

# 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 October's issue of 'Dwarf News'. There is much to report this month, with further revelations regarding the authenticity of an Elizabethan painting sold by former Editor Piers Bentley, more on the arrest of the Arbuthnots, and the discovery by police of the final resting place of Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society member Fred Clegg.

Recently re-instated Awards Committee Chair Zena Daniels is once again on the Dwarf Keeper Royal's shit list, after an application made under the Society's new Dwarf Exchange Scheme was rejected by the Membership Committee, when the signatures on the transfer document were discovered to have been forged.

There is also a report on the recent motorcycle accident suffered by Scottish Dwarf Jok Clark, and news from the B.B.C. on the first round of the new series of 'Mastermind'.

## YORKSHIRE POLICE EXHUME BODY IN SEARCH FOR MISSING FRED CLEGG.

By Sophie, Reporter With Portfolio

Residents of the peaceful Yorkshire village of Middle Whallop were woken up early on the morning of September 14<sup>th</sup>, after police applied successfully for a court order to dig up the grave of Mr. Richard Arbuthnot, former owner of the Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society. Arbuthnot was thought to have died when the home of the Society, the former Middle Whallop Junction Railway Station engine sheds, were destroyed in an explosion earlier this year. His body was identified by the chain on his pocket watch. As both Richard and his wife, Gladys, were arrested in Thailand last month for running a chain of unlicensed brothels, believed to have been bought with the seven million pounds insurance pay out for the total loss of the steam museum and its contents, police became suspicious that whatever the grave contained, it was not the remains of Mr. Arbuthnot.

"In cases like this, victims are often identified by personal items", a spokesman for Yorkshire constabulary told reporters. "Mr. Arbuthnot's pocket watch chain was unique, and it was identified by his wife. We had no reason to suspect foul play until the couple were arrested in Thailand."

RIGOROUS  
EXHUMATION  
of  
ARBUHNOT'S  
GRAVE

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Arbuthnot was thought to be the only victim of the blast, caused when the boiler on the old 'Dwarf News' steam powered printing press, the star exhibit of the collection, exploded due to the pressure release valve being refitted the wrong way round when the press was refurbished. It was not until Mrs. Clegg reported to police that her husband had gone missing some days later that a search was started for a second body among the rubble. Although the site has now been cleared, Mr. Clegg's remains were never found.

After opening the grave, police removed a body and took it to Leeds hospital for D.N.A. testing. Confusion and panic followed when a sample from Mr. Clegg's son, Walter, did not match samples from the body. After interviewing Mrs. Clegg, police took a second sample, this time from Mr. Clegg's brother, Harold. This allowed the body to be positively identified as that of Fred. Mrs. Clegg later explained the confusion to reporters. "When we were first married, Fred was in the merchant navy, he was a steam fitter working on cruise liners. He was away a lot, and sometimes he forgot to send money home to pay the bills. Walter was the price I paid to make sure the milkman delivered every day", she confessed. Walter Clegg was not available for comment.

"We have issued a further warrant for the arrest of Mr. Richard Arbuthnot, this time on a murder charge", the police spokesman told a press conference. "We now believe he must have lured Mr. Clegg to the engine sheds on the pretext of helping him to fire up the boilers early in the morning, and either killed him or knocked him unconscious, then planted his pocket watch on the body before leaving the building. We also suspect that his refitting the safety valve round the wrong way on the old 'Dwarf News' steam press was not an accident".

Mrs. Clegg, meanwhile, told reporters that at least she now knew why her husband had failed to come home for six months. "Although I think I knew in my heart that Fred wasn't coming back, if there's no body, you never give up hope", she stated. "There's always the chance that he'll come through the back door, and complain that his dinner isn't on the table. I did him steak and kidney pie on the day he disappeared, it was always his favourite. I've reheated it for him every night for the last six months. I don't suppose it would have been very nice by now. I'll probably have to throw the plate away as well, as the gravy has been baked on so many times I think it's become part of the glaze". **(Obviously a student of the Zena Daniels School of cookery. – Ed).**

The latest news from Thailand is that the Arbuthnots intend to fight extradition, and have offered to pay the Thai government all the back taxes and bribes due for their chain of 'massage parlours'. The extradition hearing is due to be heard early next month. The couple are at this moment under house arrest in Phuket.

## NEW DWARF EXCHANGE SCHEME HIT BY CONTROVERSY

The Society's new Dwarf exchange scheme, used for the first time last month, has hit a problem after Dwarf Keeper Alex Titterington exchanged Dwarfs with Awards Committee Chair Zena Daniels, then claimed that his signature had been forged on the transfer request. Similar complaints followed from Ghandi, Alex's former Dwarf, and Grim the CyberDwarf. Grim claimed last month that he was happy with his new owner, on the grounds that he could cook. Zena, his last owner, is well known for her two basic

cooking techniques; put it in the oven and wait 'till it goes black, and, put it under the grill and use the smoke alarm as a timer.

After hearing that his new owner was trying to get the exchange cancelled, Grim decided that he no longer wished to be registered as Alex's Dwarf, and the arrangement has now been cancelled by the Membership Committee.

The Dwarf Keeper Royal has demanded a full enquiry, and promised that the guilty party will face a three-month suspension. "If it turns out that only three of the four signatures are forged, and one is genuine, then we will all know who the guilty party is", he told 'Dwarf News'. He went on to claim that Zena has already confirmed that her signature on the transfer paper is definitely correct.

This leaves Ghandi with no official owner, as Alex Titterington has already stated that he doesn't want his Dwarf back. Ghandi has now been reduced to the status of Zena's common law Dwarf, while Alex has been told that he has three months to find another Dwarf, or face expulsion from the Society. He has tried talking nicely to Sophie the 'Dwarf News' secretary, who at 5ft 10in has recently been officially recognized by the Society as the world's tallest Dwarf. Sophie, however, has told him that she is happy being a single girl. As she also suffers from a multiple personality disorder, she comes with her two 'sisters'; Sophia the red head, who has been banned from every pub in a radius of five miles from the 'Dwarf News' office, and Sofia the brunette, who has a liking for electric carving knives, and a belief that guilt is something they use to decorate picture frames. As the owner of Sophie would also get the only male member of the Sophie 'family', Matt, Alex may already be having second thoughts.

If suspended after the enquiry, Zena faces once again losing her position as Chair of the Awards Committee. Grim, meanwhile, has been moved to the Society's 'No Present Owner' list, and has declared himself a "Free Radical Dwarf". He will keep his position as computer expert with the paper, due to it being impossible to find a replacement engineer who is willing to work for tea and biscuits.

In a related story concerning the Membership Committee, Deputy Editor of 'Dwarf News' Jane Von Smith B.A. has now been without a Dwarf for more than the three months allowed by the Society's rules. As the paper is running short of editorial staff, due to the sacking of the previous Editor and Deputy Editor earlier this year, the Dwarf Keeper Royal has agreed to an extension of three months, to allow her to find another Dwarf after her fiancée, French Dwarf tennis star Marcel Bouffant, returned to France when Jane was made bankrupt.

**Editor's Note: Overleaf is reproduced the original 'Application For the Transfer of Dwarf Ownership' received by the Society, sent by snail mail and postmarked 9<sup>th</sup> August, and a second copy submitted by Zena, the Chair of the Awards Committee, on Wednesday, 9<sup>th</sup> September. The second copy was sent after Zena was asked for an explanation regarding the allegation that the signatures on the original form were, in fact, forged. The second form bears evidence of a crude attempt to alter the signatures concerned.**

# THE DWARF OWNERS SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN

INCORPORATING THE ALL IRELAND DWARF & LEPRECHAUN APPRECIATION SOCIETY

## APPLICATION PAPERS FOR THE TRANSFER OF DWARF OWNERSHIP

Please read this form carefully before signing and returning to the Dwarf Keeper Royal.

Remember, any false declarations will result in removal from the Dwarf Owners Register entirely.

The Dwarf Keeper Royal reserves the right to refuse any application made to the Society.

*Dwarf Owners fill in and sign below*

I, ZENA, would like to change my current registered dwarf, GRIM THE CYBER DWARF,  
to, MR PHILIP TITTERINGTON.

Signed: ZENA

I, Worm, would like to change my current registered dwarf, Mr. Philip Titterington,  
to, Grim the Cyber Dwarf.

Signed: X

*Dwarfs fill in and sign below*

I, Grim the Cyber Dwarf, would like my current owner, Zena,  
to be transferred to registered dwarf, Mr. Philip Titterington.

Signed: GrimtheCyberDwarf

I, Philip Titterington, would like my current owner, Alex Titterington (Worm),  
to be transferred to registered dwarf, Grim the Cyber Dwarf.

Signed: Mr. P. Titterington

### For Office Use Only:

Granted: ..... Denied: .....

Date: ..... Signed: .....

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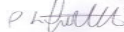
*Dwarf Owners fill in and sign below*

I, Zena, would like to change my current registered dwarf, Grim the Cyber Dwarf  
to, Mr Philip Titterington  
Signed: 

I, **Worm**, would like to change my current registered dwarf, **Mr Philip Titterington**,  
to, **Grim the Cyber Dwarf**.

*Dwarfs fill in and sign below*

I, Grim the Cyber Dwarf, would like my current owner, Zena  
to be transferred to registered dwarf, Mr Philip Titterington  
Signed: 

I, Philip Titterington, would like my current owner, Alex Titterington (Worm),  
to be transferred to registered dwarf, Grim the Cyber Dwarf  
Signed: 

### For Office Use Only:

Granted: ..... Denied: .....

Date: ..... Signed: .....

## DWARF REMOVED FROM AIR STEWARDESS'S CRUTCH BY AMBULANCE CREW

Milton Keynes Dwarf Jok Clark, owned by Zimbabwean Dwarf Keeper and member of the Society Marith Mauseth-Clark, is recovering at home after a motorcycle accident. Jok is a former member of the British army who was made to carry his section's machine gun when parachuting, despite being the only Dwarf in the group. This was to ensure that he was heavy enough to reach the ground along with his mates.

The accident, which took place on the seventeenth of August, saw Jok being assisted in dismounting from his Honda VFR without the use of a stepladder by a helpful car driver. Unfortunately, Jok was riding the bike at around seventy miles per hour at the time. The accident happened on the M3/M25 slip road, in the close vicinity of Heathrow Airport, which helps to explain what happened next. Jok told our reporter; "It went earth, sky, earth, sky, earth, sky; air stewardess's crutch. My first thought was, 'Fuck me, I didn't think I was flying that high'". This was closely followed by the realization that he had died and gone to heaven. It appears that Jok was knocked out on landing, and a passing air stewardess had stopped to render assistance. Jok recovered consciousness to discover that he was lying on his back, and the young lady had one knee on either side of his head. "I have often imagined I was lying down with my head stuck between a stewardess's thighs, though usually I was facing the other way". Jok admitted. "I do remember that I was quite surprised at the time, as you don't expect an angel to be wearing Janet Reiger knickers".

The young lady told him not to worry, (he wasn't), and that she had been trained to deal with this sort of thing; though why an airline trains it's staff to be able to deal with the victims of motorcycle accidents at thirty thousand feet remains a mystery.

Unfortunately, an ambulance arrived all too soon to take the injured Dwarf to hospital. Despite his protests that it wasn't safe to move him, and that he was fine where he was, it was decided that he should be taken to A and E as quickly as possible. Jok would have made his Scottish ancestors proud, by suffering a great deal of pain when he refused to allow the ambulance crew to cut his jacket off, so that he didn't have to buy a new one. "One of the crew was female, and she was kneeling down by my head as well; but she was wearing trousers", he said afterwards.

Jok was taken to Saint Peter's Hospital in Chertsey, where he was x-rayed and scanned so many times that he still glows in the dark. It transpired that he had received a broken left wrist and a badly bruised and sprained right ankle. The medical staff at Saint Peter's initially thought they were dealing with a dying Dwarf, due to the monitor continuously sounding it's alarm to tell the doctors their patient was suffering from extremely low blood pressure. They suspected internal bleeding, as they were not Dwarf specialists. After talking by phone to the experts at Little Hampton Hospital, the panic subsided when they were informed that most Dwarfs have a much lower blood pressure than normal people, due to their heart not having to work as hard to overcome the force of gravity. Many male Dwarfs are also, proportionally, more generously endowed than taller people, and Jok, who was still thinking about the air hostess, was sufficiently excited that much of the available blood supply to his arm, where the cuff of the pressure monitor was attached, was being used by another part of his body entirely. Luckily, he

was lying down. If he had been asked to stand up at this point, he would probably have fainted.

Sadly, we have no news on the state of the uninsured car driver responsible. This is unfortunate, as we had hoped to bring readers a full report on his funeral, with pictures if possible: however we understand that he survived, and is still out there somewhere. We are told that he will get his day in court.

Jok returned home two days later, and is recovering well, although his bike is a write-off. Our reporter can assure readers that he is still smiling.

## FORMER EDITOR AND FATHER CHARGED WITH SALE OF FORGED PAINTING

'Dwarf News' last Editor, Piers Bentley, has been re-arrested by police from London's Art and Antiquities Squad. Arrested with him was his father, Wallace Bentley. The pair have since been charged with selling a forged painting of Elizabethan Dwarf Phillip of Staines, the first Earl Bodkin, and some of his family. Bentley claimed the painting, which he attributed to famous portrait painter George Gower, had been in his family for years. Initially, the painting had been up for auction, however it was withdrawn at the last minute and sold privately to Cuthbert, the fourteenth Earl Bodkin and older brother of famous Dwarf Psychiatrist Dr. William Bodkin, Chair of the Little Known Department of Dwarf Psychiatry at Merkin College, Cambridge.

Police acted after 'Dwarf News' forwarded a new letter sent to the Editor by a young reader who last month suggested that the principle figure in the painting could not have been the first Earl Bodkin, as the picture showed him and his wife, together with some of their eleven children, outside 'The Dwarfs Head' coaching inn at Oxford. The inn was previously called the 'Dwarf And Ladder', and had only been re-named after his execution.

Her second letter is re-produced below.

Dear Mr Editor,

I think you are nasty, for not giving me a tea shirt. I wood not have weared it anyway, cos they are manky and they smell. I don't know why everybody thought that the painting of the little man on the ladies lap was so old any way. I new it wasn't old, I saw it at my grannies house four months ago, when granddad had just painted it. I asked him why he was putting it in the oven, and he said it was to make the paint go hard, so he must have used rotten paint. Wthen i do painting, it goes hard straight away. It takes mummy ages to get it off the ferniture. I asked granddad what it was for, and he said he painted it for daddys brother, uncle Peirs. Uncle Peirs used to work for Dwarf news, but they gave him the sack.

Love from Jessica Bentley,  
Aged 8 and seven months.

PS. I wont tell everyone at school that your tea shirts are manky, if you promise to send me one.



Wallace Bentley served several terms in prison during the sixties and seventies, due to his unfortunate habit of signing his work with the names of other artists. After being released for the last time, in nineteen seventy- eight, he worked as an art teacher at several schools in Oxford. He retired three years ago. His son Piers Bentley pleaded guilty last month to the forgery of the Von Smith Diaries, which he then tried to sell to 'Dwarf News', and was put on probation for two years.

## MERKIN PROFESSOR VICTORIOUS IN FIRST ROUND OF 'MASTERMIND'

Professor Weetabix Julian Waverly, head of the Department Of Reverse Logic at Merkin College, Cambridge, has qualified for the second round of the B.B.C.s' quiz show for the highly intelligent, 'Mastermind'. Professor Waverly had earlier challenged the B.B.C. to allow him the opportunity to restore the reputation of the college, after their team scored the lowest ever recorded number of points in the first round of 'University Challenge', losing to Leeds Polytechnic by a score of three hundred and fifteen to minus twenty-five. The college is now being investigated by the Education Department after allegations of low teaching standards.

Professor Waverly's one-man campaign to restore the reputation of the college, known as England's premier center for Dwarf related studies, got off to a flying start when he answered every question correctly in his specialist subject, "The Life and Loves of 'Dirty Den' Watts". A spokesman for the program told 'Dwarf News' that they would not have accepted the professor's choice of subject for the first round, however he had initially chosen to answer questions on 'Theoretical Movement of Quasi-Autonomous Semi-Solid Particles, While Suspended in Neutrino Enriched Fluid Mediums'. "We had to accept his second choice of subject, as we couldn't find anyone who knew enough about his first choice to set the questions", the show's producer told our reporter on the scene.

Professor Waverly will now have to choose a new topic for his specialist subject in the next round. He told 'Dwarf News' that he was still considering his options.

## DWARF KEEPER ROYAL REPORTS "BURNING SMELL" FROM NEW DWARF MOBILE

The Dwarf Keeper Royal, who replaced the Dwarf Mobile earlier this year after the original, a 1988 Reliant Rialto, was written off due to it's doing a bonfire impression in a Bletchley car park, has been concerned by a burning smell coming from the new three wheeler.

"I was at a rally for handicapped children, and was in convoy taking the kids home from a theme park near Birmingham. The man behind me, riding a motorcycle and sidecar, said he could smell burning plastic when we stopped," he told Dwarf Friend Chris Straw when he returned home. After the last model, which was used to transport Jackie, the Bride of celebrity Dwarf Simon Bruce to the registry office for her wedding last year,

caught fire, the Society's head has been understandably nervous about its replacement, bought from Captain Biggles Used Motorcycle Emporium, doing the same thing. After completing the run, the smell was identified when the Dwarf Keeper Royal went to drive away, and one of the wheel trims fell off. Shortly afterwards, the second wheel trim followed suit, and it was discovered that neither would stay in place, due to having melted thanks to the heat generated by the back wheels, after someone completed the return journey of sixteen miles from the theme park back to base with the handbrake on.

## COURT DIARY

Mr. Piers Bentley, a former Editor of 'Dwarf News', has been released on bail pending his forthcoming forgery trial. Also released on bail was his father, Mr. Wallace Bentley. The pair are facing charges of forging a painting, and selling it to Cuthbert, the fourteenth Earl Bodkin, for an undisclosed sum. They have both pleaded not guilty.

Police in Milton Keynes are gearing up for a motorcycle rally in the town early next month. "The Barrel Bikers are holding their annual 'Generally Pissed Off' Rally. "If it's anything like previous events, the place will be a hotbed of sex, drugs and debauchery", the Milton Keynes Chief Inspector told 'Dwarf News'. "Two of my men were there at the last event, under cover. They apparently had a really good time". Last year club chairman Yogi was rushed to hospital suffering from an injury to his ankle, which prevented him from winning the award for Best Dwarf Boots (Male). Suspicion fell upon Scottish Dwarf and notorious ankle-knobbler Jok Clark, however nothing was ever proved.

As many members of the Milton Keynes branch of the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain, along with a contingent of 'Dwarf News' staff, are expected to attend, there will be a report on the festivities in next month's issue.

## SPORTS REPORT

In floodlit Dwarf racing, September saw the annual running of the Martin Unwin Friendship Foundation Cup at the Catford greyhound stadium in London. As usual, the event was well attended.

The foundation, which raises money to take deprived children from the Catford area on scuba diving holidays around the Essex coast, presents the trophy every year in memory of local businessman Martin Unwin, who died in a swimming accident nine years ago.

Favourite for the event, a one lap sprint competition, was 'Lightening' Larry Rogers, making a welcome return to form after a series of unfortunate fires kept him out of competition for most of last season. Now fully recovered from the broken foot he suffered after dropping a two gallon fire extinguisher on his foot at a meeting in Doncaster in August, Larry romped home by nearly two seconds, to record his first win of the season.

Bookmakers at the course demanded a steward's enquiry, however after studying a video of the race, the result was upheld. Larry refused to be interviewed by the press after his win, and left the course straight after the result was announced. He left so quickly that he

forgot to pick up his trophy, the M.U.F.F. Diver's Cup, from President of the Dwarf Owner's Racing Club, Lady Emily Fortescue.

Rogers claimed last year that the sport was actually controlled by an organization known as Pink October, and that many results were determined before the race started. The claims were later denied by the organisation's Chair Dwarf, a shadowy figure known only as Auntie Rachel, who claimed that Pink October comprised of a group of female Dwarfs who were dedicated to raising funds, "some of which goes to charity".

Police from the National Drugs Squad have accused the group of controlling the lucrative market in giraffe's testicles, the main ingredient in Dwarf highballs, an illegal substance used by some sporting Dwarfs in an effort to grow taller. 'Lightening' Larry also accused Pink October of being responsible for a series of arson attacks, which kept him out of the running last year, including one incident where his hospital bed caught fire.

The Dwarf Owner's Racing Club decided to send the trophy to Larry by registered post, however it failed to arrive, after the post office van transporting the parcel unaccountably caught fire while making the delivery. The postman escaped with only minor injuries.

There will be no Sports Diary next month, as the Society will be engaged in running their annual get-together, DwarfFest '05, in the grounds of Little Hampton Hospital. For members who are unable to attend, a full report will appear in the next issue of 'Dwarf News'. Eagerly awaited by many is the opportunity to see the demonstration given every year by the British Naturist Dwarf's Over Sixty Unisex Leapfrog Display Team. They will be appearing for the first time under their new captain, last year's vice-captain sixty-nine year old Arthur Crabb, who led the all powerful Kidderminster Kangaroos to three league titles on the trot in the nineteen eighties.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir;

As a member of the Society since the nineteen sixties, I am of course familiar with the rumours that have been floating around for many years, regarding the Dwarf Keeper Royal being somewhat under-endowed with regard to his wedding tackle. Last month you published a photograph of him at a rally, wearing his underpants on the outside of his jeans. I couldn't help noticing that, even though he was wearing his trousers underneath, he certainly appeared to be packing a full lunch box.

Surely this disproves the suggestions that have been made by so many unkind members over the years.

Yours sincerely,  
Dwarf Keeper Margaret Hastings, (Mrs.).

Dear Margaret;

Your observation was noted at the office, as we have all heard the rumours too. I was sufficiently intrigued to detail one of our reporters to investigate. After spending a morning on the telephone, contacting any members of the Society who may have attended the rally concerned, the mystery has been solved.

It would seem that, due to his inadvertently putting his underpants on after his trousers, the Dwarf Keeper Royal discovered that someone must have stolen his pockets overnight, as he couldn't find them. The bulge in the underpants was caused by a fifty gram pouch of illegally imported hand rolling tobacco, believed to have been Golden Virginia; a packet of 'Job' cigarette papers; and a Zippo lighter. I hope this answers the question to your satisfaction.

Yours sincerely,  
The Editor, 'Dwarf News'.

### NEW OWNER SOUGHT FOR CYBER DWARF

The Society is inviting applications to become the new owner of Grim the Cyber Dwarf. Recently exchanged for a slimmer model by his owner, Chair of the Awards Committee Zena, Grim was devastated when he found that his new owner, Dwarf Keeper Alex Titterington, had decided that he was not happy with the exchange, and didn't want to be Grim's owner either.

Although he is past the first flush of youth, Grim still has a lot of good years left in him. He is fully housetrained, and a good cook, as any Dwarf needs to be if he is owned by Zena. He will do housework if threatened sufficiently, and can repair your computer. He also comes with a full driving licence, and has use of his employer's van for those important shopping trips. If you are female and have recently ditched your partner, why not try owning your own Dwarf? They take up far less room than normally sized men, and are easy to care for. Grim stands tall for a Dwarf, at around five feet four, with a waistline to match. You would also save money on shampoo, as he only has to wash the sides.



Grim the Cyber Dwarf, who is suffering depression after being rejected by his last two owners.

Ideally, Grim would like a new owner who is 38-44, (he is not too worried about waist and hip measurements), and aged from 22-50. You do not need to be a fantastic cook, as Grim is used to Zena's cooking, and now regards even basic meals such as beans on toast as haute cuisine. He also comes with a BMW and sidecar outfit, and an old Triumph, which is guaranteed not to leak oil. This is because it has not been ridden for some time, so any oil remaining in the engine after it's last outing will certainly have leaked away long ago.

Please apply in the first instance to the Editor, 'Dwarf News'. Any suitable applications will be forwarded to the Dwarf concerned.

### READER'S SMALL ADS

Wanted: Two ten-inch wheel trims, would prefer matching pair. Alternatively, two old style mini hubcaps. Contact the Dwarf Keeper Royal, c/o 'Dwarf News'.

Urgently Wanted: Basic cookery book, as present for new owner. Contact Ghandi, c/o 'Dwarf News'.

### LAST MONTH'S COMPETITION CANCELLED

Last month's competition to win an exclusive 'Dwarf News' T shirt has been extended for a second month, after the winning entry, from Alex Titterington, was judged too obscene to publish in a magazine that may be read by children. As Alex has had his membership suspended for two weeks, after he was found to have been involved in the Dwarf Exchange Scheme debacle, the Editor decided that he was excluded from entering. Readers are therefore given a further month to design an outfit for Sophie to wear at the forthcoming premier of the re-made 'Confessions Of A Window Cleaner'. As an incentive, the winning entry will be used as a costume for a special free gift to be given away with the December issue, when members can cut out and keep their very own Sophie doll.

### PROBLEM PAGE

Our relationship counselor, grandmother of five Auntie Linda, is still on holiday, so once again the 'Dwarf News' office staff have been reading through her postbag. We therefore offer the following advice to some of our readers;

**Nigel:** You will not get any sympathy from us. Your Dwarf's sister may, technically, be a single girl, but you are a married man. I would seriously consider moving a long way away, preferably to another country, before her boyfriend's regiment gets back from Iraq.

**Wendy:** Although your son may very well be advanced for his age, and enjoy helping Daddy in the garden, we still feel that a chain saw is not a suitable Christmas present for a five year old.

**Martin:** If, after trying to remember exactly what happened at your birthday party for three weeks, you are still unsure which girl you ended up in bed with, and everybody was as drunk as you claim in your letter, then we think that you must face up to the possibility that you may have inadvertently slept with your sister.

**Andrew:** If you had been honest with your mother, and told her that you were going to a stag night at the rugby club, rather than telling her you were going to the pictures, she would probably have taken the night off, and you would not have found out exactly what her part-time evening job was. You only have yourself to blame.

## SUPPLEMENT

With Merkin College, Cambridge, under investigation by the Education Department after allegations of low teaching standards following their poor showing in 'University Challenge', the college council is trying to bring the staffing levels back up to full strength. Since the dismissal in January of Professor Henry Quigley, the Lecturer in Dwarf Mythology, after he wrote an article for 'Dwarf News' suggesting that women were incapable of understanding any piece of machinery more complicated than a light switch, the Department of Dwarf Myth at the college has been shut down.

This month the College Principle, eighty-eight year old Professor Smythe, finally announced Quigley's replacement. He is Doctor Ivan Czyborski, formerly the Head of Folklore Studies at the University of Budapest. It is hoped that he will bring a wider perspective to the department, as he is considered by many to be the leading expert in the world on Eastern European myths and legends regarding Dwarfs.

The following article has been written by the Doctor, and we publish it in the hope that readers who are interested in the subject may be persuaded to enroll in the next graduate course on Dwarf Mythology, which is scheduled to start in January of next year.

### DWARF LEGENDS OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS

By Doctor Ivan Czyborski, Lecturer in Dwarf Mythology, Merkin College, Cambridge.

In any rural community, especially those that are isolated due to their location, myths and legends abound. This is particularly true in the foothills of the Carpathians, where men and Dwarfs live much closer to nature than town dwellers.

Primitive societies have always regarded Dwarfs as magical creatures, probably due to their ability to seemingly vanish and re-appear at will, a trait that is still seen in some Dwarfs today. **(Particularly in the early evening at around opening time. – Ed).**

One belief common throughout the whole of Eastern Europe is that Dwarfs can transform themselves into animals at the time of the full moon. Most feared of these is the WereDwarf, a form of carnivorous rodent about the size of a hamster. They are reputed to hunt in packs, attacking the ankles of foolish travelers who are caught out after dark. Once the Achilles tendon is severed, the victim falls to his knees, allowing the WereDwarfs to go for the groin, and finally the throat. Although there is no proof that these creatures exist now, or indeed have ever existed, many older inhabitants of the foothills still refuse to venture out when the moon is full, unless they are carrying the only weapon reputed to be effective against them, a silver headed sledgehammer. As the people of the region are very poor, such a weapon is rather hard to come by.

Civilised societies would expect such legends to have died out many centuries ago, yet the last reported sighting of one of these creatures occurred as late as nineteen seventy-eight, when long distance trucker Pieter Vladik reported seeing one crossing a road late at night, under the light of the full moon. Vladik also reported that these creatures could be killed without recourse to a silver sledgehammer, if they were run over with a thirty-eight ton Scania articulated lorry. He also photographed the body, thinking that no one would

believe him. Unfortunately, the remains were so flat that the experts were unable to determine much about the shape and size of the creature concerned, indeed it was identified as everything from a hedgehog to a small donkey, and we only have Valdik's description of the creature he saw momentarily before he ran over it to identify this as a WereDwarf. As he later told police that he was driving so late at night in order to make up the time he had lost when he was abducted by an alien space craft that afternoon, this sighting must remain in the unconfirmed category.

Most feared of all the small creatures of the night, however, must be the Dwarf vampire. Chief among these is Dwarfula, and few peasants will venture out after dark without protection. Dwarfula is claimed to be the undead remains of a genuine, if rather short, fifteenth century warlord, who terrorized the entire area of the Carpathian foothills throughout the latter half of the fourteen hundreds. History does not record his full name, although the remains of his castle still stand at the top of a high pass, where they dominate the landscape for many miles around. Ancient documents do tell us that he was a Baron, **(Not a Count, hardly anyone could count in those days. – Ed)**, known as Brad the Patella, due to his habit of wearing a necklace made from the kneecaps of his enemies.

He differs from other vampires, who are generally rather tall, and is reputed to carry a stepladder with him on his night excursions, in order to reach the necks of his victims. This is why so many of the villages that sit under the shadow of the mountains still have old cobbled streets, as it is thought that with an uneven surface, the Baron finds it almost impossible to get a decent footing for his steps, giving the intended victim time to escape while he is wobbling around, trying not to fall off.

Dwarf vampires are reputed to be particularly difficult to kill, and it is even harder, after they have been dispatched, to ensure that they stay dead. When alive, Brad the Patella was a follower of an ancient pagan religion, with its roots going back at least a thousand years before the birth of Christ, so the traditional crucifix has no effect at all, and although he can be destroyed by holy water, it would take a strong and determined vampire slayer to be able to hold his head under the surface long enough for him to drown. Decapitation is also not recommended, as he is able to duck faster than his taller brethren, due to his being much closer to the ground to start with.

While most vampires seem to be attracted to young ladies with plunging necklines, Dwarfula is thought to be immune to such charms, as he is far too short to see down any woman's cleavage; however he is said to be a sucker for any local girl wearing a short skirt. This must have proved a problem for the first four and a half centuries of his undead lifetime, as the mini skirt didn't exist until the nineteen sixties, and even now most of the peasants living deep in the foothills are at least fifty years behind everyone else, as far as fashion is concerned. **(The only other group in the world this unmindful of the latest fashion trends are probably the Buckingham Barrel Bikers. – Ed)**

The only thing that seems to work as protection against a Dwarf vampire is to wear a pair of bricks around the neck, as they share with their still alive relatives a hatred of this basic building material. This helps to explain why so many older central European peasants walk with a marked stoop, after a lifetime of never going out after dark without a pair of bricks around their necks, on a piece of string. The method is said to be more reliable than a crucifix is against taller vampires, as even if the string breaks when one is





WARHOLA  
&  
friend

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confronted by a bloodthirsty, undead Dwarf, there is always the off chance that one of the falling bricks will hit him on the foot, while he is still trying to find an area of cobbles flat enough to provide a solid foundation for his stepladder.

Unlike other, taller vampires, Dwarfula is unable to fly. Although he is reputed to be able to change himself into a rather small bat, he then finds it impossible to get airborne with a stepladder over one wing. Legends tell of other Dwarf vampires who took to the air in the form of a bat in the distant past, however they were far too likely to fall prey to a hungry owl for their aerial abilities to class as a useful survival trait.

There are many methods of ensuring he remains in the grave, however few seem to be one hundred per cent reliable. The traditional stake through the heart seems to have little effect, although driving wooden barbecue skewers through both knees before nailing the coffin lid shut is supposed to ensure that, if he arises from the dead, he will be the only vampire in the world who is confined to a wheelchair. This should ensure that he has even more problems with cobbled streets than he does at the moment. As he is believed to dig his way up through the earth, burying him face down is also recommended. Hopefully he should then come out somewhere in the Indian Ocean.

The legend of Dwarfula has had a detrimental effect on Dwarfs living throughout the region, as any short person caught outside after dark with a stepladder is likely to get torn to pieces by an angry mob of locals with flaming torches and pitchforks. As many Dwarfs prefer the old fashioned approach when courting, and use a stepladder to enter a downstairs window in order to gain access to the object of their affections, there are very few male Dwarfs who survive into their twenties. Finding a stepladder in a Dwarf's house is considered as good as an admission of guilt by most Carpathian magistrates, with inevitable consequences for the Dwarf concerned. There are no Dwarf window cleaners to be found anywhere in the foothills. Many Dwarfs, even if they are not suspected of being vampires, die as a result of this policy, usually starving to death, as they are unable to reach food stored high on the shelves of local supermarkets, where it is kept to discourage the rats.

**Editor's Note: Many thanks to Merkin College's latest recruit for his contribution to this month's 'Dwarf News'. I get the idea, from the above article, that the new version of 'Confessions Of A Window Cleaner' starring Dwarf Harry Collins is unlikely to be a box office smash in Eastern Europe.**

## LATE NEWS

Former 'Dwarf News' Editor Piers Bentley and his father are to stand trial for selling a forged painting of Elizabethan Dwarf Earl Bodkin and some of his family. The trial date has been set for November 7<sup>th</sup> this year.

The Membership Committee of The Dwarf Owners Society Of Great Britain has finished its investigation into the abuse of the new Dwarf Exchange Scheme by Awards Committee Chair Zena Daniels. They have reported to the Dwarf Keeper Royal, naming Zena as the guilty party. She has now been suspended for three months, the maximum period allowed under the rules of the Society. She has also been forced once again to resign from her position as Chair, Awards Committee. Dwarf Keeper Alex Titterington

was also named, and had his membership suspended for two weeks. The Dwarf Keeper Royal told our reporter that Alex had received only a short suspension, as he believed that the young member had been led astray by Zena. "I hope this will serve as a lesson to him", The D.K.R. told 'Dwarf News'.

Alex, who is without a Dwarf at the present time, has applied to register Sally-Anne, a publican's daughter, as his new Dwarf. The Membership Committee will deal with the application as soon as his suspension has been served. "At a claimed height of five feet six inches, she may be too tall, however as Alex is around five feet ten, she may just qualify under Rule Four", the Chair of the Membership Committee announced.

## SOPHIES' COLUMN

By Sophie, Secretary/Reporter With Portfolio

Last month, the Editor gave me my first proper reporter's job since I came back to work. I had to go to Middle Whallop, after the police decided to dig up Mr. Arbuthnot's grave. It was the first time I have driven the paper's van a long distance, so I dressed as Matt, (I remembered to take my make-up off first this time), and changed back into my own clothes in the toilets of 'The Bodger's Arms'.

Unfortunately, I had an accident on the way home, when a man on a bicycle ran straight into the passenger door, after I signaled to turn left, and the string attached to the little orange arm that pops out broke, so I wasn't indicating. Luckily, the van smokes so much that no one could read the number plate when I drove off, so I think I got away with it. I stopped at a garage twenty miles further on, and they replaced the string with a bit of electrical wire, so hopefully it won't happen again. I also had to pay to have the door resprayed, so I didn't get in trouble with the Editor. They had to mix the paint specially, as they told me that Austin A Thirty-Five parrot-shit green isn't made any more.

Last month I took a weekend off and went to a rally, and a photographer asked me to pose for a calendar shoot for next year! I've always dreamed of being a model, ever since I was a little girl, so I am keeping my fingers crossed that he doesn't forget. I might even get my picture in 'Back Street Heroes'.

My landlady finished knitting my cardigan, after my little friends in the Ancient Sisterhood Of The Dwarfs Of Albion gave me some knitting patterns. I wore it to the meeting last week, and they all said it was very good, and that I must enter it in the knitting competition at next month's 'DwarfFest'. As I told them I knitted it myself, I am going to be very embarrassed if it wins, although my landlady has promised to keep quiet. The competition this year is being sponsored by somebody called Pink October, who are a charity raising money for all sorts of things. Apparently, they are also running a book on the contest, so I have backed myself to win with my last five pounds. I could really do with the money, as it has been an expensive month. Not only did I have to pay to get the van door resprayed, I have also bought three bottles of whisky for the Dwarf Keeper Royal. When I was a bridesmaid for a wedding on the Isle of Wight earlier this year, the D.K.R. got Vinyl Wizard, a company he is supposed to have a financial interest in, to make my outfit, so I owed him a bottle of whisky. I always do my shopping on

Thursday evening, on my way home from the office, and for three weeks I have bought him a bottle of Teachers. I make sure I leave it on the table when I go to bed, so I don't forget to take it with me in the morning. For the last three weeks, I have woken up late on Friday, with a splitting headache, and not been able to go to work until the afternoon. While I am asleep, someone gets into the house and drinks the whisky. The last two times, whoever it was then threw up on the carpet. I am sure it isn't my landlady, so I told Dr. Bodkin, my psychiatrist, about it. He thinks that it might be Sophia, and has increased my medication.

I have decided that I am not going to enter for Miss DwarfFest this year, as I won last year, and feel that I should give someone else a chance. Besides, if I am going to become a model, it does seem unfair to enter a beauty contest when all the other girls are amateurs.

That's all for now, see you all at DwarfFest '05.