



(Continued from front page)

Late St. Anne, invoking the dark side. The water turned sour like rotting milk and a hallow voice rose above saying 'In ten years I shall rise, I shall bring darkness to adults' eyes - those who drop a penny in my well, well suffer a fate of ill health.' The voice trailed of and the loonies stopped chanting and began palpations. Argh, no one ever saw them again. That was back in October '95."

"Ten years ago!" Said the Guy, listening on the edge of the old hag's lips. "Exactly! And this is the year is when the spirit will rise to haunt all those who wished their hearts away on the throw of a penny. She will rise on the eve then enter their dreams and break-down their minds like a virus. Slowly working on their navel chord and gnawing it ajar to lacerate their nervous systems."

"Shit, that's terrible."
"Hak, indeed, and I've done my research. Nearly half the population of the city has thrown money down that well since '95. All of them will suffer this year."

A slice of ciabatta fell from the old Guy's fork as he heard this the hag's harbinger of misfortune. If half of the city's people fell ill under the sick spell of St Anne then the no one would turn up to the sea front fire festival on the fifth of November. The world was doomed

"Are you sure this isn't just a bit of hocus pocus?" He asked, unsure that his plot would succeed.

"We hags cannot take such a risk. I shall be spending the rest of my days cutting up frog's legs and boiling the eyes of newts - I intend to fight the demon ghost with a spell to save our city." At that point her eyes twitched in their sockets. She got up and stormed out of the café like a cat out of the bag. The old guy finished his ciabatta and left after her. He was last seen in the news-agents across the road buying a box of matches.



This is our world. You, me, them, us, they, we, their and nature: Just people and their relations. Our responsibility. Onwards and upwards. Respectfully.

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Mad Hatter Monthly

Free

late October 2005



It was week ago to this very day when a member of staff was walking past a table in the café – a table not so far from where you are reading now.

On that table there sat some Guy and an old lady – ugly looking she was and greenish in colour. They were talking over coffee and ciabattas. The Guy said to the woman, "I tell you what, everyone seems to be going to Lewis for the fireworks this year. Now I've been there mi'self on numerous occasions and it's highly entertaining. But this year I fancy something a little different."

"Aye, Ahh" replies the ugly wench, "I like the fires and fireworks at Lewis, they look better at full speed on my broom, arghh, they look better on herbs or shrooms. The town's quaint and full of spooks. I think I shall be going myself."

"Wench, my dear," replies old Guy. "Why not try something different this year?"

"Like what?" haggled the ugly hag. "Well I've been wandering around Brighton in hours gone late and heard the people a'talkin'. They're planning something spectacular on the city's beach. Groups of youthful spirits are plotting to light over 350 fires along the pebbles from Kemp Town to Hove lawns. They say it's going to look like a dazzling ribbon of light with fun and music. A celebration to rival that of con-

servative Lewis and their pantomime clobber. And when the clocks strike 11 on the night of the fifth, thousands of rockets are to be fired at the old West Pier, to mark a new beginning."

"Aye, if you don't mind me saying," began the hag between a sip of coffee, "all of this sounds like a conspiracy."

"Make of it what you will old wart-face, but I implore you to come along."

"Argh, perhaps - a sea-light bonfire celebration sounds like fun. But it all depends if I survive Allhallows Eve." The old hag's eye's glistened bright in the café lights.

"Why? What's happening on the night of the spooks?" asked the Guy.

"This year my son, is a year to be wary of. 31 October 2005 stands to be painted red. Lock yer doors and yer windows and hold yer cross to your chest. For I warn you now, the eve of All Saints Day may be your last - old Sussex folk law tells of a ghastly spirit that rises from the heart of St Anne's Well. A decade ago - three delinquents from a council mad house began shaking in their rooms. They smashed their windows and left under a fit of possession. Zombified; they walked to St Anne's Wells garden under the darkness of night. They joined hands and began circling the Well under the force of dark tree sprits that were dwelling in the gardens. They began chanting the words of

(Continued on back page)

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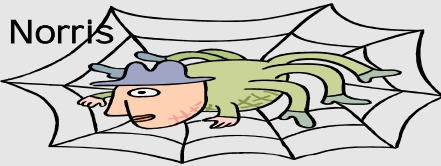


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Norris



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 ...

Hi, Norris here,

Spinetta and I are in recuperation and shock. You remember I told you we were going to what we thought was a music event – the 'LITE BITES' – well we just weren't to know that music here – and it seems it's everywhere – is a sort of mystical experience.

On the day we were taken to the show, we were given seating positions in front of what at first appeared to be swirling rhythmic colours and light. Then we detected a hum. A sort of hypnotic magical hum – then bang! We

were totally immersed in its sound.

Next thing Spinetta and I knew; we came in to where I write this – a peaceful glade. We are grasping to comprehend what befell us. Completely indescribable; all I can say is that it was like many life-times of experience contained in what we were told later was just a few seconds exposure to the 'music' before the we were brought here.

Must get some rest, this place is amazing – but almost too much,

'til next time, Norris x.



Monica Perdoni gets juicy at Sejuice



Sejuice, 56 Gardner Street, North Lane. Open 8.30-5.30 pm
(01273) 690035



You can't miss that foxy 50s chick lying on top of this eaterie. From the name your first thought may well be that Brighton needs another juice bar like it needs another coffee shop, right? Wrong. Sejuice is a juice bar with a twist, fitting right in with this quirky city of ours. True, juices are the main menu but with more pubs per square mile than any other city, the more healthy havens to detox in the better I say. A personal recommendation - try the honey ryder (honey, mango,

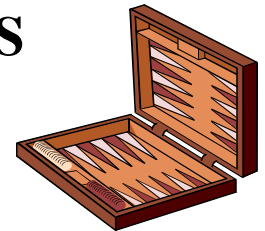
low fat yoghurt and banana) or any of the temptingly tasty juices and smoothies on offer. While you're at it sample their yummy menu of specials including fresh wraps served with tortillas, hummus and salad, which will amply satisfy your taste buds. At £3.75 (eat-in) that ain't bad for prime location munching. And with organic cakes that give the infamous Sanctuary sweets a run for their money, hot drinks, etc, I'd say this is an ideal for a spot of lunch, brunch, brekkie, tea, Sunday chill-out, you get the picture. Don't be deceived into thinking this is a take-away bar only when you're sauntering down the North Lane as this place is huge! Walk through and find two light and airy back areas, with snugly sofas, funky artwork, cool plants, to lounge in style. Friendly staff are keen to please, full of smiles and not only when they're taking your cash too. Sejuice. Welcome to Brighton!

BACK GAMMON NIGHTS

Every Tuesday 7.00 pm Mad Hatter Café

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