death could be said to have occurred. If a Dwarf's demise was counted as the moment of his head impacting on the underside of the take off point, then the fingers were definitely given posthumously. The Dwarf concerned had been traveling so quickly at this stage in the proceedings that it could also be argued that it was impossible to measure the time between his skull starting to crush, and the tips of his fingers joining the rest of him, to settle for a moment before starting to drip upon the roof of the ballroom, hundreds of feet below.

This discussion was terminated by the arrival of the Fall Dwarf, who had been sent up the tower to collect Walter Peasegood's toolbox, containing the envelope chosen for his remains. This is a moment of great ceremony, and the chosen envelope will be admired and praised by the entire Brotherhood, before it is posted to its final resting place. The Fall Dwarf passed to the Senior Judge Walter's envelope of choice. It was a cheap, lightweight envelope marked 'Air Mail', and bearing a stamp for tuppence three

farthings, from 1953. On the front, instead of a full address, was written the single word 'Albion'. The return address on the back was Blackpool Tower. For this final insult, Walter Peasegood was awarded the full count of fourteen, which he had claimed three weeks earlier.

One week later, the young male Dwarf involved vanished from his home. He left behind a suicide note, revealing that he had lied in an attempt to blackmail Walter Peasegood. The older Dwarf had refused to pay. For this, the Judges reconvened, and awarded a further point for one Great Final Irony. The last point was awarded the following morning, for a second Great Final Irony. It was discovered that the young male Dwarf had tried to die by throwing himself into the Thames from Tower Bridge the night before. As he did not wish to land upside down in the mud and become a Great Final Irony himself, he had been careful to ensure that the tide was in. Instead, he had landed in a garbage barge, which was loaded with fertilizer that was due to be dumped, as it was three weeks past its sell by date. The young male Dwarf survived.

Editor's Note: Thank you once again to the Professor for his follow up to last month's article. The final part, covering the story of Ivor Smallpiece, will appear in next month's supplement. We have now ordered ten thousand sheets of the green paper, and are confident that we will be able to print this in colour.

LATE NEWS

Wed 26 May

Police have today charged Jane Collins B.A. with Dwarficide, and her new husband Harry with being an accomplice. He has also been charged with being drunk in charge of a stepladder. The couple, who are both suspended from their jobs at 'Dwarf News', have retained top Q.C. Mr Arthur Law to represent them.

The eminent Queen's Council, whose previous client, radical Dwarf feminist Minnie Small, was sentenced to six years imprisonment last month, has poured scorn upon the charges.

"The decision to charge one of my clients with being drunk in charge of a stepladder is ridiculous", he told reporters. "This was only done in an attempt to intimidate Mr Collins, and persuade him to give evidence against his wife. I am confident that they will drop this charge long before the trial. I have seen the stepladder concerned. It is very old, and only has three legs. It will never stand up in court".

In a further late breaking story, The American Dwarf Association, which represents Dwarf Keepers on the other side of the Atlantic, have announced the suspension of three athletes. The Dwarfs concerned, all selected to represent America in the upcoming Dwarf Owner's Olympic games, have all tested positive for highballs, a substance believed by many to increase height. All three athletes, two female and one male, are part of the American Dwarf basketball squad. We hope to have the full story in time for next month's issue of 'Dwarf News'.

