

Don't be shy, ask Auntie Monnie

I've got a rash on my knob - what shall I do?

Yours Truly, Mr Itchy Ritchie

You poor sod! See your GP for a check up and get some expert advice on the whys and hows of your little (sorry mate but I did speak to your other half) affliction. Don't forget to take a snap beforehand to send in to FHM's weird willies section. A bit of extra cash - silver lining and all that. True, your mates won't look at you in the same way again but a round down your boozier with your extra dosh will soon sort that out. Love Auntie Monnie x

I saw my good mate's boyfriend sliming all over another girl in our local. Should I tell my mate or keep out of it? Yours truly, Ms Posy Parker

There are two scenarios that spring to mind here. Your smitten mate doesn't believe you and calls you "a nasty bit of work that's always been jealous of her since she beat you at hop scotch. Now she's happy you just can't stand it."



While your wiping her spit off your face, her charming bloke comforts her with a bear hug and eyeballs you menacingly. Or she may thank you for your kind concern with gushing tears and a box of quality street. You then both zip off on the no 24 on a Thelma and Louise style adventure proclaiming all men to be dawgs. The choice is yours. Let me know what happens.
Love Auntie Monnie x



Good advice

Mad Hatter Monthly

Free

very late September 2005

Time hereafter..

Well is there anyone that really gives a monkeys about the monkeys who were the tribe? Y'know, the people that went before. Or the animals that are last alive? A cryptic quiz of Darwinian origin, or a bladder of quarrelled waste. No time for messing, no feeling, yet blessing The way so oft described. Well it's all fun 'n' games in the market place And people ride for free. Exhausted exhaustion fumes aloud Constricted atmos of feral clouds No one could care for all their lot, lest without being drowned out! So Saturn came with chains of steel and bound the worldlings down. Worldlings cry "let us be free! Promise we wont burn it down." Why you sons of bitches should wreck your house, neighbours n'all? You hide a killing blood fest behind the guise of civilisation! How civil 'rose tinted' eyes'd project? The buildings and roads are harmless aren't they? Like the diggers and dozers... oh what bull! Saturn could see their guise and smashed their mask with a disciplined frown. He got together with mighty Jupiter and flooded the world once again. Drowning the rats in their race. It could have been better if only the sons had tried. "And what are we to do?" retort the sons. Made from earth, bosom and mud.

Puppets on strings of ether, just microcosms of god's desire. "Shall we be scapegoats because we eat all those, Creatures, resources and hope. Whose law unto we, set thee, to follow? What laws have you set for me?" "Quiet earthling! And hide your nose from business unfit for your query!" In the flood, they all drowned yet again, except three: A man, a woman and that which was between them. Should it start all over again? "Well I'm game - for fun and frolickin'" said Jupiter. And Venus winked approval. Cupid couldn't miss the three with arrows a thunder and Zeus shattered the sky. But said the mighty Jove, "Is incest the best way forward? A civilisation born from one man, one woman and all between them? Fore I tell you - it's a recipe for trouble!!!" "Well," said Neptune from the bottom of the sea. "I could make a merman and merwoman, that'd be four not three. Add spice to the tundra with a wet mammal blunder and that will break the brothers and sisters with cousins of fishes." A good idea, but that's not much help

(Continued overleaf)

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Time hereafter

(Continued from front)

when times are low.

Or if you happen to be a cod!

Good God!

Lets abort the care of this screwed up race – let them be fostered by aliens who dwell in far away space.

And so, from the marshes of planets unknown, a foster race of aliens took up the cause.

The man, the woman and all that was between them became subservient to gods anew.

Course, they knew little of what was going on.

Just sat on a hilltop, on earth with still water surrounding.

Stars blazed in an aura of blue, like a mind of cerulean wonder.

These aliens were kind.

And the man and the woman and all that was between them just made love.

But a civilisation was never born.

Never again, my love.

They died that night, lying aside.

The aliens cried.

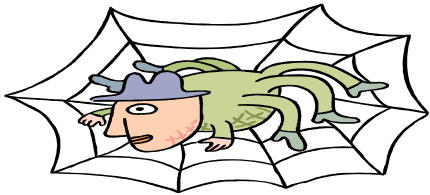
And all that was left

Was between them.

(and of course, aliens and gods and all else... even people!)

A .j. Carr

Norris



Not so long ago, Norris, the Hatter's pet spider set off on a spiderdelic journey to space and beyond. He's met the Extreme Surfers, fallen in love with Spinetta and been given a sacred stone...

Norris here,

I suspected correctly. Whilst I was asleep Spinetta took the pouch out of my pocket and held the Stone of Every Atom. She was leaning against me at the time so both of us got the full whack of the incredible power of such a small pebble.

We were both plucked from our bodies by an overpowering astral wind

that spun our minds like washing on a fast spin, carrying us like match sticks on a stormy sea, to 'PLOP' where we are now.

We have both landed in a completely new and wondrous world. Nothing is solid here, all is vibrational – light, sounds, inhabitants all constantly shifting and changing in swirly tranquillity and peace.

One inhabitant has told us we are in the wrong space and time for the life experience we hold. They know where we come from because the Stone of Every Atom holds the signature of our world. They say they will get us back as soon as there is something they call 'harmonic resonance' between the two worlds.

Until they do this they will look after us – in fact must go now as we've been invited to meet some new friends for an interstellar light orchestral experience called the 'LITE BITES'

'Til next time, Norris.

MHM review, by Monica Perdoni

RED VEG 21 Gardner St, Brighton. 01273 679 910

What's a veggie to do when you get the Mcburger shakes and need a fix of fries along with some ice to slurp? Solution: Red Veg. This cosy haven on Gardner Street will satisfy both leaf-munchers and meat-eaters. Enjoy juicy vegetarian burgers (from £2.95) that taste like the real thing. Guaranteed the first words you'll be saying to your mate will be "this is veggie, ain't it?". Nibble or if you're like me, gobble down fries that taste like they should. Crispy, salty and golden. It doesn't stop there, no sireee, falafels, wraps, and even pasta dishes await you. Open until 9pm with comfy cushioned seating, plenty of reading material, and chirpy staff, you won't find any robotic or doomed expressions behind this fast-food counter. This really is the ideal place to stop for a quick bite before hitting the nightlife and shaming your parents. Support local trade, yummy grub and at last a burger that actually looks like its picture. Remember that infamous scene in *Falling Down* with a dissatisfied Michael Douglas in the burger joint - a lot of grief could have been saved if he'd stopped here. So do your taste buds and conscience a favour, and head to Red Veg instead.



At the end of September...

Friends are the family we choose

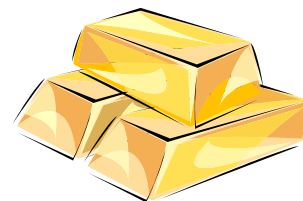
You're only a failure when you stop trying

The older I get the more I become like the person I really am

Be realistic: demand the impossible



Crystal of the month



Gold, Leo:

Pure gold gives the potential to access knowledge. Gold mingles with wealth, health energy and strength. Ridder of parasites – strengthening uplifting – good for digestion, Irritable Bowel Syndrome and rheumatism. Combined with pure quartz – Master Healer