

THE BLETCHLEY Bugle

Issue 666 October 2014

\$B1.00

Straight to the point!



**I WAS
BIGFOOT'S
LOVE
SLAVE!**

**MAJOR TOADY SPEAHEADED
RESCUE MISSION!**



Disclaimer



The Bletchley Bugle is a fabricated, mostly satirical newspaper published by Pondlife Press.

The Bugle uses invented names in all its stories, except in cases when public figures are being satirized. Any other use of real names is accidental and coincidental.

All contributors are responsible for the content of their own material in respect to (but not limited to) copyright, libel and defamation.

The content of this publication (graphics, text and other elements) is © Copyright Pondlife Press 2014 and may not be reprinted or retransmitted in whole or in part without the express written consent of the publisher.

The Bugle is not intended for people under 18 years of age.

If you are aware of any copyright infringement or have any other queries or complaints, please contact us as soon as possible so that we can investigate and, where necessary, correct the problem. Please accept our apologies in advance on behalf of any contribution which has offended.

Rufus T Firefly

BLETCHLEY BUGLE EDITORIAL
Tel: 01908 640404. Fax: 01908 272684
rufustfirefly@bletchleybugle.co.uk
Room 43 The Mansion
Bletchley Park
Milton Keynes MK3 6EB

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Room 43, The Mansion, Bletchley Park.
Tel: 01908 640404. Fax: 01908 272684
To subscribe visit www.bletchleybugle.co.uk

To view an existing subscription, renew or change address visit www.buglesubs.co.uk

EMAIL: rufustfirefly@bletchleybugle.co.uk

Please include your surname, postcode or subscription reference on emails

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$B28 per annum. Rest of the world £0.001
Published by Pondlife Press MK3 6EB

Printed by various people
distributed by lots of people

EXIT IS A NO EXIT

In yet another of Hugh Briss's seemingly endless snipes at the computer centre; he is now trying to stop visitors to Bletchley Park from taking a short cut to the centre via the gate by the disabled ramp access to block "B" by ordering volunteers to stop them exiting there.

It has come to our attention that BPT duty manager, Major Toady and two of his lackeys, have been seen in an independent attraction within the Bletchley Park pay zone. They were handing down a new dictate from management designed to make it more difficult for visitors to get around the site. As of now the volunteers of the said attraction are not to allow BP visitors to exit through their rear doors in order to take a short cut to the National Computing Centre and are to prevent them from pressing the green button and exiting via the gate near the attractions entrance.

It seems that various stewards have been telling BPT visitors who want to visit the computer centre that rather than go on the official long route preferred by management that they could cut a considerable part of the journey out by exiting via the gate. The long route, referred to as the "Yomp" is almost twice as long, requires a certain degree of fitness and is impossible to walk if you are in any way mobility impaired, seems to be designed to put visitors to BP off from going to the other attraction on the site.

Rufus Rambles

What an eventful month we have all had. A former Mathematician, resigns due to the attitude of the head mistress and paid members of staff handing in their notice left right and center.

The Veterans reunion brought up a couple of interesting points. Apparently the Col was heard to say in a speech that the colossus computer has been moved from the Park, when in actuality as we all know, he simply had a fence installed separating the TNMoC and Bletchley Park 'Pay Zone.'

The veterans who wished to see the Block H exhibits were forced to travel through Block C out of the pay-zone and take the long trek to see the worlds first semi - programmable digital computer, when the Col refused to allow them through the gate by hut 11. A great way to show respect to our veterans indeed!!

CBS news arrived and the Headmistress and her pet Prigg couldn't wait to divulge their knowledge (or lack there of) to the film crew. One assumes as they are 'paid professionals' they know more than the volunteers who have worked at the park and researched the subject for many a year.

Bugle Earth



This months photograph was sent in by เท สุร อุดศักดิ์ of นนทบุรี, Thailand. She spotted the Bugle whilst attending the Singapore Grand Prix last Sunday.

“ผม ประหลาดใจ ที่ โกล กระจายบลีชลีย์ แตร เป็น”

She said

“Ive เห็นแตร เดอะการ์เดียนใน Facebook, Youtube , อิตาลี, แคนาดา, อินเดีย และตอน นี้ ที่ สิงคโปร์ กรังด์ปรี ผมตื่นเต้น !”

The race was apparently delayed as electronic copies of the Bugle had found their way to the pits and promptly went viral, causing a delay in the drivers arriving at the starting line

สุร will be rewarded this month with 100 Bletchley Bucks.

If you Spot the Bugle anywhere in the World, Please take a photo and send in to the usual address.



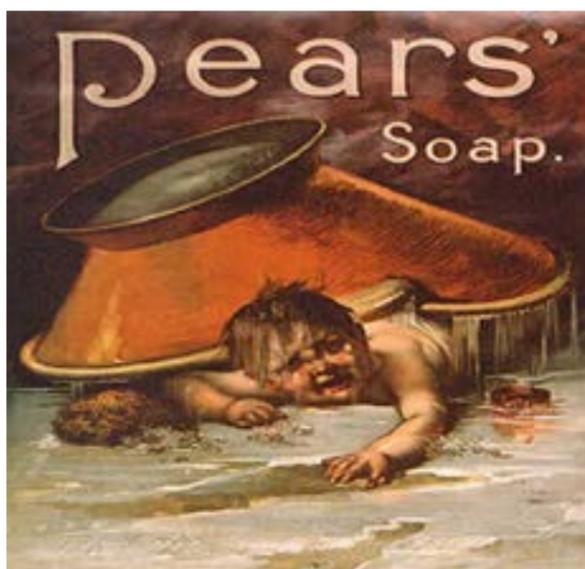


Has anyone else noticed that there has been a serious lack of stewards around the park over the past few months? BPT would have us believe that they have a huge cash of willing recruits and trained people clamouring to man the park. But despite all the positive rhetoric and spin by our very own Hugh Briss on, how productive the open recruiting day was and how many new volunteers had come forward, has anyone actually set eyes on any of them?

Most of us who are doing more than one job at a time, trying to be in two places simultaneously and cover the many vacancies know that there are some serious problems. We don't mind working hard, we enjoy it. We are all here because we have a desire to see Bletchley Park endeavour. We want to see the park grow and tell the story of the place. Yet we are all aware that there are cracks appearing in the seams.

So bad is the situation with lack of staff that the guides are being told that they are expected to come in on days when they are not doing guiding duties to be stewards? This has not gone down very well with many of the guides who rightfully feel that they put in enough hours already without taking on extra duties because of BPT's failure to recruit. Some are openly talking of giving up and planning to follow certain education volunteers out of the park gates. This would be a disastrous waste of talent.

In a separate attack on the guides they have been told that they are to be on the park a mere 15 minutes before they are due to start their first tour. As most of us know they are normally here well in advance of their first scheduled tour doing last minute jobs and getting ready to meet the public, however BPT seem to think that 15 minutes is all that is required.



Now that the season of dark and dark deeds is fast upon us, something to make your fingers prick, a little hair stand on end, and your nostrils flare.

Narrator – one of many hags/witches/old volunteers, “Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.” Second Witch, “Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.” Third Witch, “Harpier cries ‘Tis time, ‘tis time.”

First Witch, “Round about the cauldron on the conspirators table go; In the poison'd entrails of words throw. Words and deeds of Toad, that under cold stone, Days and nights has thirty-one Swelter'd venomous thoughts sleeping got, Boil thou first i' the charmed conspirators pot.

ALL, “Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble a potent brew.

Second Witch, “Fillet of a Fenny Stratford snake, In the cauldron boil and bake; Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog, Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg and owlet's wing, For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell-broth that's not quite eco-friendly boil and bubble.

ALL, “Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron hubble and bubble.

Third Witch, “Scale of dragon (now who could that be), tooth of wolf, Witches' mummy, maw and gulf (hands up if you know who that is) Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, Root of hemlock digg'di' the dark, Liver of vindictive old fool, Gall of Oak and goat, and slips of yew, Silver'd in the moon's eclipse, Nose of old cheese and lips of cold passion, Fish Finger of out of date supermarket bin, Ditch-deliver'd by an out of work witch, Make the gruel thick and slab: Add thereto a fast foodchaudron (entrails to the more than squeamish), For the ingredients of our cauldron.”

ALL, “Double, double toil and so much trouble; Fire burn and cauldron please do not bubble over.

Second Witch, “Cool it with some black puddings blood, Then the charm is firm and good.”

Enter HELL CAT to the other three Witches. HELL CAT, “O well done! I commend your pains; And every one shall share i' the gains; And now about the cauldron sing, Live elves and fairies in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song: Heavy Metal perhaps?

HELL CAT retires

Second Witch, “By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes. Open, locks, Whoever knocks!

Enter Hugh Briss

Hugh Briss, “How now, you secret, black, pond life and midnight hags! What is't you do?”

ALL, “A deed without a name.

Hugh Briss, “I conjure and command you, by that which you profess, Tis in the volunteer agreement you signed, Howe'er you come to know it, answer me. Though you untie the winds and let them fight, Against the churches; though the yesty waves, Confound and swallow navigation up; Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down; Though castles topple on their warders' heads; Though palaces and pyramids do slope, Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure, Of nature's germens tumble all together, Even till destruction sicken; answer me, To what I ask you have I done wrong.

All Witches, “You know full well, what thou hast done wrong, tis written in the minds and souls of us all, thou unpleasant man. A drum, a drum, thy judgement doth come.”



What a busy month it has been at the park, veterans reunion, the flood gates opened to allow the great unwashed onto the site.

Lets first turn our attention to the Veterans reunion. Over 70 veterans and family turned out for this auspicious occasion. We should remember that Bletchley Park would not exist without them, indeed many of us would probably not be here today without their dedication.

The duty manager of the day had a brilliant idea to allow the Vets and their guests quick access to Block H to see colossus. Unfortunately Col Briss in yet another feat of incompetence over ruled this idea, forcing the Vets to exit the park via Block C and walk around.

Looking at the Great Unwashed event, although it is a lovely gesture to allow local residents into the park for free once a year and on a side note this would be a wonderful opportunity to have a recruitment drive for volunteers, there is a down side to this, close to the Park there is a rather unsavory council estate containing the less desirable examples of the human populous. It has been noticed every year, certain items have been stolen during this event. When will the management learn they need to up the security for this?

In other news, Freddie the Opps manager has left

Letters



Dear Rufus

May I raise the issue of BP visitors feeding hungry volunteers from TNMOC through gaps in the Berlin Wall. This is wicked & demeaning for people merely wanting to operate a Colossus in peace. And eat.

Passing Tesco sandwiches through the wire at Checkpoint Charlie is fine and dandy but the real danger is from Starbucks extra hot, skinny, caramel latte being thrown over the wire. (As Hut 4 is impractical, except by hot air balloon, it is necessary to have Starbucks shipped in).

As a friend was recently wounded by a wildly-tossed breakfast bacon triple, may I suggest some options?

1: runners to push food through feeding slots fitted into the gates and fence, at intervals.

2: shelters at hotspots along the fence. Radar, interceptors and sirens could boost that WWII spirit!

3: a 'Danzig Corridor' from Checkpoint Charlie through to Hut 4.

4: hut 4 moved to alongside the fence so that refreshments can be safely excreted from a window.

5: local people hired, with nets, to intercept low flying stealth beakers.

The last possibility is the most ridiculous, far fetched and unachievable ..

6: remove the tacky fence that divides an important British heritage site.

Yours Sincerely

Hammond Eggs-Melchett
Biggleswade

Dear Mr. Eggs-Melchett,

We at the Bugle sympathize with your predicament, but there is little we can do. The best we have been able to manage is to contact the Elf N Safety manager at the park, a Mr. Blackshirt-Jobsworth. He is currently working on a DO NOT FEED THE NERDS sign to put in place on the gate by hut 11

Regrettably Yours

Rufus

Dear Rufus,

Was in the Eight Belle's the other night with my mate Ben Dover, when we spotted the local paper opened up on the page with a photo of Bletchley Park Mansion. Nothing unusual in that I know, but under the photo it said that one of two brothels is close to Bletchley Park..! Is this true? I know that

everything that went on at the Park during the war was top secret and all that, but I think we the public have a right to know, don't you? Perhaps you can discreetly supply me and my mate with an address or at least a phone number.

Yours faithfully

Mike Oxsmells



Welcome to our new trip advisor column, each month we will bring you the highlights of each months postings: here are the latest and greatest from our esteemed visitors:

..... the welcome was more "theme park" with long snaking queues to pay whilst giving your details for the season ticket and Gift Aid information, it felt like you were applying for a new passport rather than buying a ticket to a tourist attraction.

It's also a shame that you can't go in to any of their cafes unless you've bought an entrance ticket - some of our group who'd cycled up there just wanted a coffee and a sit down, but needed to still pay the same £15 annual ticket price to get in. Surely a second entrance with a one-way door out of the main exhibitions could have been factored in?

Whilst I'm on the subject of food, the offerings in the Hut 4 Cafe certainly wasn't "first class" as their website proclaims - in fact the choices of hot food were limited and overpriced for what you got all set in a fairly cramped dining area.

The cycle parking was described as "experiencing a traditional WW2 cycle shed" which is quaint, until you realize that most modern secure cycle locks don't fit around huge lumps of concrete. There also aren't any left-luggage facilities which for a group of cyclists with panniers just slowed us down for the afternoon.....

DOUG K Visited August 2014

The first thing i want to say is that my group had a wonderful time.

when I first went to Bletchley Park a good few years ago now the entrance was though the metal gates, up to a sentry type hut, all staff were dressed in authentic uniform or civvy clothes of the era, so the arrival was great for the passengers as they were transported back through time. After we "passed" we were escorted to our drop off point right outside the main house, (great for the more elderly passengers, from there the passengers were free to stroll about. I then parked around the back of some buildings, giving me free access to the site with food available.

I visited again a few days ago and oh has it changed. Your drive up yo this eclectic barrier and are greeted by a yellow jacketed man with "security" printed on it, who as he approaches the coach is shouting into his radio the coach companies name, I was told

to go around his security building to allow the passengers to alight. An arrivals manager boarded the coach to issue instructions. After my passengers disappeared into the entrance hall I was told that there was no coach parking on site and to find something out on the main road. I was lucky to find some space, but if that area was full then I could have been well away from the site with no facilities.

I was very disappointed that there are no facilities for the coach driver any more, that the passengers had to walk 250metres up hill to arrive at the house. I repeat that the passengers all had a good time and enjoyed there visit.

This view point is the drivers comments and not those of the company I work for.

David F Visited August 2014

There will be more top reviews from our not so happy visitors next month. Watch this space...



Still not much work for Sid Sidewinder after the school holidays, so hopefully the debacle of the Reliant Robin with the Bletchley Park OUTRAGE logo on the side will soon be forgotten. On the plus side a new face has appeared upstairs in B Block in the shape of the new Alan Turing Officer. Sid was very quick to introduce himself and get to know the lady who appears to be involved in getting the pesky Volunteers sorted out and bought into line; the Headmistress having given up and admitted defeat some time ago. As the job appears to involve cleaning up and polishing the Schools Team, Sid has decided an appropriate and descriptive nom de plume should be Jeyes, as in Jeyes Fluid. "Cleans and disinfects just about everything". So when it was decided that Jeyes should have her office suitably furnished and fitted out he was quickly on the phone to of his mates in the second hand furniture business - too late..! The Outrage Officer, Flora Bunda and Jeyes were last seen heading towards IKEA in the company van.

Sadly the school holidays saw the resignation of one of the long serving Volunteer Educators, which means extra work for those remaining. Perhaps the ever growing band of paid staff will now stop playing Solitaire all day, arranging jollies and fact finding missions - don't hold your breath.....!

CLEAN SWEEP AT THE PARK

In new and sweeping revelations we can now reveal that the upper echelons of management are in flux and that changes are imminent. Rumours are rife that Hugh Bris is fighting for his position after witnesses saw a cat sitting on his shoulder whispering in his ear. Adolf, the hard line no nonsense plain talking feline, more affectionately known as "Kitler", was on hand to answer questions. However, he refused to be drawn on his upcoming potential appointment.

This comes amid rumours that he has been asked to stand down after delays in completing his assignment here at BP. One source went as far as to say that Hugh, is tired of shuffling paper clips and is looking for a more challenging job, possibly along the lines of sorting paper bags.

Our intrepid reporter managed to catch up with 'Kitler', who proved quite candid about his views on how the park should be run. He also made it abundantly clear that the current management model is just too soft. 'You have to treat them like mice,' he told us, 'Push them till their tails drop off. None of this silly soft talk, tell them how it is.'

When we asked him if that meant Goodbye to loyal and long standing volunteers, his reply was curt but clear, 'YES, would you expect me to say hello to them, after showing them the door. They all need to tow the line or be dropped in the litter tray. For god's sake, these namby pamby volunteers need to man up or leave, it's that simple.' After a short breath he licked his fore paw before continuing, 'I fail to see why being a volunteer should mean that you get in for free. After talking with Hugh on this matter I am convinced that the right course of action would be to make the volunteers pay the full entrance fee for their pass. After all they get to see the same exhibits, so why are they not paying like all the rest of the visitors.'



The Grand Ol Colonel Briss

The Grand Ol Colonel Briss
He had 10 thousand Vets
He marched them up to the top of the Park
And he marched them down again

He marched them to the left
Then he marched them to the right
But he wouldn't march them to Block H
The pedantic little Shite!



Kitler

These startling revelations lead us to believe that all employees of BP should start to ask questions about whether or not any new management might want them to pay as visitors before being allowed to work at BP.

'Kitler' did mention that he had discussed the possibility that both employees and volunteers should be prepared to donate a large proportion of their salary to BP, as well as paying for their uniform.

Sources close to Hugh Bris, the current CEO of BP deny any knowledge of a change in management, insisting that Kitler was only brought in to consult on various systems used by the Axis in WW2. Here at the Bugle, we find this hard to believe, especially as 'Kitler' has been seen leaving Hugh's office on at least four occasions this month. On one occasion he was even seen carrying a mouse in to the office to apparently demonstrate how to deal with volunteers who do not tow the line.

At this time the whereabouts of the mouse have not yet been discovered.

LOOK O LIKES



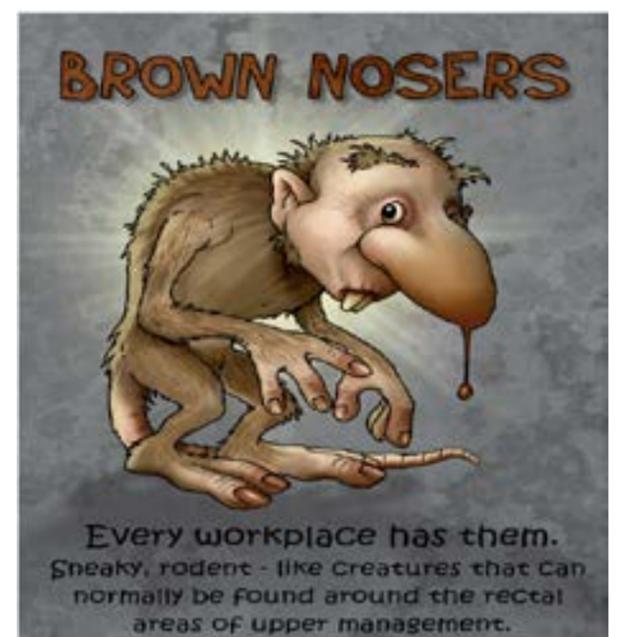
Pond life Press are proud to confirm that the Bletchley Broadcasting Companies test transmissions continue on the 163.150 MHz Band with a CTCSS of 110.9 HZ WFM. So far the test broadcasts have proved an outstanding success with excellent coverage of all the site and superb quality reception from the porter's cabin to the mansion.

Also as reported in the September 2014 issue of the Bugle, various duty managers and their associated toadies are still feverishly trying to locate the secret BBC studios. So far their endeavours have provided no positive results, but have given much entertainment to the broadcaster and the team testing the reception. The Duty managers have been observed racing around the site, despatching lackeys and diving in and out of huts in their hunt for the transmitter. Others were heard being ordered to the cottages after one extremely successful Friday test transmission.

Here is a clue chaps. Read the last Bugle! It's just outside the pay zone in a secret bunker!! One of the duty managers however, our very own Major Toady, has gone even further. He has unilaterally decided, despite a complete lack of evidence, who the culprit is. Major Toady has also been observed in hut 4 and the National Radio Centre among other places telling anyone who will listen who he believes is running the phantom radio transmitter.

Unfortunately not being the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree, he has got it wrong; much to the amusement of the BBC and much to the annoyance of the person he has accused. To say that the innocent party is seething about the false accusations being spread about him by Major Toady is the understatement of the millennium.

It is with this in mind the Bletchley Bugle is proud to award Major Toady with the "jackass" award for outstanding stupidity. Long may he and his cronies continue to amuse us?



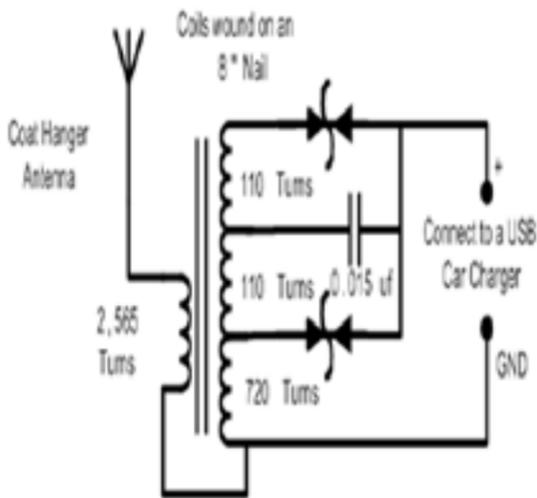


Vor2X Mobile Charger

By O. Pentode Wader

Following on from last months circuit of a mobile charger that can draw power Bletchley Parks gate sensors or any ac radiated signal, I was advised of a new electronic component that was developed for the MOD.

Its development was based on the MOD's need to eliminate batteries in small electronic devices thus reducing the devices footprint. This component is the Vor2X diode, its characteristics are that when its freehold voltage is reached, its resistance goes negative and will suck power from the circuit due to its negative resistance. As in the charger circuit, the Vor2X diodes are directly connected to the aerial transformer it will draw even more power from the as radiated power source due to its negative resistance. The prototype charger reduces the charging time from 1 hour down to 35 seconds for a full charge. However during this time charging time it will render that gates inoperative, so please choose it's time of use carefully.



Declaration: the Bugle will not be held liable for any damage to the gate sensors or mobile devices through the usage of this device.

Is it a SHED? Is it a HAT?
It's BOTH! Yet it's NEITHER!..It's the SHAT
the revolutionary Shed Hat that's taken the fashion and gardening industry by STORM!

sizes:
 10' x 6 7/8
 12' x 7 5/8

Shat Hat Sheds, PO Box 9, Birmingham

BRAIN OP GOLDFISH TO BECOME DIRECTOR

A goldfish that recently underwent brain surgery could become a BP Director in time for next year's new exhibitions, says CEO

Col Briss told Bletchley park Staff gathering in Cottage 1 ahead of the Volunteers meeting that the goldfish had displayed all the qualities necessary to make a first class Park candidate and would be fast tracked into a safe seat in time for the 2015 WW1 exhibit.

"The goldfish is very cold and slippery, it forgets everything that enters its head within seconds and is perfectly relaxed about seeing less fortunate goldfish being flushed down the toilet.

"Obviously having part of your brain removed is a big advantage for any prospective Park Candidate but the really exciting thing is that this fish is also a friend of my chum Will Scarlett.

"The goldfish used to keep Scarlett as a pet when they were in school together. Apparently, they come from the same swamp".

IPHONE 6 PERFORMING BADLY IN HAMMER STRESS TESTS

The iPhone 6 is so poorly made it is unable to withstand a sustained hammer attack without breaking apart, Hugh Briss concluded this morning.

BP Management with too much money to spend are dismayed with the poor reception their phones give after a prolonged hammering either by a hammer or a set of clumsily located bum cheeks.

Social media is rife with photos of iPhone 6 owners who have attempted to destroy their phones only to be dismayed at their apparent success in doing so.

Apple spokesman Simon Williams said, "Despite the extortionate price tag, iPhone 6 performance deteriorates significantly the more you smash them with a heavy blunt object."

"Such as a hammer."

"It's much like the iPhone 5 and every other previous model in that respect."

iPhone user Ms. Bean Counter said, "iPhone 6 fails to maintain a signal when I throw it against a wall and then repeatedly stamp on it."

"If I recall correctly, the iPhone 4S suffered similar issues when I threw it under a passing tube train."

"These are serious design issues. You'd think Apple would have learnt their lessons by now."



After Sid's valiant efforts to secure suitable transport, the OUTRAGE Programme are pleased to announce the sponsorship of Suzuki with a brand new motor. The charming photo shows Golden Wonder Boy contemplating free travel to and from home, easy access to M&S for lunch time refreshments for the school team, jollies to the coast with the possibility of having to give the odd chat on codebreaking, etc.

The new Suzuki branded Bletchley Park car was delivered today by a local dealership and will be with Bletchley Park for a year. This car will be used by the Edukashun Department for the Outrage programmes. The local dealership is looking to get into the community,

When asked about the attractive young lady in the photo, Golden Boy just smiled and said, "the headmistress was not available -thank goodness"

The Mighty Cod OF CONDUCT
Has declared from this day

If thou art art in possession of a radio, Ye are forbidden to transmit Don't Fence Me In

**AND NOW FOR SOMETHING
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT**

Each month, the Bugle will bring you interviews with veterans of the Park and associated outstations and establishments. This month we bring you Ms Silicon Chips:

... all our smalls used to be dried in the racks on Colossus.....?

I was a WREN here from late 1943 until some time before VE Day as far as I can remember. My number was 88061. I joined up having learnt physics so I could be a radio mechanic but it wasn't to be. We got to Mill Hill and told we were to be Special Duties, or cooks or stewards, so Special Duties it was. Wearing wellie boots the whole time until we got here. Finally we got to Woburn Abbey where we lived and were bussed into Bletchley. I always remember the first day, Jack Good talked to us for about an hour and a half and none of us understood a word he said and had no clue at all either then or ever what it was we were to do.

We started working on Heath Robinson's because they were there and the tapes always broke and it took a lot of labour (1). Then directly Colossus arrived, my great friend Sheila Adams in those days and I, worked on it. I can't remember how it worked, we were too much sworn to secrecy but I can remember that Woburn Abbey seldom had hot water and any facilities for drying, so all our smalls used to be dried in the racks on Colossus.

Just before D Day all sorts of high-ups came to look at what we were doing. On the fatal afternoon an Admiral was looking at the front of the machine while I was collecting our smalls from the back. Alas, he wanted to look at the back as I was coming out round the front. There was a slight collision and confusion all round.

I suppose it was hard work but we didn't really notice it. It's interesting to look at the machine now and wonder what on earth it was we did with it. But I'm very glad it's working again now.

Now available to all!

The Bletchley Park Spell Checker

- ❖ As used by the Bletchley Bugle.
- ❖ You'll never need a proof reader again.
- ❖ Developed by a team of world-class professionals at Bletchley Park.
- ❖ Just the ticket when you need to produce a Time Line.
- ❖ Never embarrass the *Italians*
- ❖ Write about *cyihers* in confidence
- ❖ Spell *Pearl Harbour* correctly every time

Also available – the Bletchley Park Fact Chucker

JIHADI HOUSE SPIDERS

In days gone past, the common or garden house spiders lurked only in the deeper darker recesses of our homes. They preferred to live their lives hovering menacingly behind wardrobes or scurrying silently along skirting boards, content to remain largely in the shadows and out of sight. The only place they would wander freely were the corners of pantries and high up in coal sheds. Even then should you approach them they would freeze and try not to be noticed? These were the halcyon days for the arachnophobe, only having to face their darkest fears on the rare occasions when they inadvertently wandered too close to a shadowed corner or ventured behind some infrequently moved furniture.

It is also apparent that house spiders are in general getting much larger year upon year. Scientists have put this down to a change in the spider's diet. Dr Peter Parker of the General Techtronics Corporation explained, "Where as in the past they were content to eat any passing flies who wandered to close to their webs, their tastes have now changed. These days they prefer left over fast food. They are especially partial too curried chicken and pilau rice."

Home owner Miss Mary Muffet of Renfrewshire Scotland spoke of her feelings about these unwanted visitors. "It is simply not acceptable. These brazen spiders seem to think it is OK to run across my floor and time of night and day. They really should know their place, in the shed or the garage, not in my front room" Miss Moffet also went on to explain. "I don't know what sort of high protein diet these spiders are on but

**DEAD
MAN
WALKING**

Life at the top can be very lonely; it can also be very dangerous. To say that "Failure is not an option" is the understatement of the millennium. It is also true that failure can manifest its self in many forms.

Failure in a position of power within a business can be simply down to failing to improve or create new revenue streams or improve sales or revenue targets. It can also be more subtle than that. For example, failing to establish or retain a happy and cohesive workforce or by alienating the workforce so that it no longer acts with the best interest on the business in mind. In fact this can be one of the worse sins in the business world.

Most middle and high ranking management know this. They will have worked their way into the position they hold mostly on merit and will have learnt this along the way. Occasionally though you can come across someone who has, by one means or another, found themselves in a position of power that they are singularly unsuited for.



Mr. Wincey

they are massive"

A spoke spider, Mr I Wincey, from the Octagonal Rights Bureau, (O.R.B.) justified their actions stating that it was extremely unfair that they should remain hidden indefinitely "For many years now we have been mistreated and marginalised by humans. We live here as well as you and demand the right to come and go as we see fit. We are not demanding too much, we have just decided to stop being afraid of you."

Mr Wincey continued. "We don't mean you any harm, but I'd be lying if I said we didn't find it hilarious to see your reaction to us. The woman who lives in my house literally started crying during X Factor on Sunday, not because of an audition, but because I decided to sit next to her and watch it too. It was hilarious."

An example would be a mid-ranking military officer. A graduate of military training but whose speciality is not actively dealing with soldiers but in pushing papers around and running an office. On paper he or she may seem suited to a management job in Civey Street, and of course there is a possibility that they are. But it is equally, if not more likely that they are exceptionally ill equipped for the task.

In the Army when an officer says jump, however incompetent that officer is, the squaddie stands to attention and replies "How high Sir". This leaves even the biggest joke of a commissioned officer with a false impression of his own importance and abilities. Not a problem while they remain in the forces, but if they venture into the outside world there inadequacies and shortcomings will soon be noticed. However unlike the in army, those below the person will be quick to locate these weaknesses and expose them. They may manage to hold down a position of importance for a short while but once the word gets around their days are numbered. They are "Dead men walking" and even if they cannot see it themselves, and most can't, others around them are able to see the axe is about to fall.

There may well be some changes in the air. There is a possibility of a new broom, or should I say the probability of the return of an old broom in the non-too distant future.

I say no more.

Have you recently been bitten at work by the reanimated corpse of a former colleague?

Have you been unfairly dismissed for tearing out a client's larynx during an important meeting?

Is the urge to consume human flesh now stronger than the urge to buy a BLT meal deal with crisps and a drink for a very reasonable £2.99?



If the answer to any of the above questions is 'yes', you need to contact

zombielawyers4u

Zombielawyers4u are a team of qualified lawyers that specialise in cases relating to becoming undead whilst in the workplace.

If you, or anyone you know, have been transformed into a walking cadaver, animated only by dark supernatural forces, through no fault of your own, you could be entitled to claim thousands of pounds in compensation.



We can even end your suffering FREE OF CHARGE!

“My employers gave me the boot after I killed and ate all 16 of my colleagues. I didn't know what to do. I called

Zombielawyers4u and they got me nearly £5,000 compensation!”

Andy, Devon



“My boss made my life a non-living nightmare. He kept brushing past me and groping my festering axe wound. **Zombielawyers4u**

sued for deadual harassment and won £25,000!”

Sue, London



“A group of partners at my law firm cut my entire body off. Who wants to employ a legal secretary without

a body? I didn't have a leg to stand on, but **Zombielawyers4u** won me £35,000!”

Claire, Newcastle



Contact us **now** on **084511 666 666** and we'll send you a **FREE** decomposing deer's leg!

zombielawyers4u