

DWARF NEWS

The Official Newsletter of the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain

No Dwarfs were harmed in the making of this publication

EDITORIAL

Welcome to June's issue of 'Dwarf News', bringing readers up to date with all that has been happening in the Dwarf world during May.

First, some local news from the Milton Keynes region. 'Dwarf News' photographer Roger Bradbury, inventor of the inverted periscope camera for photographing Dwarfs, is recovering after a motorcycle accident. As this involved skin grafts at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, the temperature in his room had to be kept at around eighty-five to ninety degrees. The new slim line Roger is now looking for a previously small member of the Society who has recently put on a lot of weight, with a view to exchanging T-shirts.

Dwarf Keeper Lorraine Fox, registered keeper of 'Poison Dwarf' Frank Fox and formerly the shortest Dwarf keeper in the history of the Society until Minnie Small became a member on her engagement to Harry Collins, has decided to become a biker, rather than a biker chick. To this end, she is now the proud owner of a 125cc Virago, and has completed her Compulsory Basic Training. She is expected to pass her motorcycle test without difficulty, although she is advised not to wear the same outfit she used to pass her car test, as her examiner will not be able to close his visor if his eyeballs are standing out six inches from his head. He may also have to sit so far back on the seat that he will be unable to reach the handlebars.

Dwarf Keeper Royal Tony Dickinson has managed to destroy the engine on his Yamaha Diversion, possibly due to frequent over revving. Local entrepreneur Biggles, husband of 'Dwarf News' relationship counselor and grandmother of five Auntie Linda, and sole proprietor of Captain Biggles' Used Motorcycle Emporium and Multi-Coloured Swap Shop, was contacted for advice. He suggested buying a replacement bike, and recommended another Diversion, which by an amazing coincidence, he just so happened to have in stock. The offer was reluctantly declined, and a second hand engine was purchased from Aussie Dwarf Keeper Don Cook, registered keeper of 'Dwarf News' illustrator Jennie Linn Cole.

Early last month, the Dwarf Keeper Royal and his Dwarf, Gill, attended a pig roast in Bletchley. The pig was donated by the Dwarf Keeper Royal himself.

Elsewhere in this issue, we have shocking news from Middle Whallop, and an announcement by American film impresario Harvey Steinway, who ran Hollywood agency Dwarfs 'R' Us for many years, until forced out of business due to the cost of defending himself against legal action from a large chain of toy stores.

DWARF KEEPER ROYAL SETS FIRE TO DWARFMOBILE



On The Menu: The Dwarf Keeper Royal's Plastic Pig

The Dwarfmobile, which was used as the Bride's Limousine for celebrity Dwarf Simon Bruce's wedding last year, is now an in patient at the local Reliant Dealers, after it was the guest of honour at a barbeque in a Milton Keynes car park at the beginning of May. The vehicle, shown above in white, has now had the front half re-done in smoke gray, to match the office cat.

A spokesperson for the Reliant Motor Company, when contacted by 'Dwarf News', told our reporter that their cars hardly ever caught fire. "If one does go up, it is almost always the driver's fault", he claimed. "The owner probably caused the fire himself, by turning the ignition on".

Editor's Note: Some people give names to their cars as soon as they get them, others wait for the vehicle to find it's own name. Can you think of a suitable name for the Dwarfmobile? Suggestions at the office have included Smokin' Joe, and Barbeque Bill. The best name will win one lucky reader an exclusive 'Dwarf News' T-shirt. Entries, by word of mouth, surface mail or electric pigeon, and marked 'Name That Pig', should reach the Editor no later than the 25th of June.

HARVEY STEINWAY TO REMAKE BRITISH FILM CLASSIC

By Our Show Business Correspondent

American film mogul Harvey Steinway, who earlier this year wrote an article on the use of Dwarfs in film for our supplement, is in England. He is busy casting and scouting locations for his latest project.

"All Hollywood seems to be making these days are films based on cartoon characters, sequels, and new versions of old films", Mr. Steinway told reporters at a press

conference. “I have come here to re-make a British classic from the nineteen seventies, one of the best comedy films your little industry ever made”.

Steinway then revealed that he has bought the rights to ‘Confessions Of A Window Cleaner’, which starred Robin Asquith in the original version.

“For the re-make, I have cast famous British Dwarf Harry Collins as Timothy Lea”, the director and former casting agency head informed the press. “You think window cleaner, you think stepladder. You think stepladder, you automatically think Dwarf. You also think bucket, and Dwarf plus bucket equals Harry Collins”.

Harry, formerly the ‘Dwarf News’ office boy, is well known in Britain as the face of an advertising campaign for retail chain B&Q, endorsing their extensive range of own label buckets. It was revealed last year that Harry had used a bucket while involved in a passionate affair with Jane Longfellow, Later Jane Von Smith, who was at that time the Deputy Editor of the paper. The relationship was consummated, and then re-consummated frequently over the next three years, in the office stationary cupboard at lunchtimes. The cupboard was so small that the couple had to stand up, hence the bucket. Harry and Jane later married, only to divorce when news of his affair with radical feminist Dwarf Minnie Small reached his new wife. As both Minnie and Harry are Dwarfs, it is assumed that no buckets were involved. He is now married to Minnie, and the couple have a baby daughter, Victoria.

Readers who have seen the original film, usually on Channel Five, will recall that the ‘plot’ revolves around the central character, Timothy Lea, and his sexual adventures with his customers. **(The channel has frequent advertising breaks, which allows viewers plenty of time to get a fresh box of tissues. – Ed).** The original film was well known due to the number of fledgling actresses who were prepared to be filmed naked in order to get work. It spawned three sequels, and Mr. Steinway is rumoured to have purchased the rights to the whole set.

Harry’s new wife, Minnie Small-Collins, has told ‘Dwarf News’ that she is delighted that her husband has landed a major film role, but has informed Harry that she will not agree to him spending several months romping with a succession of young, naked actresses. She has insisted that a body double is used for the sex scenes. Harry has reluctantly agreed, and the director has been inundated with offers from Dwarfs throughout Britain to be Harry’s stand in, although considering the use his bucket is likely to get, stand up might be a more appropriate title. Unfortunately for the volunteers, many of whom offered to work for free, or even to pay the director for the chance to appear on camera, Harvey Steinway has already found his Dwarf. “We have got American stunt Dwarf Wee Willy Wilson to act as the body double, as he won’t have to say anything, plus he has worked as a double many times in the past, usually for Arnold Swartzenegger”, Harvey told the press.

When it was pointed out to the director that the two actors bear almost no physical resemblance to each other, as Harry looks more like a bonsai meatloaf than a former Mr. Universe, Mr. Steinway assured reporters that no-one would notice the substitutions. “Hollywood has used the technique for years,” he explained. “Believe me, when the hero is on screen with a naked actress, no-one will be looking at him. We could use an eighty-year-old Chinese midget with one leg as the body double, and get away with it. We’ve done it before.”



Speculation is rife regarding the actresses who are due to appear in the new version, and bookmakers Ladbrokes are now taking bets. Favourites so far are latest Doctor Who girl Billie Piper, former wife of The Ginger Tossler, Chris Evans; and newsreader Natasha Kaplinski. Vanessa Feltz is quoted at five hundred to one. Among members of The Ancient Brotherhood Of The Dwarfs Of Albion, the smart money is on favourite pin-up Jordan, with Jane Von Smith running a close second. Jane, who last year angered the Society by posing nude for 'Play Dwarf', has stated that she has no interest in pursuing a film career.

SOCIETY TREASURER VANISHES WITH CHEQUE FOR SEVEN MILLION POUNDS

Mrs. Gladys Arbuthnott, the treasurer of the Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society, has disappeared after receiving a seven million pound cheque from insurers Norwich Union. The money had been paid out to cover the cost of an explosion and subsequent fire that destroyed the old Middle Whallop Junction Railway Station, which housed the society's collection. The explosion was caused when the old 'Dwarf News' steam powered press, which was the star attraction at the museum, self destructed after the boiler's emergency pressure release valve was re-fitted the wrong way round during restoration. Mrs. Arbuthnott's husband, Richard, the museum's owner, was killed in the blast. Also believed dead is fellow enthusiast Mr. Fred Clegg, although his body is yet to be located under the rubble.

The steam press, which had been loaned to the museum by its owner, 'Dwarf News' Deputy Editor Jane Von Smith, was valued at three point seven million pounds, and Jane is said to be devastated by the disappearance of both Gladys and the money. A spokesman for Yorkshire Police has informed reporters that Mrs. Arbuthnott is believed to have left the country. "She used her passport to fly from Heathrow the day after she cashed the cheque. She had purchased a ticket for Australia, one way. We have asked the Australian police to look out for her, but with that much money, she could be anywhere by now".

Jane, who was left five pesetas, two buttons and a polo mint in the will of her last husband, controversial author Eric Von Smith, was relying on the money from Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society to top up her ailing bank balance. After being informed that she would be receiving a substantial payout, Jane used the last of her available funds to put a sizeable deposit on a six bedroom town house in Oxford, as a home for herself and new love, French Dwarf tennis star Marcel Bouffant, who she partnered to victory in the Australian Mixed Height Tennis Tournament in January. Jane told colleagues at the time that the couple intended to have "lots of children". In a display of generosity, she also signed over the deeds of her old house to former husband number two Harry Collins, who has been chosen to play the lead in a major new film production, reported earlier in this issue.

Jane and Marcel, who have been staying at a top hotel in Oxford with the intention of paying the bill with some of the insurance money, have been ordered to leave by the hotel manager. As the couple have been staying in the four hundred pounds a night

Honeymoon Suite for the last three weeks, the total amount is believed to be substantial. Jane has been given twenty-eight days to settle the account, or face legal proceedings to recover the dept. She is now on compassionate leave while she sorts out her financial affairs. It is believed that Marcel Bouffant, meanwhile, has returned to Paris to begin preparations for the next tournament on the Dwarf Tennis circuit, the U.S. Open. Jane is once again staying with second husband Harry and his wife Minnie Small-Collins, the one time radical Dwarf feminist, and their baby daughter, Victoria. Jane's butler, former bodyguard to the stars Mr. 'Masher' De Vere Hopkins, has moved back into the shed.

MERKIN COLLEGE TO ENTER UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE

A team from Merkin College, Cambridge, England's premier center for Dwarf related studies, is to enter the top BBC television show, University Challenge. The team is made up of third year student Janice Harris, studying Applied Dwarf Lore, who is captain, and three others, Mitchell Wainright, Jeremy Nugget and Sebastian Coggins, all also studying Applied Dwarf Lore.

Suggestions that the team does not have enough depth of field to do well in a general knowledge based quiz have been dismissed by the college principle, eighty-eight year old Professor Smythe. "Merkin offers an all-round, balanced education, we don't just teach Applied Dwarf Lore. Our syllabus also includes Dwarf Mythology, Political Infighting, and Reverse Logic. Janice, our captain, has a boyfriend who is studying chemistry at another college, and young Jeremy can play chess, so he must be reasonably intelligent", he told our reporter.

The team have been drawn to meet Leeds Polytechnic in the first round later this month, and 'Dwarf News' has managed to obtain a ticket, so watch for a report on the contest in next month's issue.

On a related story, Police in Cambridge are no nearer to identifying the mysterious knickers thief who has been preying on female staff and students at Merkin for the last month. Brita, the twenty-five year old part time lap dancer and wife of Professor Smythe, is now so short of underwear she is reported to be keeping her few remaining items in the college safe. On a brighter note, the student who reported to police at the start of the enquiry that she was missing a pair of knickers and a bra, has told police that, after reading 'Dwarf News' last month, she has now remembered where she left them.

COURT DIARY

Mrs. Julia Muffin, formerly the cook at Half Street Police Station until she unfortunately cooked all the evidence in a case of GBH, (**Giraffe Bollock Hoarding, - Ed**) has been re-instated after appealing her dismissal at the European Court of Human Rights. Mrs. Muffin, who used the two bags of testicles which were being kept in the station freezer to produce a dish of steak and bollock pie, followed two days later by sliced bollock and onions, claimed she was being victimized due to her poor eyesight, and the fact that she was a vegetarian, and had not tasted the results of her own work before serving it in the police canteen.

The testicles, a vital ingredient in the preparation of highballs, an illegal drug used by some Dwarfs, (mainly Americans), in an attempt to grow taller for sports such as basketball and snooker, are known to have unpleasant side effects when taken in large quantities. Due to the high level of testosterone, female officers at the station who ate one or both of the meals are still having to shave twice a week.

Mrs. Muffin is to start back at the station during July. It is reported that the ten per cent of officers who had not become vegetarians after the incident, have now joined their colleagues in refusing to eat meat dishes while on duty. "I am sure they will all find their health improves as a result," a delighted Mrs. Muffin told our reporter.

SPORTS REPORT

The British Dwarf's Open Golf Tournament has been taking place at the world famous Saint Andrew's golf course in Scotland. As usual, the competition attracted top players from all over the world. American champion Tyrone 'Weasel' Woods was the firm favourite, Britain's hopes rested with Jeff Longman, who was the runner-up at the South African Dwarf's Open last year.

Before the players went out for the first round on Thursday morning, our sports reporter asked the tournament referee why the competitors in Dwarf golf walked the course with two caddies, rather than the single club carrier used by taller players. "Well, they need one to carry their clubs, and the other one to carry the stepladder", he was told.

Editor's Note - Dwarf golf is played using full size clubs, rather than children's clubs. As in any golf competition, the object is to get round using as few strokes as possible, so being able to hit the ball a long way is highly desirable. The faster the club head is traveling when it makes contact with the ball, the further the ball will fly. In fact, to get the same sort of impact speed associated with normal sized players, Dwarf clubs are actually longer than usual, to take into account the player's arms being shorter. Also, most Dwarfs are too short to see the flag on a distant green if they are standing at ground level.

All the top players made the cut for the final two days on Saturday and Sunday. A surprise addition was British amateur champion Steve Shorthouse, who finished the first two days at four over par, just making the final rounds. He was forced to withdraw after seven holes on Saturday, when he fell off his stepladder due to a gust of wind. Indeed, the weather conditions for the first of the final two rounds was far from ideal, and many of the competitors experienced difficulties.

Sunday saw a marked improvement in the weather for the final day's play. Britain's hopes rested with Jeff Longman after Steve Shorthouse's withdrawal the previous day. His campaign received a boost when Weasel Woods was unfortunately run over by a golf cart on the ninth fairway. Although he bravely carried on after the accident, he was unable to climb his stepladder due to a knee injury, and had to continue from ground level. Despite completing the round with a respectable three over par, giving him a total of two under when added to the previous three day's scores, he was later disqualified for digging holes in the tees and fairways with his club heads, as the shafts were now approximately two feet too long for him.

This left Jeff Longman the clear winner with a final tally of one under par for the competition. The American Dwarf Association has since put in a complaint, after it was

revealed that the driver of the golf cart that ran over Weasel Woods was driven by the British coach.

Elsewhere in the sporting world, Chinese Dwarf table tennis star Wun Long Wang has announced his retirement at the end of the season. He is believed to be unable to recover completely from the serious back injury he sustained last year in the Asian Masters, when he slipped on his own sweat and fell off the table while attempting a backhand lob. His usual doubles partner, Wun Hung Lo, is said to be looking for a new player to join him for the start of the next season.

PROBLEM PAGE

'Dwarf News' Relationship Counselor and Grandmother of five Auntie Linda gives readers with personal problems the benefit of her experience. This month, a letter from a male Dwarf, who is wondering how to break some news to his Dwarf Keeper and wife of many years.

Editor's Note – As this letter deals with a sensitive problem, and the sender is related by marriage to last month's writer, I have agreed, after a request from Auntie Linda, to change the sender's name, his wife's name, and the name of the young lady involved. Though it has never been the policy of this paper to change names in order to protect the guilty, or indeed the innocent, we are making a rare exception in this case. I hope that Mr. Dick Lemming, his wife Doris Lemming, and Tracy from Essex are duly appreciative of the effort this has involved.

Dear Auntie Linda,

I have been married to my Dwarf Keeper for twenty years, and although we don't necessarily share the same interests, we have always been reasonably happy. Although Ethel does not understand my love of motorcycling, she never complains when I go off to rallies with my friends at weekends. My problem is that another member of my local bike club, a young lady from Essex called Barbie, usually comes with me, as her own bike is off the road at the moment. Unfortunately, I think that she must have given me a dose of clap, at a rally in Milton Keynes organized by the Barrel Bikers. What on earth do I tell my wife, as I don't think she will be very understanding? I have even heard of one Dwarf Keeper who threw her Dwarf out of fifth floor window when she found out he had been playing away. While this does not worry me particularly, as we are fortunate enough to live in a bungalow, I would rather avoid any unpleasantness.

Yours faithfully,
Richard Numpty

Oh, good grief – Dick by name, dick by nature. What a bizarre relationship you must have, what with your wife staying at home to watch TV because she “doesn’t like motorcycles” and you swanning off with young Barbie thinking everything will be ‘okay’ because you’re away from home.

But back to business: first, by ‘the clap’ I have to assume you have had sexual relations with young Barbie and think that you have caught a form of STD, (Sexually Transmitted Disease to us older generation), rather than sporting two black eyes from having your ears soundly boxed while Barbie was defending her honour. If this is so, it is essential that you see your doctor or go to your local clinic, (see your telephone directory or search the Internet for phone numbers, addresses, etc). Most STDs can be treated quite quickly and easily but there are some that are just too serious to contemplate that can result from just this kind of gross stupidity.

You ask what you should tell your wife (that won’t necessitate you being thrown from a 5th floor window) but first you have to decide if you really need to tell Ethel how imprudent you’ve been. If you have got out of the habit of indulging in a little marital bliss with you wife you may be better off dealing with the problem on your own – and remembering that you’re old enough to take your medicine without your mother there to tell you when and how many...

If you wish to tell Ethel simply to get her attention I can think of much better ways in which you could do it: buy her flowers, chocolates, take her out for dinner; or even take her to a local rally where she could meet some of your new friends and remind young strumpets like ~~Fr~~ Barbie that it isn’t just her and a new ~~viet~~ friend involved in these things.

There are two things that you must do: first, tell Barbie that she’s given you a dose and suggest she gets treated before any brain damage sets in. (Not that anyone would be likely to notice with a woman like this). And secondly, may I suggest that you don’t repeat what you’ve written to any of your biker friends? I’m sure that such a large, well-respected group of people as the Barrel Bikers (Buckingham) MCC would be unhappy if it was inferred that their rallies were hotbeds of seduction and corruption – after all, they’d be sure to include it in their rally handouts if it was true.

Finally, next time you want to avoid any unpleasantness, you stupid little person, remember Mrs. Clinton and her advice to “Just say NO”. (**I thought that was the cast of ‘Grange Hill’. – Ed**). And, for goodness sake, it’s only three words – try to remember it. So, get yourself cleaned up and bear the ignominy yourself, make friends with Ethel who may also get a new lease of life from the biking scene; and tell Barbie to get her bloody bike back on the road and stop preying on innocent old Dwarfs who should know better.

Have a nice day...

Auntie Linda

LAST MONTH'S COMPETITION WINNER ANNOUNCED

Congratulations go to Dwarf Keeper Marith Mauseth-Clark, owner of notorious Scottish ankle-knobbler and Dwarf Jok Clarke. Marith revealed that her personal tastes do not extend to Country and Western when readers were asked what sort of music they would choose to play on a personal stereo, when throwing themselves off a tall building or under a train, as they made the transition from person to pizza.

Other readers opted for something somber, with Tchaikovsky's Symphony in E-flat major proving popular among classical fans, and Telemann's Trumpet Concerto in B-flat minor running a close second.

"I find that songs by people like Dolly Parton ensure that I ALREADY feel like a pizza!" Marith informed us in her e mail. Don't worry Marith, lots of women feel like a pizza when they compare themselves to Dolly Patron. Below are some helpful suggestions.



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 - 100% FDA Approved Conditions

Alternatively, why not drop a line to 'Dwarf News' Relationship Councilor Auntie Linda? I am sure she can help you with your feelings of inadequacy in this area, although it is not a problem she suffers from herself. Please contact the office at you convenience, to tell us what size T-shirt you require. **(Small, presumably. – Ed)**.

'DWARF NEWS' SECRETARY RESPONDING TO TREATMENT

Well known Dwarf psychiatrist Doctor William Bodkin, Chair of the Little-Known Department of Dwarf Psychiatry at Merkin College, Cambridge, reports that his patient, Sophie the 'Dwarf News' secretary, is doing well since she became an in patient at the college infirmary. Sophie was allowed a weekend pass at the end of last month to attend a wedding on the Isle of Wight, when local motorcyclist and rally organiser Stan, a building site foreman and female impersonator, married his long time partner, Jane. Sophie was the Bridesmaid, a role she performed for our own Jane on her wedding to the late Eric Von Smith. 'Dwarf News' relationship councilor and grandmother of five Auntie Linda was the Best Man.

The police, who were anxious to question Sophie over the mysterious disappearance of her identical twin brother, Matt, who won the award for Best Dwarf Boots (Male) at the wedding of celebrity Dwarf Simon Bruce in March of last year, have now accepted that Sophie and Matt are, in fact, the same person, and have stopped searching for a body. Sophie's landlady, a woman in her fifties with iron gray hair and sensible shoes, is reported to be thinking of planting vegetables in her back garden, after it was dug to a depth of twelve feet by a team of officers looking for evidence. "We are considering charging either Matt or Sophie, or possibly both of them, with wasting police time, in this job I haven't got enough hours in the day to dig my own bloody garden", a spokesman for the police told 'Dwarf News'. Sofia, the dark haired version of Sophie, is reported to have made a brief appearance to speak to the police during an interview at Merkin, when she told the investigating officers to "fuck off and die".

Doctor Bodkin has asked us once again to point out that he is not a Dwarf. "I treat Dwarfs, I am not a Dwarf myself," he told our reporter. "If I told you I was a general surgeon, you wouldn't expect me to operate wearing an army uniform, would you?"

Doctor Bodkin has kindly allowed us limited access to his patient's notes, and has agreed to write an article on his unusual patient for this month's supplement. He has requested that his fee be donated to his department at Merkin College.

SUPPLEMENT

This month's supplement contains an article by eminent Dwarf psychiatrist Doctor William Bodkin G.F.S.R.C.C.P., Chair of The Little Known Department Of Dwarf Psychiatry at Merkin College, Cambridge.

THE FOUR FACES OF SOPHIE

(Notes taken on the day in question are in normal type. Doctor Bodkin's later additions to his original notes are in italics).

Day One

Patient presents with acute anxiety, and a conviction that she is male. Sophie appears to be an attractive young lady in her mid twenties, around 5ft 10in tall, with a slim figure and long blond hair. *Later revealed by the patient to be a wig.* Patient admitted to The Nuthatch Private Mental Health Facility, Cambridge.

Day Four

Sophie has become less agitated, and is no longer claiming to be male. As to the question of what sex the patient is, psychiatry is concerned with the contents of a person's head, rather than the contents of their underwear. As Sophie is in good health, there is no reason to subject her to the indignity of a physical examination, which would be an invasion of his/her privacy, and would probably destroy the trust that a psychiatrist must have from his patient, if he is to treat that patient successfully. I have therefore decided to accept Sophie as female. As she seems to be making reasonable progress, I have chosen to transfer her to Merkin College Infirmary.

Day Six

I am now convinced that Sophie is suffering from MPD, or Multiple Personality Disorder. *I recall an Irish student I once taught referring to the initials as standing for 'many people disease'. It would have been amusing if he had said this in the student bar, unfortunately he came up with the idea while taking his finals. He failed.*

This is a recognized illness, and has been well documented by Corbett H. Thigpen in his book 'The Three Faces Of Eve' written in 1957 and published by Secker and Warburg. 'Eve', actually a woman called Chris Sizemore, had three distinct personalities. Two of these were referred to in the book and the film made in the same year as Eve Black and Eve White. The complaint is now known as DID, or Dissociative Identity Disorder. *My Irish student would probably refer to it as d'ey's in dere.* Sophie seems to have gone one better, as I am now convinced she has four personalities, with the added complication that one of them thinks she is a boy called Matt.

Day Seven

I have begun the difficult task of trying to unravel Sophie's past. Sophie herself seems eager to co-operate. She has been finding it difficult to cope with the behavior of her two 'sisters', although she seems to regard Matt as a pet of some kind, almost like an idiot

half brother. I have only found one confirmed sighting of the mysterious Matt; he is recorded as winning the award for Best Dwarf Boots (Male), at the wedding of celebrity Dwarf Simon Bruce to his Dwarf Keeper, Jackie, in March of last year. If it wasn't for this, I would think that Matt was actually a product of Sophie's imagination; possibly created as a defence mechanism to give her support against her two 'sisters', both of whom Sophie describes as having strong personalities. Sophie sees her life at the present time as a constant battle to retain her own identity against the pressure of both her alter egos, Sophia the redhead, and Sofia the brunette. As to the sticky question of what sex she actually is, Sophie, Sophia and Sofia are obviously female: Matt is obviously male; otherwise his name would be Matilda.

Day Ten

I have now met two of Sophie's alter egos. Sophia came out of the bedroom when she heard the cook opening a bottle of sherry to flavour the trifle. Sofia, meanwhile, has taken to wandering the college grounds late in the evenings. She seems to have become friendly with Doctor Leon Canarbis, Principle Reader of The Newly Established Department of Political Infighting. I am surprised that she chooses to associate with Canarbis, as he has a reputation for spending too much time with his female students. So far, there have been no complaints regarding his conduct from the students themselves, probably due to those girls who have opted for one to one tuition receiving far higher grades than expected. He is also somewhat lax in his personal hygiene, and smells strongly of what he claims is herbal tobacco. From what I have heard about Sofia, I would have expected her to detest him on sight.

I have decided to ask the three girls to write their life stories for me, and Matt, if he ever appears. This is a technique that has been shown to be effective when trying to get to the root cause of a patient's personality disorder.

Day Twelve

Sophie has finished writing about her early life; it makes fascinating reading.

Sophie's Story

I suppose I feel happy being around Dwarfs, that's probably why I like my job so much. My mum is a Dwarf, although she never felt comfortable with her height. When I was born, she was determined that I would not take after her, and end up having to buy my clothes in Mothercare. She decided to start me on highballs as soon as possible. In those days, highballs were still new, they hadn't been banned in Dwarf sports, in fact hardly anyone outside America had heard of them. They had only been around for a couple of years, and no one had any idea about the long-term effects.

Mum started by lacing my milk with small doses of liquidized giraffe testicles when I was a baby. By the age of five, I was drinking highballs made with just about anything alcoholic, to try and hide the awful taste. This may be why I don't drink very much; I really don't like the stuff. By the time I became a teenager, I had probably drunk just about everything going.

I remember that the martinis weren't too bad, I could just about manage to keep one down, although I am sure they would have been nicer if, when I lifted out the stick, there had been an olive on the end of it. I don't think they are supposed to be quite so cloudy, either. As for beer, I'm sure you're not supposed to have to chew the last few mouthfuls.

I remember we seemed to move house quite a lot during my childhood. We must have lived close to every zoo and safari park in the country at one time or another. I often saw Mum going out late at night, carrying a very long stepladder and a pair of bolt croppers. When we lived near Dunstable, she probably wiped out Whipsnade's giraffe breeding programme single-handed.

It wasn't until I became a teenager that the problems started. Mum was happy, because I was around five feet eight when I was thirteen, but I wasn't. At school, the others were always making jokes about my height. I wasn't changing shape like the other girls, and I wasn't getting my few days off games once a month, either. My classmates kept teasing me, and asking me if I was a boy. Eventually, Mum stopped giving me the highballs, when people began to realize that they had long-term side effects, particularly among the female athletes who had been taking them. Unfortunately, by then it was too late; the damage had already been done. I never did develop much of a bust, in fact I still have to use padding to half-way fill a T-shirt, and a visit to the doctor confirmed that I was not going to be able to have children. By the time I reached sixteen, I was having to shave once a week, that's why Jane caught me trying to shave my chin when I stayed with her overnight.

I was often mistaken for a boy when I did go out, and became very depressed having to explain to people that I was a girl, which was why I had long hair. I started to wish I was a boy; it would stop me having to stuff my bra with half a roll of toilet paper before I could leave the house. One day when I was sixteen an old gentleman stopped me in the street, and told me that I should get my hair cut, as I looked like a girl. I think that was where the idea for Matt came from. The following day, I went to the hairdressers, and had my head shaved. Mum went mental, she said she wasn't sharing the house with something that looked like Sinead O'Connor. She took me to the shops, I remember she had to hold my hand, because when she put a bag on my head she forgot to cut eye holes in it, and bought me a long blonde wig. Since then I've always kept my own hair very short, and for the next few years I often went out as a boy. I found that I was accepted as a male, and life was so much easier if you didn't have to explain all the time. I decided to call myself Matt. No one ever noticed I was actually a girl, partly because I used to put a cucumber down my trousers. *I talked to Sophie later, and asked her if she didn't think a cucumber was rather optimistic. "My Mum's a Dwarf, and I might have been a Dwarf, too", she explained. "If a male Dwarf grew to five foot ten, I think you'll find a cucumber would be about the right size, proportionally. Ask Jane Von Smith if you don't believe me. Why do you think two of her husbands were Dwarfs? I thought everybody knew".*

Diagnosis

Sophie suffers from a very low sense of self worth, probably due to her mother refusing to accept and love her as she is, and trying to change her from the moment she was born. I suspect that this, coupled with a difficult time during childhood, has prevented some aspects of her character from fully developing.

Day Thirteen

I managed to entice Sophia out last night, with a bottle of brandy from the medicine cabinet. Between drinking it and falling over, I persuaded her to write a few words about herself.

Sophia's Story

There's a part of Sophie who likes to drink, after all, she was bought up on it. That part is me; I'm the real Sophie. Any sort of alcohol is going to taste good, if you're used to having a couple of tablespoons of liquidized giraffe's testicles stirred in. It's such a great feeling when you pick it up a glass, and realize you can actually see through it. About the only thing I don't drink is strawberry milkshake, it's pink and cloudy, which I try to avoid. I remember when we were eighteen, poor Sophie had just started going to pubs pretending to be Matt. The problem was that drinking can cost a lot of money, and no one was going to buy Matt or Sophie much in the way of drinks. All the boys seemed happy to pay for it when I wanted a night out, and I never got a hangover. I don't even know what one's like.

Sophie's OK, but she really needs to lighten up a bit. As for Matt, I really don't know why Sophie ever bothered with him. If you're unhappy, why not have a few drinks, and then find a party somewhere? Let's face it, that's got to be better for you than pretending to be a boy, and going round with a cucumber stuffed down your trousers.

I must admit I don't like Sofia very much, in fact she frightens me. I'm afraid one day she's going to take over completely, and do something really bad. She'll vanish afterwards, and Sophie will end up in prison, and I don't fancy having to spend the rest of my life drinking some God-awful prison home brew. I don't mind Sophie waking up in the cells after a good night out, that's how you know you had a really good time. Besides, the police always give her a couple of aspirins, and drive her home in the morning.

Diagnosis

Sophia is an alcoholic, who seems to have an astonishing capacity for drink. Due to her high intake throughout childhood, she must have developed a resistance to alcohol, which is probably why she drank the brandy from the medicine cabinet out of a pint glass. It is fortunate that she is not around all the time; otherwise, transplants permitting, she would be well on the way to wrecking her third liver before George Best has finished pickling his second. Treatment will be difficult, as Sophia has never experienced the full effects of her over indulgence. If she is sick, she is so drunk that it does not seem to bother her, in fact she sees vomiting as nature's way of emptying her stomach to make room for the next round. By the morning, when it is time to sober up, Sophie is the one who is left with the headache.

Day Fourteen

It is difficult to talk to Sofia, the dark haired member of the family. She is inclined to appear late at night, the only time I see her is when I catch a glance from her as she is on her way out for another late night session with Doctor Canarbis. I have left her a letter on the table, with a blank notebook and pen. Hopefully, she will reply when she comes in.

Day Fifteen

Sofia has written me a letter. It mainly covers her feelings towards the other three. I have had to edit out the expletives, as it would make a transcript of Nixon's comments during the Watergate affair look like something written by a nun.

Sofia's Story

Are you surprised that Sophie is such a mess? She's pathetically grateful to have a shit job that no-one else bothered to apply for, and work all hours for a wage packet that wouldn't clothe one girl, let alone three. It's no wonder she's always in debt. If I hadn't taken over one morning and made the Deputy Editor a cup of coffee, he'd still be trying to get into her knickers. God knows what he saw in her, she's so wet. Next time, I must put more bleach in it.

Sophia is just a drunk, she can attract men all right, but she's always too pissed to do anything with them afterwards. If I took a man home, Sophie would have to steam clean the room afterwards, and probably re-decorate. I feel all warm inside just looking at an electric carving knife. As for Matt, I hate him. If I could take over for long enough, I'd be seriously tempted to throw myself under a bus, and kill the bastard. You wonder if we're really a boy? If we were, I'd cut it off with the electric carving knife. That would sort the problem out, and be a nice surprise for Wing Nut, next time Sophie allowed him to crawl out of whatever dark corner of her mind he hides in.

Diagnosis

Sofia is a complete psychopath, with no redeeming qualities whatever. If she ever takes over, Sophie will have to be kept in a secure unit for the rest of her life, to protect the public. I am sure that, under the black wig, she has the number six six six tattooed on her skull.

Day Twenty-Two

At last, I have met Matt. At first, when he came out of their bedroom, I thought it was Sophie, and that she had forgotten her wig. It is an easy mistake to make, as Matt and Sophie share the same jeans. He is a sad character, and with no hair and prominent ears, he could easily be mistaken for a taller version of Gollum, from The Lord Of The Rings. I haven't yet worked out whether the colour of the three girls wigs have some bearing on their personalities, or if it was the personalities that chose a hair colour to suit their natures. Sophie, after all, is a typical blond; her long fair hair seems to match her personality perfectly. Sophia has a fiery side, and it would be hard to imagine her as anything other than a redhead. As for Sofia, her black hair reflects her dark nature. Regarding Matt, he has hardly any hair at all, which says it all, really. I have given him a pen and paper, and he has promised to write down his side of the story.

Matt's Story

Please help me, it's all got out of hand. The whole thing started as a joke, I thought it would be a laugh to go out dressed as a girl sometimes. I don't have any decent qualifications, and have always had trouble getting a good job.. That's why I decided to apply for the post of secretary with 'Dwarf News', after I met some of the staff at Simon Bruce's wedding.

I've been Sophie on and off for years, at weekends and parties. As to where Sophia and Sofia came from, I have no idea, they just appeared. I am having to share my head with three girls. I can hear them whispering sometimes, hiding in a corner of my brain,

plotting against me. Now they have cooked up this story about always being a girl, they have turned everything round to make it sound as though I don't really exist. Please help, as I am afraid that before long they will try to get rid of me completely.

P.S. I find it difficult to get a good shave with the little pink razors in the bathroom, which the girls use to shave their legs. Could I have an electric razor, preferably not a Phillips Lady Shave?

Diagnosis

Matt shows all the signs of the classic schizophrenic, he hears voices in his head, and thinks that everyone is out to get him. Of course, in his case, he is probably right.

Day Twenty-Five

The first part of Sophie's therapy is now complete, that being the diagnosis. The next stage is treatment, and here lies a problem.

All treatments have some side effects, the combined effects of treating Sophie for her feelings of inadequacy, alcoholism, psychopathic tendencies and schizophrenia all at once are likely to put her in hospital on their own.

One school of thought in cases such as these recommends trying to combine the various personalities into one complete and balanced individual, however letting someone who is even twenty-five per cent Sofia loose in the community would be highly dangerous for anybody who came into contact with her.

As to Matt's claim that he is, in fact, male: I think this can confidently be ignored. In the highly unlikely event that Sophie was born a boy, then any man who has three alter egos, all obviously female, was probably born into the wrong sort of body anyway, and would be a prime candidate for a sex change operation on the National Health Service, a course of action that I would have no hesitation whatsoever in recommending as soon as possible.

Alternately, it should be possible to remove one or more of the personalities by a combination of therapy and drug treatment, although in order to avoid the combination of side effects that would result, I would have to try to remove the three unwanted personalities one at the time. Of course, this raises the question of which ones to try to dispose of, and in what order. I am tempted to try a sort of 'Big Brother' approach, asking her friends and colleagues which personality they would vote to evict, until there are only two left. Then a final ballot could be held, with the winner taking all, so to speak. My main fear is that, once the treatment concludes, some unwanted aspects of the vanished personalities will re-appear.

Editor's Note: Which personality would you choose for eviction? Would you get rid of Sophie, who is a bit wet? Maybe you would opt to get rid of Sophia, who is a lot of fun to be with on a night out, as long as you don't mind waking up in a cell, with an empty wallet. Or you could choose to dispose of Sofia the psychopath, who thinks that guilt is something they put on the back of mirrors. Finally, you could vote to get rid of Matt, who has to share his head with three sisters. Maybe the kindest thing, under the circumstances, would be to have him quietly put to sleep.

The Editor will award an exclusive 'Dwarf News' T-shirt for the best suggestion, so why not contact the office by the usual method, telling us who you would evict first, and why. Please get your entries in by the 25th June.

LATE NEWS

Thursday 26th May

Police had to be called to the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain's headquarters last night, after a fight broke out at a meeting of the Society's Awards Committee. Three members were taken to hospital, one with a suspected fractured skull. The vice-chair was arrested at the scene after the chairman's official staff of office, the ceremonial pickaxe handle, was broken in half.

The Awards Committee has often been involved in controversy in the past, with frequent accusations of favoritism, bribery and corruption. Last year the Acting Chair, Zena, was forced to stand down after her membership of the Society was suspended for three months, following an investigation into the sale of the old 'Dwarf News' steam press for five pounds to a scrap merchant. The press was later valued at three point seven million by insurers Norwich Union, before it was destroyed in an explosion at its new home, the Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society.

Zena, who surprised many of the Society's members by going quietly, has been keeping a low profile since serving her suspension. She is believed to have spent the three months taking a crash course in political infighting at Merkin College, Cambridge.

Police in Cambridge who are investigating the theft of large quantities of women's underwear from laundry baskets at Merkin are reported to have sealed off the college last night. Officers at the scene told our reporter that they were investigating a suspicious death, however no further details are available at this time.

Full coverage on these stories will be included in the next month's issue of 'Dwarf News'