



9-EMD OF YEAP BEER CAT SCRATCHINGS



As always, this tin of cat food will self destruct in... oh, a few days

Of Mice and Mailcoms (preview)

As the year draws to a close, the television seem to be full of nothing but repeats and Christmas Specials¹. Why is this?² Now, it can be revealed. It is a cunning ploy to encourage people to do something different instead, like throwing parties.

Talking about parties³, by some strange cosmic convergance, we are holding HOGMANAY 1.1 THE PARTY CONTINUES.⁴ In the true spirit of the times, large quantities of alcohol will be available, as will a selection of favorites from the *White Leather Club*, such as "Strip the Widow", the "Gay Gordons" and the "Lashing White Sergeant".

But enough of all this blatant self publicity. On the more serious side⁵, there is finally someone out there who can be bothered writing back. As usual, all comments will be carefully edited, but he does at least point out that I am no good at anagrams, even when they are someone else's. Armistead Maupin is a man I made up⁶.

Simon Amos⁷, on the other hand, is someone that it would be impossible to make up. He seems to be conversant with navigating through Kettering, reckonong that the signs really read "Nourth-Weast" and "Nourth by Nourth-

¹Christmas Special = Extra long episode, shot during the summer, he said cynically.

²The pedants among you may well point to it being Christmas, but I think this is just a meaningless coincidence.

³Wasn't that a pathetic link?

⁴OK, so there was a two year gap in between, but who's counting anyway.

⁵Serious! That's a laugh.

⁶Actually, it's a man Armistead Maupin made up, but you get the idea.

⁷Moo Is Mans - cryptic or what?

Weast"⁸.

As for there being not enough cats, when the stripey one (on the right of the logo) is determinedly 'helping' you to address envelopes, then you can have too many cats. The rest of the time, it means we have a cat each; this makes it difficult to answer the phone, as the excuse is always "I've got a cat on me!"

The space at the end of this page is deliberate. It reminds me that I should finish off my *Confiction* report on the meaningless of coincidence. Its title? *More Free Space*.

See you on Hogmanay⁹. Traditionally, the parties didn't start till after the bells¹⁰, but, even with free transport, this is less feasible, and so the compromise.



⁸If Hitchcock had done it, would the final scene be at Mt Rushmoare?

⁹That's 31st December, 1993, from about 10pm ish until after breakfast, in case you hadn't yet worked it out.

¹⁰No naff countdowns either - you waited until you heard the chimes!