

Sunday, 25 December, 2005

Sex, violence, cheap laughs and bad language – it's all in your cheezy, cheeky Chapel, the world's favourite newspaper

# UNFREE AT LAST

## OLD CHAPEL EXCLUSIVE – TWAT PLAN REVEALED

A SHOCK STATEMENT from Home Secretary Charles 'Cap'n Birdseye' Clark has revealed a brilliant new plan for The War Against Terror (TWAT). "It'll be a shock, but once everyone fully understands the TWAT committee proposal, they'll soon get used to it" he said. "It's such a very simple idea, I'm amazed that George Bush's TWAT advisors didn't think of it first" he went on, "particularly as it is based on the their own policies."

### TWAT plan

The Home Secretary's plan is to place the entire UK population under permanent house arrest. Nobody outside the government, the armed forces and the Police will be allowed out until further notice. "Armed TWAT officials will patrol the streets 24 hours per day, shooting everyone on sight except, wherever possible, each other" said Clark amid roars of approval from New Labour benches.

### TWAT outrage

However, new Shadow Home Secretary David Davis was outraged. "This TWAT plan doesn't go far enough" he bellowed. "The TWAT committee should emulate the Ancient Roman army and decimate the entire population. There are millions of ordinary people out there and we have no way of picking out the terrorists. If we round up one in ten of the population and shoot them several times in the head we're bound to take out a few terrorists, and it'll send a fairly strong message to the ones we miss."

### TWAT spokesperson

In an exclusive interview (on the phone) a TWAT committee spokesperson told Old Chapel reporter Dick Smartarse where

Bliar's Tory government got its new TWAT idea from. "It's developed from the great work the Bush administration is doing to defend freedom at Guantanamo Bay" he said, "and from our own more modest efforts at Belmarsh Prison. It's vital that our traditional human rights and freedom of expression are maintained. That's why everyone will be locked up under constant surveillance in case they do or say something we disagree with."

### TWAT initiative

Lord Rogermere's Newds International Corporation and its flagship red-top title The Old Chapel is right behind the TWAT initiative. Speaking from his mahogany-panelled penthouse suite in the famous chromium-plated art deco Old Chapel office block (the last in Fleet Street) Lord R said "I am, and have always been, a man of principal. In publishing there is one over-riding principal, which is always to know on which side one's bread is buttered. I know which side my bread is buttered, as my very good friend Tony will tell you. So without hesitation I say, as Martin Luther King should have said in 1963, 'Unfree at last, unfree at last, thank god almighty we're unfree at last'. Lock all the bastards up – I'm off to the Seychelles for a well-earned sabbatical".

With that, and with a final fog-inducing blast from his massive Havana, Lord R was whisked away to meet Lady Caroline 'Baubles' Rogermere on a CIA flight from Brize Norton RAF airbase. He was chauffeured by a blonde female (possibly his 'secretary', the mysterious Cynthia Airhead), in his distinctive emerald green stretched Nissan Figaro (see photo, right).

✍️RH



Our gorgeous artistic portrait for 2005 features SYD demurely concealing her right breast with one hand. Observant Old Chapel readers may notice that she has carelessly left the other breast on view.



# HANDY HINTS FOR YOUR HOLIDAY PRINTS



## SAY "CHEESE" WITH CHAD WACKERMAN

Countless 18-22 year-olds take off on kerray-zee world tours these days. All of them pack cameras, but they don't know what to take photos of! How like totally ridic! I mean, Duh! Don't you worry though, happy backpackers, because the Lonely Planet Travel-Guide's photography consultant **Chad Wackerman** has just returned from his own world-tour and is here to tell you what's a hot shot and what's not. Rare!

HI KIDZ! Now, there are a few shots that the truly rad traveler/photographer cannot be without. Here are the top five ranked in order of banging-ness.

### 5. Other people's naked children

If you see a naked pre-pubescent, preferably washing, be sure to fully extend your zoom and start flashing. When on a crowded boat in Laos, we frequently passed by such children bathing in the river. Each time one was spotted, a frenzy of activity ensued: everyone rushed to one side of the boat, great rods

of black metal extended out over the sides of the craft and the air was filled with the fizz and crackle of the flash bulb. Great shots, guys and gals! Don't worry if the parents look a bit tetchy - they're poor, they're always tetchy! Come on, if a crowd of Laotian tourists came rushing into the swimming-bath showers of your local sports club and started snapping you'd get your naked kids a-prancin' and a-dancin'! Funky!

### 4. Other people's relatives being burned

This is one holiday snap you'd be mad to miss. You might think cremations are a bit 'creepy', but they draw a great crowd! We were on a tiny boat being paddled along the ghats of Varanasi when we rounded a bend to see the burning ghat. A cremation was taking place and the relatives were solemnly assembled; we were asked not to take photographs. I thought this was a strange request considering the circumstances (why take a photo?) but then I realized just what a square I am: as we paddled away from the scene a lone travelling woman (you

go girl!), whose camera sported a zooming snout almost as gargantuan as her own, waited for the boatmen to be distracted and fired off a volley of shots. At first I was shocked but then I just chilled out, kicked back and yelled: "great snap sister - the rellies, the river, the charred body - that's a hot combo!" I mean, I wouldn't care about some Indian tourists turning up at Grandma's funeral, flipping open the casket and clicking away. In fact, I'd encourage Kodak to use the scene as part of their next advertising campaign!

### 3. People with guns

A must-have for any worthy travel album. Gunz are cool, and if these people are daft enough to put up with a police-force so corrupt they have to arm themselves then they deserve to be photographed! Shoot them before they shoot you!

### 2. People who are dead

A shot of someone being burned at a funeral is, come on, a bit conventional. What, did you come in on the air-con tourist bus with the Germans? Get a grip and get

off the beaten track - and prove it with a happy-snap of someone who really has just died and really is just lying there.

### 1. People with long necks

Better make this one portrait folks (or landscape if they're lying down)! If the neck is really long then you'd better engage panorama. A big-game hunter from Texas showed me one of these shots - he'd been on a tour to see the 'long-neck' tribes of Sa Pa. He showed me a single shot of a dejected woman sitting awkwardly in a darkened room. "Look at that", he bellowed with annoyance, "five dollars and one lousy long neck!" I feel his pain man! If you're gonna reach into your cash stash for a photo of a long-neck you wanna see it a-bendin' and extendin'! Get your money's worth globetrotters!

That's all for now kidz. Be sure to shove this guide in ya backpack. And remember: one, two, three, Zooooooooooooooooooooom!!!!!!!!!!!!

*JSt*



## EasyRender

### Holidays

"This isn't happening!!" Ms. C. Rice, Washington DC

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# JESUS & SANTA BLURRED IN MINDS OF SOME PEOPLE WITH SHOES SHOCK

The Old Chapel's favourite dotty Earl LORD COCKBURN finally has The Answer

OK, BRACE YOURSELVES people, I have the answer. It's become normal at this time of year for the Old Chapel to broadcast the opinions of various writers around the known universe who are suckers-enough to fall for the 'charm' of the news team at that august organ. (Surely one would expect the journalists at the OC to make their own news up, but apparently they're too sozzled even to achieve *that*).

Sometimes the correspondents turn in witty pieces to let us all know that, for example, GW Bush is bad, or computers drive you crazy and are prone to mistakes and are prone to mistakes. At other times the seasonal rag seems merely to have been put together by a poorly-trained chimpanzee equipped with a pair of blunt scissors and a pot of wallpaper paste. But enough of the editorial style of the 'newspaper' which you now grasp (Yes, I know it's also available on the interweb thing, but regard 'grasp' as a verb describing the kind of horror-struck way in which people attempt to hold a particularly frightening spider prior to jettisoning it out of their bedroom window. And who among us hasn't used 'grasp' to signify the way one would circle the hairy ankle of a Romanian horse whisperer, using only the thumb and forefinger to - as it were - circumnavigate her birdlike bones?).

But, could it be that I slightly digress? Yes indeed, for truly, you wish to know the answer perhaps? Or

really I should say THE ANSWER.

Well, first it's necessary to draw a line between several disparate things (bear with me here dear reader). Look at the 'illustration' on page one of this magazine. Notice anything? - I thought so. Now, think of how this connects to Constantinople and the hidden mysteries of who first invented toast... Yes, a pattern emerges does it not? Draw a line from there, through the front porch of a small house in Dorking, (there is a berry bush by the front gate and a black plastic wheelie bin in need of emptying), and where does one arrive at?

"Aha!" I hear you say - for the average reader of the Old Chapel is nothing if not average. No, sorry, I mean the average reader of the Old Chap is *anything* but average... "Aha! - Where else can such a line go but to a medieval ice-storage chamber carved by imported labour beneath 18th century Venice?" Where the labour was imported from is of course a crucial piece of the jigsaw, but let me just whisper one word in your ear dear reader: *Lapland*.

So, like the setter

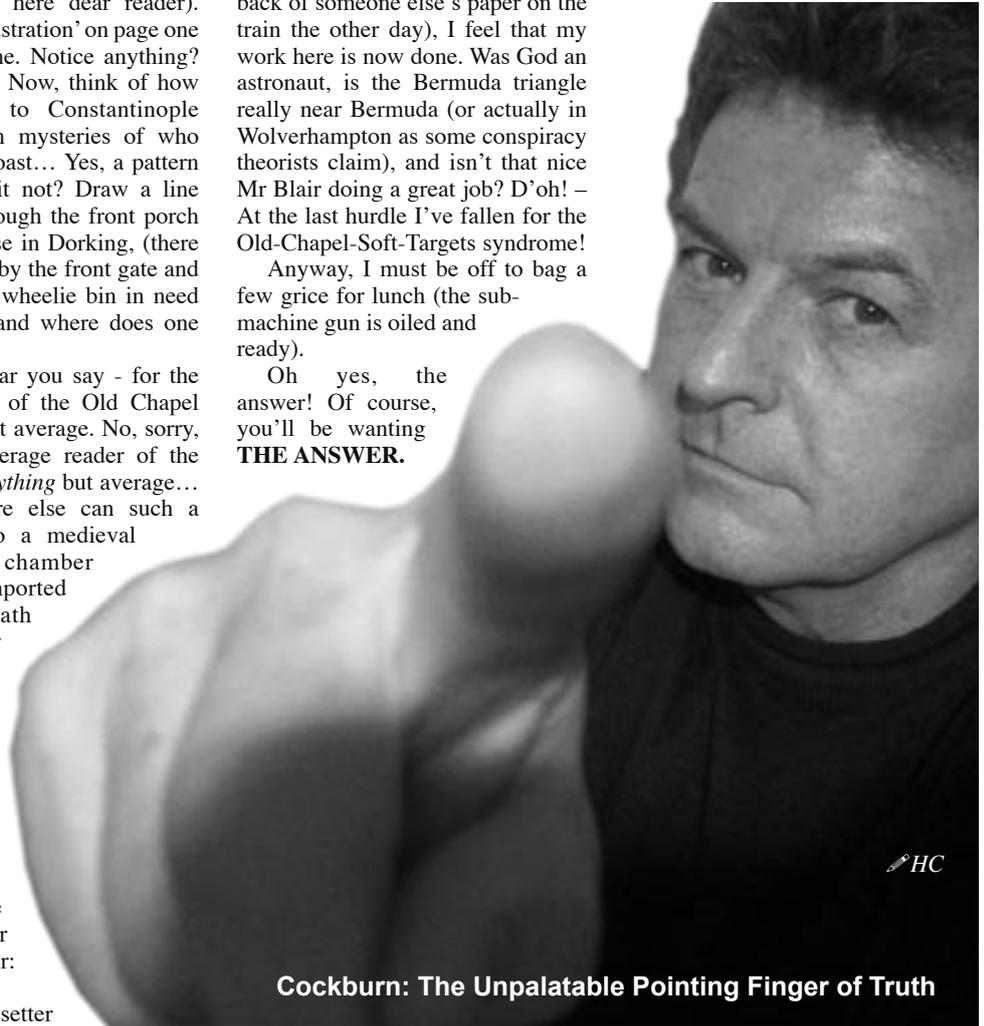
of a Sudoku puzzle *par excellence*, (whatever Sudoku actually *is* - I read about it while browsing the back of someone else's paper on the train the other day), I feel that my work here is now done. Was God an astronaut, is the Bermuda triangle really near Bermuda (or actually in Wolverhampton as some conspiracy theorists claim), and isn't that nice Mr Blair doing a great job? D'oh! - At the last hurdle I've fallen for the Old-Chapel-Soft-Targets syndrome!

Anyway, I must be off to bag a few grice for lunch (the sub-machine gun is oiled and ready).

Oh yes, the answer! Of course, you'll be wanting **THE ANSWER.**

Well, it's like this...

*continued on page 47*



Cockburn: The Unpalatable Pointing Finger of Truth

## NEW INITIATIVES

A report from FORTUNE COOKIE our correspondent at the tradespersons entrance - Government Training Department at its new prestige euro site in Brussels, the Sangatte Centre.



Fortune - favours the bold

**A Sight for Sore Eyes**  
THE GOVERNMENT is pleased to announce the setting up of new courses to train blind unemployed migrants. These special 'Blind Leading the Blind to the Cabinet' courses are being established in areas where there is little useful work being offered to the unsighted and where there is a surplus of rescue labradors.

To enrol, prospective cabinet ministers are asked to present themselves to the specially set up 'Show Us What You're Made Of!' windows at their local Post Offices with their TV licence as proof of identity.

The courses will run over the next few weeks and prepare the candidates for a place in the cabinet after the next election. Course content will include fast-tracking visas, avoiding DNA testing and share dealing, family planning

advice and a broad introduction to security issues. Finally a week in Cliff Richard's Caribbean holiday home for voice coaching to develop that rich northern accent so loved by those close to the Labour party and Conservative totty.

A bonus seminar will be offered at the end of the course in Body Language and speed-dating with tips and hints on how to hold the Prime Minister's guiding hand and still retain that truly masculine image, essential for impressing the ladies.

For the labradors there will be Health and Safety Instruction KYPO Certificate (keep your paws off), Self Control in the House of Lords NPUL Certificate (no pissing up legs) and a OSOYOFs Course to complete the Clean Parliamentary Bill of Health (only shit on your own front step).

*JSm*  
Photo shows the first honorary passed-out graduate from the



flagship 'BLTBTTTC' course in the standard issue uniform for students and cabinet ministers. On the lead - Stevie Wonder, his faithful friend.

• **FORTUNE COOKIE** will be back in the next issue with a report on Stevie Wonder's first year in office and his close relationship with Carol Caplin.

# XMAS LOGISTICAL NIGHTMARE

## SANTA SEEKS DONALD RUMSFELD'S HELP

A report direct from the International Desk (West) of the Old Chapel from GARRY RESINSKI



Elite Elves Fast-Rope to the Landing Zone to deploy toys to good little girls and boys



Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld demonstrates to Santa the proper formation for the elf-toy infiltration flights

WITH VIOLENCE on the upsurge all around the world in this past year, the International Desk (West) of the Old Chapel has learned that Santa has begun high level, deep background discussions with the US Secretary of Defense. Using Pentagon high definition photos, maps downloaded from the internet and stealth technology developed by his crack squad of "Block Ops Elves", Santa and his team developed a series of infiltration and exfiltration routes for all of the world's troubled continents. This is to say, all of them except Antarctica. And that's not because the penguins are a peaceful race, it's just because they don't have opposable thumbs and can't pull the trigger.

As an old Navy pilot, Rumsfeld

has vast experience flying in zero visibility conditions. As Santa's traditional fly time is after dusk, he has asked for tips on avoiding hostile defenses and dog or rather reindeer fighting with his sleigh full of toys under gruelling conditions.



Santa before the big night



Though small in stature, elite elves team-up to deliver a big punch

Bowing to reality, Santa has also delegated the actual delivery of gifts to squads of elite elves who will be inserted in groups of four small sleighs. They will then scatter to the homes of deserving girls and boys. After deploying flash-bang party grenades, the doors will be blown and the toys will be delivered using a Halliburton-designed shoulder-mounted toy launching system for minimum exposure time. "With billions of toys to deliver, we have to concentrate on the friction points that slow the operation down," says chief elf Dick Cheney. "My mission is to get the job done. Even working with the sun at our back, we have scarcely 12 hours to deliver and deploy 16 billion tons of good cheer. Only by working with the biggest US corporations can this be done on a year-in, year-out basis. It may cost a little more and many children may be surprised by the invoice they find on Christmas morning, but value is



Chief Security Elf Ernie Keebler's face is the embodiment of exhaustion at the end of another year's work

today's world," Keebler went on to say. "Most people think that toys are the big ticket item here, but let me tell you, we could double the expenditure if it wasn't for the security costs. And everybody thinks that getting frequent flyer miles is a big deal when working for Santa. Let me tell you that after tear-assing around the globe for 12 hours, the idea of flying somewhere simply has no appeal.

So there you have it. Another glamorous job revealed for what it is, a laborious grind where globe trotting takes on all the mystique of the international desk (West) here at the Old Chapel.

And so it is another year gone and where we at the International Desk (West) wish each and every reader the very best and a happy and joyous New Year. ✍GR



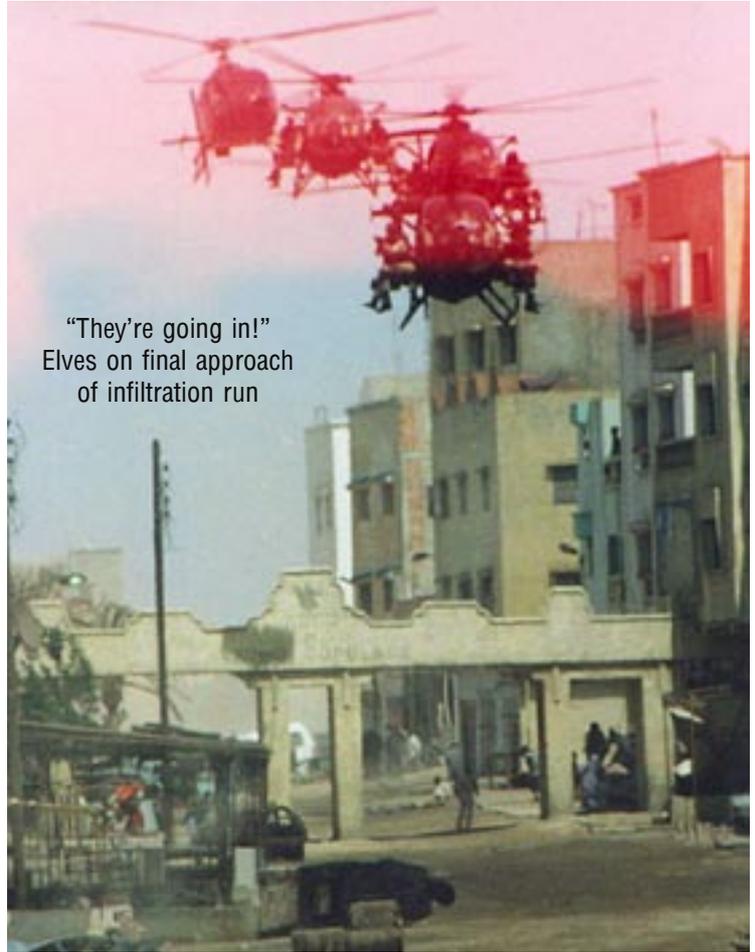
The no-nonsense chief elf. "My mission is to get the job done"

being delivered and Santa has to decentralize costs to survive this bottom-line world."

And how is all this good cheer spread throughout the world? Chief Security Elf Ernie Keebler confides that it is through "kick-ass security methodology and procedure." Every year, a series of threats against the big guy himself are reviewed and evaluated. Threats deemed serious are researched. If it is found to be actionable, the threat is sent to the Threat Remediation Squad where, simply put, it is made to go away. "The public simply has no concept of how much protection costs in



Santa, the next morning, 100 cups of coffee and 50 packs of Marlboros later



"They're going in!"  
Elves on final approach of infiltration run

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# JOHN MOLLOY'S 2005 DIARY

SPENT ALL YEAR trying to record and release a cover version of *Golden Brown* by The Stranglers. Wanted to bring the lyrics up to date really, to reflect the incoming leader of the Labour Party: "Gordon Brown... Texted my son." But that was really as far as I got so no harpsichord music for me or for you. Actually you're all probably the better off for it as my singing voice is NOT up to snuff.

Gadgetry has become ubiquitous, iPods are everywhere and it is hard to escape the Pod People. The paranoia of the fifties brought with it such McCarthy-inspired movies as *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* in which aliens would attack people and return in their stead. Now we have Pod People wandering around the world like zombies, with the tell-tale white earbuds in their ears, being fed by the voice of Steve Jobs telling them to buy more stuff™.

Actually I have heard reliable

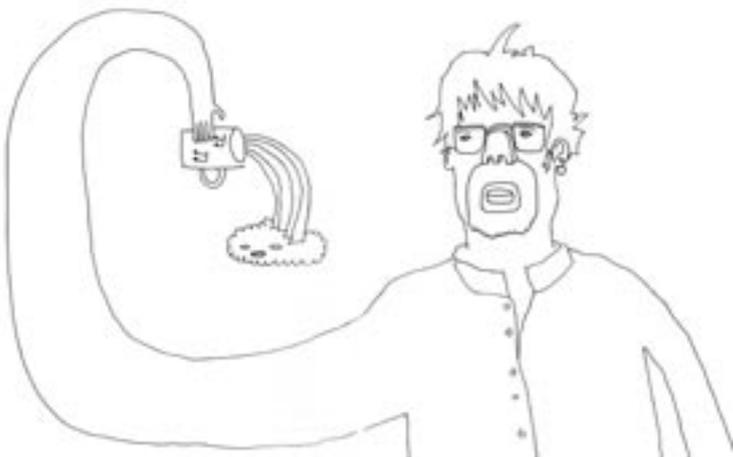
rumours that the Hillier household has itself succumbed to the virus and Myles Hillier – no less – has been seen armed with one, or should I say that the iPod is armed with Myles. Myles will be ready to attack the world when his masters say so.

### Fiasco

My usual spell-checking fiasco with this article has led yet again to some stupid suggestions that I feel I have to share with you:

Microsoft insists that Gordon Brown couldn't have "texted my son" and must either have "tested my son" – although his A-levels aren't until Mayish next year – or "tented my son" which sounds vaguely rude and possibly would require a visit from the Police.

"iPods" are reduced to the obviously more succinct "pods", whereas "earbuds" Microsoft insists are actually "airbeds". This makes a sentence that should read "...zombies



with tell-tale white earbuds in their ears" read "...zombies with tell-tale white airbeds in their ears".

### Fantastic and ludicrous

This is both fantastic and ludicrous and reminds me of that technique some people use to get rid of nightmares. I think the idea is to re-imagine an attack with an amusing twist. So I have this vision of the whole of Ivinghoe turning into Zombies that march on The Old Chapel – but they are kept at a safe distance by the aural insertion of airbeds. This may be taking things

too far, but I eagerly await my invitation to the first showing of this late-night classic at The Electric Ivinghoe when that cinema is re-established.

Meanwhile the name "Hillier" itself produces a veritable tidal wave of options. Microsoft insists that Hillier can't be right and suggests that either Hailer, Holler, Hilly, Hellfire or Whaler MUST be correct. Now if you guys want me to riff on that I can – but I suspect that even I have filled much more than my quota allows. *JM*

• Drawing of John by James Bourne

## Coming to BBC1 in 2006 – BLEAK ENDERS



"Oy, Jarndyce, I wanna word. Fancy a pint? – Let's go over the Vic and get hammered"



"Sod that, Guppy, you 'avin a larf? I'm staying in to watch the match with Talkinghorn"



"Brilliant. We'll 'ave that couple dozen cans of Special Brew I got stashed in the Arches"



"You blokes is right. The Vic ain't the same with that snotty cow Lady bloody Dedlock behind the bar"



"Lissen, the Mitchells is history, right? Nah – d'yer wanna drink or not? If not, you can piss orf"



### EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD

Lady 'Baubles' Rogermere: "I'm fed up with sitting in this bus shelter. When's the next 61 due?"  
Lord Rogermere: "Not for a while. It's only 1240 BC now."

Merry Christmas