

DWARF NEWS

The Official Newsletter of the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain

No Dwarfs were harmed in the making of this publication

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Welcome to the May issue of 'Dwarf News'. Jane has returned after her compassionate leave following the death of her Dwarf and husband, Charles Longfellow, as reported last month. At the moment she is on special leave, see the story below.

Following last month's tragic accident in the Printing Shop, we have been forced to make other arrangements for the production of this month's edition. This is because the Health and Safety Inspectors have now officially closed it down. In taking this action they have just beaten the Department of Health, who informed us last week that they intended to condemn the entire 'Dwarf News' building, due to an infestation of rats. As all experienced Dwarf Keepers are aware, rats and Dwarfs do not mix. Most of the Printing Shop staff are the husbands or boyfriends of members of the Society, so this part of the building has always had more than its share of small people. As we say here at the office, the Printing Shop is always short staffed. However, next month should see us safely installed in new, modern premises.

This month's Court Diary will bring you up to date on the Von Smith kneecapping trial, and includes the findings of an enquiry by the Home Office, into the suicide by Upsy Daisy of radical feminist Dwarf Maxine Small in Hollywell prison last month, reported in the last issue.

Well worth reading is the Sports Editor's interview with Lady Felicia Crumble, President of the Dwarf Owners Racing Club. Finally, the Colour Supplement features an explanation of Upsy Daisy by Professor Hugo Darkley, B.A. Senior Lecturer in Applied Dwarf Lore at Merkin College, Cambridge. If you always thought, as I did, that Dwarfs sometimes just went mental and killed themselves by jumping off stepladders, then this will be a real eye opener. (Due to the problems with the Printing Shop, the Colour Supplement is once again printed in black and white. – Ed).

CLOSURE OF 'DWARF NEWS' PRINTING SHOP

Due to the closure of the 'Dwarf News' Printing Shop after concerns over the safety of the equipment following a fatal accident, we have made other arrangements for printing this month's issue. (Shouldn't that read "safety of staff"? The equipment seems to be fine. – Ed). Our thanks go to The Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, for the kind loan of their printing press. The Brotherhood uses this to produce their own newsletter, "Tall Tales", which few Dwarf Keepers have ever seen a copy of. It is believed that the distribution list is very short. (Since a young and dynamic team of

members of the Brotherhood now produces this, it has been re-named 'Play Dwarf' by many of its readers. – Ed).

MARRIAGE OF 'DWARF NEWS' ASSISTANT EDITOR

Staff at 'Dwarf News' were surprised and delighted to receive invitations to the wedding of recently widowed Jane Longfellow B.A., who is at present the Assistant Editor. The groom was our own office boy, the Dwarf known as Harry Collins, (5ft 1in). Jane has only recently returned to work after a month's compassionate leave. She is now on honeymoon with her new husband at Lego Land, Windsor, for two weeks. Jane promises to be back at her desk in time for the next edition.

After the ceremony, the bride and groom held a small reception at the office, so naturally all the staff were invited. I can reveal that Jane is looking much better than of late, and has stopped wearing glasses. This may explain her tripping over several waste paper bins, and two Dwarfs from the Printing Shop, (now closed), during the afternoon. It has been suggested to her by Gill, the office Tea Dwarf, that she takes a little time out while on honeymoon, and gets some contact lenses.

When asked why she had chosen to marry another Dwarf after the death of her first husband, Jane said that after owning one Dwarf, she couldn't see herself marrying a taller person. "Once you've been married to a Dwarf you realize that with taller people it's just not the same, there's something missing", she told us. When pressed as to what it was, she smiled and told the Deputy Editor, "in my experience, about three inches, usually".

One of the staff asked Jane if she has recently had cosmetic surgery, however she strongly denied this, saying "I've always been a big girl in that area". It is well known that all young male Dwarfs prefer women who are well endowed, and the opinion at the office is that it may be regarded as a wedding present for her new husband. As one wit remarked the following day, "Last time we went out for a fag break in the rain, one of the Dwarfs stood under there to keep his roll-up dry; now there's room for three of the little beggars".

Before they left for Windsor, Jane thanked all the staff for their support over the last month, and said that she had not forgotten the collection taken for her after the funeral of her late husband. Her final gesture before setting off was to give everyone a slice of the wedding cake, which had a slightly minty taste. After her departure five members of staff either broke teeth or lost fillings due to biting down on one peseta coins, and two Dwarfs accidentally swallowed buttons.

As she is once again a full member of the Society, Jane Collins has been confirmed as "Dwarf News" Assistant Editor, as this position is only open to Dwarf Keepers.

Editor's Note: As mentioned above, many male Dwarfs do prefer their owners to be well endowed. Eric Von Smith claims in his book, *'Chariots of the Dwarfs'*, that multiple births among Dwarfs must have been common in the distant past, and suggests that this only changed after the Dwarfs began to mate with taller people at every opportunity. Others claim that Dwarfs merely like a nice, soft pillow. If a Dwarf were to be granted three wishes by his fairy godmother, the first two would probably contain the words "Jordan" and "Stepladder". Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions on the subject of the third wish.

DWARF 'DEATH IN CUSTODY' ENQUIRY RELEASES REPORT

Authorities have released their report into the death at Hollywell Prison last month of Maxine Small, accused of being a member of the Provisional Wing of the Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion. Miss Small, also charged with the kneecapping of Eric Von Smith, author of the controversial best seller '*Chariots of the Dwarfs*', committed suicide by the traditional method of Upsy Daisy. Up until now, this has only been performed by members of the Ancient Brotherhood.

The enquiry was mainly concerned with the question of how Maxine, who was three feet ten inches tall at the time of her suicide, (Though only half an inch tall afterwards-Ed), managed to ascend to the top of a kitchen shelf unit carrying two buckets of water, without spilling any. It has been revealed that while working in the kitchens, she climbed up the shelves with two empty buckets. She then proceeded, over the course of the next five days, to drink copious amounts of water, and make frequent trips up the shelves to fill the buckets to the required level. Staff who observed her at this time merely thought that she was attempting to reach kitchen equipment kept on the top shelf.

The prison governor has criticized his staff for not realizing what was happening. "After five days, the kitchens must have smelt like the urinal in a French brothel," he is said to have shouted at senior warders. A member of the prison staff told 'Dwarf News' that any area where food is prepared for the inmates is "Bound to whiff a bit". Last night staff were threatening to walk out over the issue. They have demanded that the governor apologies for suggesting that female members of staff should be familiar with the smell of a urinal in a French brothel. "I've never even been to France", one angry wardress told reporters.

In a later development, many female Dwarfs are said to be outraged at the refusal of the Post Office to transport Maxine's remains to her final resting place. "The envelope in question was rather soggy, and had no stamp on it", a spokesman for the sorting office informed us. "Also, it had no proper address. The word 'Mummy' in tomato sauce is not considered to contain enough information to ensure delivery". As the Post Office seems to have difficulty delivering mail, which has the required stamps, plus a full address and postcode, this defense is not considered to be unreasonable.

'Dwarf News' own assistant editor, Jane Longfellow, (now Jane Collins), B.A. was outside the prison when the result of the enquiry was announced, along with many who sympathize with the radical Dwarf feminists' viewpoint, which is generally about fourteen inches below everybody else's. While observing the crowd, she managed to have a brief word with the Dwarf Keeper Royal, another interested spectator. Before the conversation, Jane 'accidentally' turned on her Dictaphone, concealed in her coat pocket. She has been able to provide us with the following transcript:

Dwarf Keeper Royal – "Is there any reason why so many of them are wearing the same T- Shirts"?"

Jane – "It's a sort of unofficial uniform for radical Dwarf feminists. I've never seen so many worn in one place before, though".

Dwarf Keeper Royal – "What's the writing on them"?"

Jane – “They call it the ‘Five No’s’ T-shirt. It’s supposed to be the answers to the five questions they get asked more than any others. It saves them the trouble of repeating themselves ten times a night”.

Dwarf Keeper Royal – “I’m sure I saw someone wearing a T-shirt like that at a wedding I went to in Milton Keynes. As I recall, she won the ‘Best T-Shirt’ award”.

Jane – “It wasn’t Louise, was it? I’ve suspected for quite a while that she’s a lot shorter than she admits”.

Dwarf Keeper Royal – “Can’t remember. It will be in last month’s issue. But I’m sure the T-Shirt she had on was too big for a Dwarf”.

Jane – “If it was Louise, then of course it would have been too big for her. I think she helps to conceal her true height by always wearing clothes that are several sizes too large”.

Dwarf Keeper Royal – “Surely that wouldn’t work. She’d look ridiculous”.

Jane – “Of course it would work. If she is a Dwarf who lies about her height, then as soon as she wore clothes that were the right size for her, people would realize that she can fit into very small clothes, so she must be very small herself, otherwise everything she wore would be too tight. So she always buys her clothes much too big. That way, no body realizes. If a girl wears a size ten coat, you naturally assume she must be a size ten”.

Dwarf Keeper Royal – “I’d assume a girl in a size ten coat was actually a size twelve, trying to kid people she’d lost weight”.

Jane – “That’s not very politically correct, is it”?

Dwarf Keeper Royal – “No, sorry. So is there any way to find out if she really is a Dwarf”?

Jane – “Wait until she’s about to walk through a door, then slam it in her face when she least expects it. If she ends up with a bruise on her forehead from the door knob, she’s definitely a Dwarf”.

Dwarf Keeper Royal – “You’re not going to report this conversation in ‘Dwarf News’, are you”?

Jane – “Of course not”.

COURT DIARY

Mon 19 April

The trial of Minnie Small, arrested along with Maxine Small (no relation), for the brutal kneecapping of Eric Von Smith, was adjourned within minutes of its commencement today, when it was discovered that the jury, made up entirely of Dwarfs after the judge agreed that she should be tried by a jury of her peers, could not see over the top of the jury box. Last month there were similar problems when it emerged that Minnie and Maxine were too short to be seen by the court when in the dock. A large hole has since been cut in the front panel.

Tues 20 April

The Minnie Small trial resumed this morning, after the judge ordered that cushions be provided for the jury. Mr Scrote Q.C., acting for the Crown, angered the court after claiming that Maxine Small's suicide while awaiting trial was as good as an admission of guilt. Mr Law Q.C. defending pointed out that it is now impossible to determine anything about Maxine's state of mind at the time of her death. Mr Scrote said that it was obvious she was feeling a little flat, for which he was severely censured by the judge. The trial continues.

Wed 21 April

The Von Smith kneecapping trial took an unexpected twist today, as suspected radical Dwarf feminist Minnie Small stated that although she denied being a member of the Provisional Wing of the Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, she was prepared to admit membership of one of the many splinter organizations, The Anti-Fascist Ultra Left Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion. (I contacted Jane on honeymoon, and even she hadn't heard of this one. – Ed). She has told the court that she and her "Comrade in Arms", Maxine, were however sub-contracting as hit Dwarfs for the other group. The charges have been amended accordingly.

Thurs 22 April

Minnie Small sensationally launched into a verbal attack on the Provisional Wing of The Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of the Dwarfs of Albion from the dock this morning, calling them "A bunch of tossers who couldn't find their own backsides with both hands and a map". She has claimed that she and her accomplice Maxine had both sworn a blood oath to carry out an attack on author Eric Von Smith, but that another organization had beaten them to it. She blamed her own failure on the intelligence arm of the Provisional Wing of The Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of the Dwarfs of Albion. "Ask them to watch Von Smith's hotel, and they'll come back with a report on the colour of the bloody curtains", she told the court. She also poured scorn on the prosecution's claim that Maxine Small's suicide was as good as an admission of guilt. "Maxine had sworn a blood oath to break his kneecaps, but failed to carry it out", she stated. "She was so ashamed that we were unable to carry out our mission, that she couldn't face the shame of pleading not guilty". Asked by Mr Scrote Q.C. why she had not committed Upsy Daisy herself, Minnie refused to answer.

Fri 22 April

The court was adjourned early for the weekend, after the Council for the Defense, Mr Arthur Law Q.C., expressed concerns over the health of his client, Minnie Small. Observers in court agreed that Miss Small, when viewed through the hole cut in the front of the dock, did not appear to be her usual belligerent self. The judge has ordered that a qualified doctor from Little Hampton Hospital should examine Miss Small over the weekend, rather than the medical staff at Hollywell prison.

SPORTS NEWS

April 2004

Britain's very own Super-Dwarf, William Bigger, has done it again. At a meeting in Leeds last week William set a new British record in the final race of the evening, Last Dwarf Standing, of six and a half miles. This works out at an astonishing twenty-six laps, and William must now be considered as favorite for at least one medal in the Dwarf Keepers Olympics, coming to Britain later this year.

After she had finished giving him a good rub down and congratulating him on his stunning performance, I spoke to William's owner, Lady Felicia Crumble. (As all the competitors in Floodlit Dwarf Racing are male, it follows that all owners are female. – Ed).

Lady Crumble is President of D.O.R.C., the Dwarf Owners Racing Club. She is credited with getting the sport, which had a bad reputation for cruelty and race fixing, finally recognized as a full Olympic event. I pointed out to her that many Dwarf Keepers still oppose this form of racing, as the Dwarfs spend their whole career chasing the rat, without ever catching it. I asked if they ever became disillusioned with the life they lead.

"You must understand that they don't really expect to catch the rat", she told me. "They just love the exercise. It keeps them fit, and I suspect they would still run their little hearts out if the rat wasn't there. It gives them something to focus on". I asked her if a Dwarf had ever actually caught the rat.

"Four years ago I was at a meeting in Surrey racing William's predecessor, Melvin 'King' Cole, when there was a power cut, and the rat stopped half way around the first lap. It took the stewards ten minutes to get the Dwarfs off it. Can you imagine what a stuffed rat looks like, after six Dwarfs have spent ten minutes beating the shit out of it with two-pound hammers? It wasn't a pretty sight".

I asked her what had happened to the Dwarfs involved. "It was tragic", she informed me. "The Dwarfs had spent years chasing the rat, when they actually caught one and discovered that it was only a stuffed toy, their whole world collapsed. They realized that their owners had been conning them all that time, and they just went to pieces. Three of them had to be retired, and one of them became so depressed that his owner had to have him put to sleep. The last two, including Melvin, decided to commit Upsy Daisy. As I was Melvin's owner, he asked that I should attend as an independent witness. I've still got the envelope with his remains in. I keep it on my desk".

I asked Lady Crumble if the experience had affected her. "Very much so", she told me. "The poor little fellow got it wrong at the last Great Obstacle, and ended up hitting the ceiling arse first. The judges only awarded him eight point nine out of ten. People say we don't really care about our Dwarfs, that we're only interested in the money, but I don't mind admitting that I cried afterwards. Plus, I lost five hundred quid in side bets". Afterwards I thanked Lady Crumble for her time. I also decided that I might put a few bob on William Bigger myself. You should still be able to get reasonable odds on him taking all three medals at the games.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Dwarf News;

My Dwarf Keeper Tony is becoming obsessed with Dwarfs. After he read his advance copy of this month's issue, I left him alone for an hour while I went shopping. When I got back he had nailed one end of a piece of elastic to the top of the sitting room door frame, and tied the other end around the neck of my favorite teddy bear. My teddy now has only one eye, a flat head, and stuffing coming out of both ears. When I asked him what the bloody hell he was doing, he said it was an attempt at Upsy Daisy. "A teddy bear just isn't squashy enough", he told me. "Did you buy any tomatoes at the shop?" I have increased his medication again, but wondered if you had any suggestions that might help.

Yours truly,

Gill

Dear Gill;

It may be that your Dwarf Keeper is at a funny age. If he were a Dwarf, then I would suggest neutering, and this may well be worth trying. The best way is to wait until a special occasion, like his birthday. Give him a large bottle of whisky, and encourage him to drink himself insensible. You can buy a Dwarf neutering kit from the Society, and from what I have heard; this should be more than big enough for your purposes. A word of advice though, the operation can go wrong, so I would definitely have a skilled medical practitioner standing by. There is nothing more painful than a broken thumb, and even the pair of thumb guards provided with the kit are not guaranteed to prevent injury. Please let us know how things turn out, as this operation is usually performed on Dwarfs, rather than owners, and we are all keen to discover if it works on taller people as well.

Yours truly,

Editor, Dwarf News.

SUPPLEMENT

I would like to thank Professor Hugo Darkley B.A., Senior Lecturer in Applied Dwarf Lore at Merkin College, Cambridge, for the following article.

UPSY DAISY: A BEGINNER'S GUIDE.

Technically, the word 'Beginner' above should include everyone, as any Dwarf who fails to commit Upsy Daisy on the first attempt is forbidden a second try, and obviously if he succeeds, then trying again is no longer an option anyway.

Upsy Daisy is the traditional method by which a member of The Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion commits suicide. If he is disgraced, then a successful attempt allows him to rejoin the Brotherhood as a Dwarf of good standing, albeit posthumously.

According to Dwarf Lore, his soul is propelled straight to heaven at the moment of impact, by his toecaps exiting the top of his skull. Practically, it protects his family from shame, and also protects the reputation of the young male Dwarf involved.

(Eric Von Smith, in his book *'Chariots of the Dwarfs'*, claims that Upsy Daisy is the second best method of committing suicide for a Dwarf in recorded history. "The best method ever", he says, "was to volunteer as an astroDwarf for one of Leonardo De Vinci's early attempts at space flight". He also claims this to be the origin of the expression still used today by some keepers of difficult and argumentative Dwarfs, "It'll take more than a kick up the arse to put that Dwarf into orbit". – Ed).

When the disgraced Dwarf announces formally to the Brotherhood that he intends to atone for his sins by committing Upsy Daisy, he is given a period of three weeks before the attempt. This is considered to give him the time required to make all the necessary preparations. It is barely sufficient. He must first find a suitable location, then collect together all the equipment and check his tools. He must also prove his mastery of the slide rule, as a mistake during calculations will have repercussions during the actual attempt. Traditionally, no calculators are allowed. During this period he will also go on a special diet, and begin an intensive keep fit course. He will need all his strength, and more, for the ordeal that lies ahead. During these three weeks, he will also choose the envelope for his mortal remains. The Brotherhood, meanwhile, appoints the Senior and Junior Judges, who will score the attempt, awarding marks out of ten. As the Brotherhood only has two judges at any one time, and they serve until they either die or are replaced due to age or a weak stomach, their appointment is pretty much a foregone conclusion. Also chosen at this time is the Fall Dwarf, although he himself will not be told of his appointment until the last minute, when it is too late for him to go sick.

During this three week period all other members of the Brotherhood do the Dwarf concerned the great honour of treating him as though he is already dead. They hold his funeral, which he is invited to attend as a silent observer, and then ignore him completely, as if he no longer exists. Being ignored by taller people is hardly a novel experience for any Dwarf, but to be ignored by those of his own size is a new and strange experience. After his funeral, the only Dwarf who will talk to him before the attempt is the Senior Judge, who is forbidden to relay messages to the living. This is indeed a great honour on

the part of the Brotherhood, as his death is by no means certain. It is not only possible to fail at Upsy Daisy, it is also possible to fail and survive. (Possible, but highly unlikely. – Ed). This is the greatest shame of all. Any Dwarf who is unsuccessful is ostracized by his fellows, and is forbidden a second go. He may even have to go through the rest of his life with his arms folded, to prevent his knuckles dragging on the ground. Such Dwarfs are tragic figures, and according to Dwarf mythology, some even die of shame, and their little bodies are never found. (Unless the family of the young male Dwarf involved fails to put enough bricks in the sack before chucking it overboard. – Ed).

To commit Upsy Daisy requires the Dwarf to undertake the Three Significant Journeys, and to overcome the Two Great Obstacles. Only as he completes the third journey will the Dwarf experience true understanding and enlightenment, though only for a very short time.

The First Significant Journey involves the Dwarf climbing to the top of his chosen stepladder, the height of which depends on his choice of ceiling, and of course his courage. He will carry with him his favorite toolbox. The climb is meant to represent the first part of his life, his rise to a position of honour in Dwarf society. The greater the height, the more honour is reclaimed by a successful attempt. A height of twenty feet is considered adequate, thirty feet is more acceptable. Dwarfs who try for heights above forty feet are considered too full of themselves, and not showing proper humility. This opinion soon changes, however, if they manage to pull it off. It is considered by the experts that anything above fifty feet is doomed to failure. Obviously, at these heights the word ‘stepladder’ no longer really applies, and a more suitable word is ‘scaffolding’.

It seems strange to many that any Dwarf who commits suicide by throwing himself at the ground from a height in excess of fifty feet could be said to have failed. The result could be called many things, (A pizza? Strawberry jam? – Ed), but it could hardly be termed a failure. Those who hold this view are not sufficiently versed in Dwarf Lore to venture an opinion. In Upsy Daisy, the object is not merely to die, but to expire in the correct manner. This does not leave a mess on the floor, quite the opposite in fact. For the Dwarf who simply wishes to commit suicide, there are many easier options open to him. He could throw himself under a passing skateboard, or dangle his privates in a grand piano and slam the lid, although he may have to stand on the piano stool to reach. The Dwarf who chooses Upsy Daisy must be made of sterner stuff.

Once he has reached his chosen launch site, the Dwarf must demonstrate his skill with hand tools. From his toolbox he will take a drill, and proceed to make four holes in the ceiling. After inserting the rawlplugs, he uses his favorite screwdriver to affix a large eyebolt to the ceiling. He must do a good job, for if the fixings give way at the point of greatest stretch the eyebolt will not only come down and hit him on the head, it will keep going, pass through the Dwarf, and come out via the anus, before embedding itself in the floor to a depth of several inches. This is known officially as ‘Soap on a Rope’.

Now that he is at the top of climb, he takes from his toolbox a length of rope, and lowers one end to the ground. At this point the Senior Judge ties this securely to two large suitcases full of bricks, which are held together by the chosen length of super strength elastic shock cord. Most Dwarfs choose a bungee for this, as it already has a convenient hook on both ends. When the Senior Judge is satisfied that he has tied the cases securely,

he signals to the Dwarf at the top, who then proceeds to haul both suitcases to the top of the ladder, using a hand over hand motion. Most Dwarfs choose to run the rope through



the eyebolt, as it makes for a slightly easier pull. It also allows him to make sure that it is properly affixed to the ceiling, as should it start to come loose under the strain, it is not

too late to tighten the screws up another turn. Many Dwarfs fail at this point, by being too ambitious in their choice of location, and dieing of a heart attack before they get the suitcases to the top. This is considered bad form by the Judges, and awarded no points. This exercise is, of course, the First Great Obstacle. It represents the temptation of the young male Dwarf involved, a temptation he failed to resist in life. To fail now is to fail twice, which is why it is considered such bad form.

If the Dwarf is still alive after overcoming the First Great Obstacle, he is traditionally allowed ten minutes to get his breath back and have a fag. (Isn't 'Having a fag' the reason he ended up here in the first place? – Ed). He now faces the point of no return. He fastens one end of the elastic to his eyebolt, and then secures the other end to his collar. Most Dwarfs wear a proper dog collar for this, as it pays to be thorough at this stage of the proceedings. When he is sure that all is fixed properly, he proceeds to leap off his chosen launch point, and begin the Second Significant Journey, the descent. This represents his fall from good standing. Just before he leaps, he grasps the handles of the two large suitcases full of bricks. It has been known for a Dwarf to forget his bricks at this point. After he has stopped bouncing up and down, he will be expected to climb back up the elastic and repeat the leap. The Judges always dock a full two points for this. It is now that Dwarf Lore ceases to apply, and the laws of physics take over.

The Dwarf descends. If all is well, then the elastic stretches, and brings him to a halt just above the floor. If the elastic is too short, or has insufficient stretch, or if he has failed to perform the necessary mass and acceleration calculations correctly, he will end up dangling many feet up, looking much like a little ornament hanging from the interior mirror of a car. This is known as 'Furry Dice', and is considered extremely bad form, much worse than suffering a heart attack. He is, after all, still alive. Remember also that he has come to a sudden and unexpected halt while holding in his hands two large suitcases full of bricks. At the very least, he will now have two dislocated shoulders. He will become an outcast, his slide rule will be snapped in half by the Senior Judge, and he will be left to make his own way to hospital. If, on the other hand, the elastic is too long, or has too much stretch, the Dwarf, plus two large suitcases full of bricks, will continue downwards, making a hole in the floor, and in extreme cases the floor of the room beneath. Most Judges regard this a good attempt in that it has achieved the object of the exercise, i.e. the Dwarf's boots exit through the top of his skull, although while traveling in completely the wrong direction. It is still, however, judged a failure.

A Dwarf who has got to this point successfully has now reached the point of the Second Great Obstacle. At the exact moment that he stops going down, but fractionally before he starts to go back up again, he must remember to let go of the suitcases. In life, he let go of his respect and standing in the community, now, just before his death, he must let go again. A failure of nerve at this point will be catastrophic. He will start to go up, while the two large suitcases full of bricks that he holds in his hands are still going down. He will rise too slowly, and fail to reach the ceiling. He will then go up and down for many minutes, before he finally oscillates to a halt. The fact that he can go through the rest of his life without having to bend down to lace his boots up is little compensation. This is known as 'Yo Yo', and is the worst failure of all.

It is vital that both cases are released at exactly the same time. If one is released too early, or too late, the unfortunate Dwarf will begin to rotate to one side as he goes up. This invariably means that he is going to hit the ceiling arse first. Most Judges score this in the

high eights or even the low nines, depending on the pitch and volume of the scream, but it is still a failure. Only by getting everything right up to this point can the Dwarf begin the Third and Final Significant Journey in the correct position of head first, arms and legs straight down, with both feet directly beneath his head. It will be appreciated by anyone with a basic understanding of physics that the Dwarf, who has shed a great deal of weight while the elastic is at full stretch, is now going to go back up many times faster than he came down. On the descent, however heavy the bricks, the acceleration imparted to the Dwarf by gravity remains a constant. (This can be proved by the following experiment: Stand on the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and drop two cannon balls of different sizes. Providing you release them at the same time, they will both bounce off the skulls of unsuspecting tourists below at exactly the same instant, whatever the weight of the balls concerned. – Ed). On the way up, the Dwarf is accelerated by a piece of elastic, which is stretched far beyond anything it was intended for. On this terminal journey, the Dwarf will find his velocity is only limited by the ceiling. It is at this point in the proceedings that the Judges don their traditional hats. The choice of style is left to the individual, but most seem to prefer Sou'westers, although there is much to be said for a Sombrero.

It is claimed that the ascending Dwarf experiences a heightened sense of awareness, (and speed, - Ed), before the final moment of enlightenment, or impact. If he has performed perfectly, then he will live on forever. The Judges award a perfect ten, the Fall Dwarf is summoned to clear up the mess, and his Brethren speak the Dwarf's name with awe. The Fall Dwarf will ascend to the take off point to retrieve the toolbox. In it he will find the chosen envelope, already addressed and with sufficient stamps to ensure it's safe delivery. Finally, the insurance policies taken out by the prudent Dwarf in the three weeks before his death will bring in enough money to buy the silence of the young male Dwarf involved, along with the silence of his family. A happy ending all round, and for the principle character, a truly uplifting experience.

Editor's Note: On behalf of our readers, many thanks to Professor Darkley for the above. I now realize why the radical Dwarf feminist movement refers to The Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion as "The Fellowship of the Ring". I am assured that this article barely scratches the surface of a complex and difficult subject, the understanding of which is essential for anyone who wishes to gain a degree in Applied Dwarf Lore at Merkin College, Cambridge. I had the opportunity to talk to the Professor when he came into the office to collect his fee, and took the chance to ask him if it was theoretically possible to score more than ten. He replied, " Sixteen, in September nineteen sixty three". As readers may be interested in this story, the Professor has promised a follow up for next month's issue, which also tells of how Eric Smallpiece, now principle show judge at DwarfFest, became the only person ever to hold the positions of Junior and Senior Judge at the same time, despite the fact that the Senior Judge is always a Dwarf, and Eric is a little over six feet tall. Thinking back to Maxine, I am particularly impressed by her substitution of two buckets of water, (recycled), for the bricks. Obviously, large suitcases full of bricks are in short supply at Hollywell prison.

LATE NEWS

Mon 25 April

The trial of Minnie Small, the radical Dwarf feminist who is accused of the brutal kneecapping of controversial author Eric Von Smith, has been adjourned for one week. The doctor from Little Hampton Hospital, appointed by the judge to examine Miss Small at Hollywell prison, reported to the court that his patient is confined to the prison sick bay. She has a stomach complaint, but is expected to be well enough to return to the dock next week.

In reply to a question from Mr Scrote Q.C., prosecuting, the doctor informed the court that he specializes in diseases of the small intestine, and suggested that the problem was almost certainly due to the prison diet. He also revealed that Miss Small is “About four months pregnant, give or take a week”.

The case is scheduled to return to court next Monday.

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