

ANARCHY

Big Brother Is Watching You

(Read with the accent of the male Big Brother narrator)

I saw the headline for a feature in the paper the other day; “Can a woman wear a short skirt after 40?” Obviously the answer is ‘Yes’, however I feel the question “Should women over 40 be allowed to wear short skirts?” is more appropriate here. There are arguments either way; many older women have let their legs sag and go flabby, don’t shave their legs or have varicose veins, which make them ugly to look at, but on the other hand, Mrs Linton down the road from me who is 49 this year has a remarkable set of pins, due in part I think to Jim at the gym, and they are especially nice to see when she is wearing only bra and panties. So I think, as someone who is your moral guardian, that old womens’ legs should be covered up if they’re ugly, and displayed if they’re nice and shapely.

The Voice of Big Brother

Handbags at Dawn

OOOOOHHHH!!! X is getting big calling me out, while he is conveniently hidden away somewhere under a pen name. Brrr, I’m getting scared now (though not as scared as that pussy no doubt is, cowering under a bush somewhere praying to Ghia), I think if I still ate that I’d shit myself I’m sooo scared right now.

I’m off to beat on some endangered seal cubs.

Malchien

Think

I’m not going to write much this month, although I do have a few recommendations for things to check out.

For a humorous look at politics, I’d like to recommend to you ‘Bowling for Columbine’, a film by Michael Moore about American gun control and society, and ‘The New Statesmen’, an old British comedy series, that nicely sends up the Thatcher government, but takes time to poke fun at the whole establishment while its there. I’ve also been recommended ‘Stupid White Men’, a book by Michael Moore about the Bush administration, although having yet to read it myself, I can only pass on that recommendation, along with the rider that I’ve always enjoyed his work.

Once again Malchien, if you must use this as your personal forum to verbally attack me you petty little miscreant, please try turning your obviously so sharp wit onto the path of finding me since you so obviously have something to prove.

- > If You're Happy And You Know It Bomb Iraq
- >
- > If you cannot find Osama, bomb Iraq.
- > If the markets are a drama, bomb Iraq.
- > If the terrorists are frisky,
- > Pakistan is looking shifty,
- > North Korea is too risky,

> Bomb Iraq.
>
> If we have no allies with us, bomb Iraq.
> If we think that someone's dissed us, bomb Iraq.
> So to hell with the inspections,
> Let's look tough for the elections,
> Close your mind and take directions,
> Bomb Iraq.
>
> It's pre-emptive non-aggression, bomb Iraq.
> To prevent this mass destruction, bomb Iraq.
> They've got weapons we can't see,
> And that's all the proof we need,
> If they're not there, they must be there,
> Bomb Iraq.
>
> If you never were elected, bomb Iraq.
> If your mood is quite dejected, bomb Iraq.
> If you think Saddam's gone mad,
> With the weapons that he had,
> And he tried to kill your dad,
> Bomb Iraq.
>
> If corporate fraud is growin', bomb Iraq.
> If your ties to it are showin', bomb Iraq.
> If your politics are sleazy,
> And hiding that ain't easy,
> And your manhood's getting queasy,
> Bomb Iraq.
>
> Fall in line and follow orders, bomb Iraq.
> For our might knows not our borders, bomb Iraq.
> Disagree? We'll call it treason,
> Let's make war not love this season,
> Even if we have no reason,
> Bomb Iraq.

Dear Sven

Dear Sven, I seem to be having a problem with letting go of my trappings of old. My sire, although his heart was in the right place, was a bit premature in selecting me, as at the time I was in a serious relationship with this girl. You see, I totally love her, and I can't make myself leave her. She does not know what I am, although she is starting to suspect things (unsurprisingly I guess). I just don't know. What should I do Sven?

Syrias the Bold

Well Syrias, this is more often happening than you think. Many are the good Cainites that I know who still yearn for what they have left. If I was Sabbat, I would say kill her and drink her blood so that she is with you forever. But I am not, so don't do that. If I was Camarilla, I'd probably say, ghoul her so that she will not betray you. But I'm not, so don't do that. I have to suggest a few things here. You can tell her the truth, and if she still loves you, she can join you in the embrace; if she does not, then fake your death and leave her behind; if she talks to people, she is in denial that you died, yes? Or you can tell her you must go, and break your heart, so that you can turn your hurt and anger against the Sabbat, until you have grown past your old life.

Sven