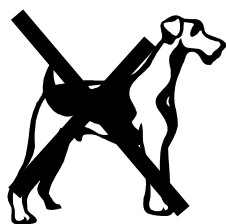


Murdered peacefully in her sleep!

How many more Ambridge old folk have to snuff it as The Laurels claims its umpteenth victim?



narchists have erupted in fury as yet another Ambridge icon has fallen victim to the “peacefully in her sleep” method of culling, favoured by The Laurels. The murder of the No-dog Woman, Marjorie Antrobus has rocked many and we are now demanding that Borsetshire County Council ends its shameful record as a social services-free zone.



The No-dog Woman dedicated her life to others and dogs. Arriving in Ambridge following an unforgettably boring talk she gave to the Over 60s on the subject of Afghan hounds, she suffered repeatedly at the hands of Ambridge’s dog murderers. We all remember how ready vet Phallustair was to put down her last remaining dog Portia. A kindly old soul, she also gave rent - free accommodation to all the youth of the village while they were awaiting the House Fairy. Not that she ever got any thanks for this and it has been sickening to hear the likes of Jailbird bemoaning the fact that she didn’t get to visit her in the Laurels and Deervid and

Rooth wringing their hands about how “we didn’t know she was ill”. Staring Alan may have been one of the last to see her, apart from the prison guards since, once in a very blue moon, when he didn’t have more important things to do such as worrying about the pews, he would pay a very brief visit.

It will be interesting in a grotesque kind of way to see which ungrateful Ambridge resident(s) benefit from anything that remains of her wonga that the Laurels governors have not half-inched from her.

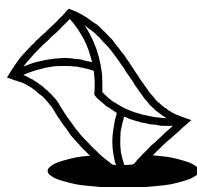
The No Dog Woman is survived by a tiger skin.

Please close the Village Post Office!



narchists have launched an enthusiastic campaign to see the closure of the Village Post Office. Anything that could help push Jailbird Carter back into the mire is to be encouraged. Supporters of this worthy cause are encouraged to write to the Prime Minister, Gordon Brown (at the time of writing), asking him not to stop at Ambridge in his programme of post office closures.

People in Ambridge don’t send letters, just birthday cards which they always deliver by hand, and virtually no one knows anyone outside the village, let alone writes to them. Close the place down, turn it into high cost yuppie flats to get some new blood into the village.



Bring back the Shepherds’ Hut

Brine was far too quick to dispose of the Shepherds’ Hut after Greg used it to do his duty. It was made for the purpose and would have come in so handy for Wiwyerm. Moike Tugger could be approached for a nice bit of timber. It’s a reconstruction project he would enjoy. Might come in handy for him too when he next gets the “Moi Beddy” blues.

PHALLUSTAIR'S A HINDU!

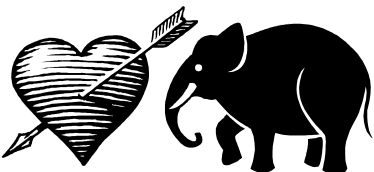
A rather important point that seems to have been overlooked by commentators and villagers alike is that Phallustair must be a Hindu. There is no question that St Oooosher's "Pa" is one and the same person as the amiable Professor who so delighted us at Christmas.

This would explain a lot. It means that the Saint and Phallustair are brother and sister and it would confirm just what a hypocrite Racist Shulugh is when it comes to mixed marriages.

It is surprising that Phallustair has not been more prominent in his support for Diwali in Ambridge over the years but we have to hand it to him that he never makes any effort to impose his religion on others.

Inebriated Alice likes a bit of trunk

Elephantman Carter has a keen eye for posh totty and it looks as if Sloane Alice Aldridge will be the next notch on his anvil. It was very elephantly of him not to take advantage of her when she was pie-eyed after their recent evening of clubbing nor in the tent. She is obviously playing hard to get but we know that no self-respecting girl can resist a nice trunk. And it's no good Mrs High and Mighty getting all stuck up about it as he is now a pachyderm with prospects having completed his Phd thesis in farri-ership.



The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

MISERABLE GAMEKEEPERS

A number of @narchists have commented recently on the apparent requirement in Ambridge that all gamekeepers must be serially miserable gits with heavily dysfunctional lives and a whole pack of McCains' finest on their shoulders. Think back over the last four and we really do have some little rays of sunshine:

Wiwyerm is obviously straight from the mould. He has a surly attitude towards virtually everyone and is establishing an enviable record of aggressive acts – kite poisoning (don't believe all that nonsense about Malcolm, that was just a frame-up); murdered Sammy the Cat; abandons his animals; tries to murder his brother; can't form relationships; will fly off the handle at the slightest criticism; resents his bosses; no sense of humour; says "Oime".

Gregarious Greg was marginally less cheerful than Wiwyerm if that was possible; he was severely grumpy with everyone he encountered; tried to murder people who helped themselves to the odd pheasant; couldn't form relationships; was estranged from his children; was forever falling out with his bosses; no sense of humour; poisoned various animals; finally did the decent thing in the Shepherd's Hut.

Boring George was an alcoholic; estranged from wife and children; had trouble forming relationships, to such an extent that he ended up with equally boring Auntie Chris; played the cornet; always falling out with his bosses and threatening to resign; irritating habit of saying "appen"; no sense of humour; poisoned Patch.

Fat Man Forrest really established a benchmark for the gamekeeper genre; murdered Bob Larkin; was forever taking offence with people and flying off the handle; although deferential to his employers in that Uriah Heap type way he always had smouldering resentment towards Jeck Woolly; drove his wife Moipru to complete silence for the last 20 years of her life, incarcerating her in Ambridge's own Spandau, The Laurels; had an irritating habit of singing "The Village Pump".

Why this common theme persists cannot be explained with certainty but perhaps a job that essentially consists of overfeeding birds that waddle around most of the time just so that fat florid people from the City can shoot them may be slightly depressing. Anyway, while the Shepherd's Hut continues to beckon for Wiwyerm, who are we to moan - it's what Greg would have wanted.



Great Radio Moments

The Flower & Produce Show



The The Group goes ethical?

The all powerful "The" Group which runs most of Borsetshire commerce has not cornered the market in tobacco products. When Fagash Lil bought some ciggies recently from the Village Shop she asked for 20 of her "usual". This implies that there is still a choice of cigarettes.

STOP LAUGHING AT MR PULLEN!



Ambridge residents are, to a man and woman, despicably unpleasant. Mr Pullen, known as Reg or Robert depending on whether the Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths Vanessa Whitburn is concentrating or not has celebrated his 93rd birthday this year. Not that anyone chose to mark it in any way. The poor man has suffered from a bladder complaint since at least his 50s and his borne it stoically over many years. But all the nasty villagers can do is to sneer and jeer about it. He is entirely defined by his waterworks and no one ever mentions him without alluding to it. And now the latest “big joke” is that he got stuck in the toilet at the village fete. Very old man gets locked in the toilet, ha bloomin ha. Where’s your respect, Ambridge?



Chalkie rubbed out in Bridge Farm scandal

As we all know, Councillor Stephen Chalkie Chalkman is a man of no words. So he must have felt extremely strongly to urge caution before allowing the sale of Bridge Farm to its incompetent tenants. The whole meeting of Borchester Land, usually a model of good business practice stank rankly. Tiger Crawford mentioned that Brine had absented himself from the discussion as he had a “family interest” i.e. his brother-in-law was the tenant. Yet for some reason Tiger did not see fit to withdraw himself despite the fact that he lives with the sister of the tenant (though it was most churlish when Pat of all people pointed this out to Fagash). Normally we would not worry because Tiger can generally be relied upon to do the right thing. But ever since he has started looking for his Mum he seems to have had his spine removed.

Chalkie was trying to get value for money for Bridge Farm and it is a scandalous lack of diligence that allowed the others to outvote him. But maybe all is not yet lost. It is hard to imagine where Toe, Knee and Pat, Sausage Boy and Hellin are going to raise the money to buy the freehold. They probably haven’t noticed but banks are not exactly rushing to lend money at the moment, particularly to dodgy, amateurish enterprises. The only Ambridge dragon is Bank of Peggoy but surely even that great institution might think twice about this one.

Who do you think you are?



Why did our beloved Tiger do such a quick volte face about whether to find his Mother? One minute it’s “I don’t want to know, I don’t care”, all the sort of robust stuff we expect from the man, the next moment he seems to have become a domestic moggy rather than a tiger. So what’s he going to do with Louise Morgan, the woman who gave him away, who seems quite happy eating lemon puffs in a secure establishment in Walthamstow? Bring her to Ambridge, with its appalling record of care for the elderly? Presumably it would be straight to The Laurels and we know where that leads.....



Too much public information

Longer tasked @narchists will know that the original purpose of bringing us the gruesome goings on in Ambridge was to provide public information. That this was particularly for farmers, which is quite ironic given that the general level of agricultural competence is, bar Brine, zero. But now we get sudden gratuitous bursts of random information. A weird example of this was that Sloane Malice suddenly took it upon herself to tell us every piece of equipment she was taking on her camping trip to some pop festival. Not only was this of no interest whatsoever, but it all became rather academic when the whole lot was pinched. Perhaps she was just listing it for insurance purposes.

Hellin backs losers

A strange pattern is beginning to emerge as to the kind of blokes Hellin likes. She is the sort of person who becomes a penfriend to mass murderers on Death Row in the USA and then marries them. Hellin’s predilection appears to be for suicidal gamekeepers, quite an esoteric choice but it takes all sorts. She was very keen to catch up with Wiwyerm as soon as she heard he was indulging in attempted murder. Maybe there is a plan developing. She marries Wiwyerm, guides him encouragingly to the Shepherd’s Hut and....Bingo!..... lands herself No 1 The Green to be sold to pay for her share of the Farm.

“It’s what Greg would have wanted”

We have a steady stream of these over the months. One of the particularly ludicrous ones was some cut flowers on his grave. How often did this miserable goat ever have anything to do with cut flowers. He was a gamekeeper, not the mainstay of the WI.

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@



Brief Thoughts

Since when did Brian do odd jobs for Adam? Why did he go to Lincolnshire to track down a spring for a farm implement?

Sue Keable

I am beginning to despair of my visitors. In Ambridge any visitor works in such a way as to change lives. Mildred comes over at just the right moment so that in the twinkling of an eye she inspires Joe to say just the right thing to change Ed and Emurrrr's lives. Pa visits Ossssha and on returning home he manages to change not only his own long held prejudices and beliefs but those of Ma as well with no effort whatsoever. What do my visitors do? Turn up eat my food, drink my wine and stop me from watching 'Stenders.

Sheila Warner

Whatever happened to the Ambridge slimming club? It hasn't been mentioned for months. Have all the members dropped out? Or did Fat Clarrie give up on it after losing the weight records? I always thought she was a ridiculous choice for group leader, anyway - a case of the blind leading the blind. Why not just ask WeightWatchers to start a local branch?

Anyta Jawzi

Why is fat Paul always called, well, Fat Paul? Isn't this a bit size-ist?

Sue Keable

I thought it was jolly decent of Christopher not to remind his mother that she, like Uncle Cloive, was entitled to the letters HMP after her name.

John O'Dwyer

After Ed and Fallon split up, why did Joe say he was "very fond of Fallon"? Did they ever even chat to each other - or am I missing something?

Sue Keable

Knick-knack was entirely justified in her attempts to instill some discipline into George, particularly when he tried to brain Mia. With an ominous convict pedigree - Alf, Jailbird and Clive - he's obviously become a spoilt brat, a thug and bully who needs a good smack. Surprising that Jailbird and Fat Clarrie didn't agree with Knick-Knack's methods. Are we supposed to believe that they didn't discipline their own broods? Mind you, in the case of Emmer and Edweird, it could explain a lot.

Anyta Jawzi

Is Jennifer turning into Catherine Tate? She said "Whatever" to Brian when he told her about Sio-bhan's proposed memorial bench

Sue Keable

I am completely amazed! The H&Ms went on HOLIDAY abroad. They usually go away to somewhere in England, usually during the winter when they will freeze their arses off, and Mrs.H&M is ecstatic! Some of the Rude Mechanicals go away. The Grundies actually went to Torremolinos, courtesy of Willyerm. Whilst all around ME people are off on their second or third foreign holiday this year the people of Ambridge just carry on as usual. Maybe the Ambridge micro climate means they don't have to go to foreign parts for their sunshine?

Pat Stimpson

Dave heard that someone (Adam?) was going to the Royal Show on the same day as him and said 'see you there then' What? When I went several hundred years ago it was so huge that you would never just bump into someone. I

would imagine that it is considerably larger now so how can you say 'see you there then' without arranging where and at what time - and why don't they travel together especially as they are all supposed to be being very environmentally friendly?

Sheila Warner

First Matt Crawford can't live without Fag-Ash Lil, now he's searching for his birth mother. We all know that a heart of gold beats beneath that gruff exterior, but I hope he's not starting to go soft in his old age. Wonder if he could be the love child and long-lost heir of Lord Netherbourne or some other local notable.

Anyta Jawzi

Lunch? Since when has Neil had lunch? Surely he has dinner?

Jane James

Has anybody worked out Peep's accent? Usually children speak like their parents, usually more like the mother. Her dad's is a sort of toned down middle class Southern and her mum is broad Geordie. Peep's seems to be anything North of Watford. Calling at the Midlands on the way.

Pat Stimpson

Someone should tip Jailbird the wink that if Hinduism and the worship of Ganesh the Elephant God catches on, Christopher would be venerated as an incarnation.

Jane James

Why did Edweird have to inform Emmer that she should use a tea towel to dry up? What does she usually resort to at home? The curtains?

Linda Warr

I could be wrong, but I get the distinct feeling that when she's not saving/bombing the Third World, ButchAlice would rather spend the evening dressed in tweeds, smoking a pipe & revelling in the poems of Sappho.

Paul Clemons

What a nauseating sanctimonious little prig Peep has turned out to be - why couldn't she have been something nice like a juvenile delinquent.

Sheila Warner

Pip has the most revoltingly wet voice I have ever heard. She needs to be skinned and pressed and then her voice could be thrown to the pigs.

Anon by email

Hooray! Someone who has summed up Shulugh properly at last AND is not afraid to speak the truth. Why is it an unreasonable question to ask why Damien should want to go to church? I suspect that the real question should be 'How has he actually managed to enter the building?'.....when you think of the problems his half cousin had in the film *The Omen*. Possibly the answer is that St Stephen's is simply now a badminton court and as such is not a consecrated place that the Devil's Child would have any worries about.

Glynis Bates

Can someone explain why there are lambs bleating and birds tweeting even in the doctor's surgery?

Luisa Cripps

Isn't the accent of the Devils' spawn getting more and more strangulated and unreal? If he attends the local school why does he not lapse into local speech patterns now and again as my lad did when at the local comp?

Anni Bowden

How come such a high-profile local celeb as the rural dean has never been heard from before? He's well enough known to be recognised by a bunch of drunken Ambridgettes out on a hen night. Are they all deeply involved in the affairs of the Church of England, or are noisy night-clubs full of hen- and stag-party goers his usual hang-out? Does clubbing go with the territory of rural deans these days?

John O'Dwyer

Listening to Peep has made me realise how glad I am that my daughters have grown out of that whole teenage thing. I remember so well that awful phase when they were 15 - continually picking fights about skylarks' nests, arguing about the viability of set-aside, protesting about ploughing they're just so difficult at that age.

Jane James

Young Daniel announced recently that when he travels he will go to America. Not surprising really, as by his voice, he has obviously spent most of his life there already.

Jane Kelly

The list of disappointingly buried hatchets in Issue 33 omits Brenda and Matt. Didn't Brenda almost get kicked out of Borcestershire Radio (or the Echo?) when she threatened to expose some perceived wrongdoing of Matt's? Now they seem to worship each other - definitely a weakness in the otherwise admirable Matt.

Jonathan Arch

What do we think Annabelle wears at work that would be so inappropriate for dinner at Chez Henri? She doesn't sound like the kind of woman who wears a nylon overall. Unless Chez Henri is a fancy-dress restaurant and she needs to go home to put on a chicken outfit? I am bemused.

Jane James

Poor ol' Nick-er-less gets pilloried for trying to instil some discipline in an objectionable Ambridge brat. Now she's been given her marching orders! Wot George needs is tying up with piano wire in a cellarful o' rats. It never did me no 'arm. There's not been so many wet people in one place since the Titanic went down!

Steve Fugler

When Daveeed was giving Rooth a yucky cuddle, before she was off to receive her double D's, he commented on her already substantial bulk, he said "I can't cope with what there is" Was he implying that she is a Lardarse! ? If she works as hard as she leads us to believe then

she should be skin and bone.

Josie Gerhold

What I don't understand is why Debbie and Adam, farm labourers both, are quite happy to swindle their half sisters out of a share of the farm but grudge a third to a poor motherless child.

Jill Manasseh

The "The Group" continues on its remorseless commercial march and now it appears that its employees have adopted corporate identity. When short of supplies following the recent binge at the Bull Sid said that it was because Lilian had told "The Bloke from The Brewery" to call back later. How long before dear old Shires is rebranded as "The Beer" and can Underwoods hold out without succumbing as "The Department Store"?

Barry Gayton

I know it's illegal to smack children but I'd like to nominate Dreary Daniel and Precocious Pip for a hefty clip around the ear each to bring them into the real world. To make it legal perhaps it could be delivered by a regular kid from the local comprehensive on our behalf?

B A Priest

At least I now have something in common with Mrs H & M - I too can't give Raw-Ree the love he needs

Gillian Schiller

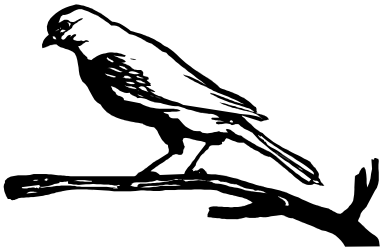
Global warming tosh, baby worship, right on vicar marrying the ethnic minority- is this New Labour Archers ? PLEASE PLEASE make it stop !!!

Steve Fugler

How is it that Kaffee is unwelcome in the Archer family photo (unless of course you accept the obvious...that she is incredibly ugly) but the minute there is the sniff of potentially juicy (if totally erroneous) gossip, Foghorn is telling all and sundry that Kaffee's practically her daughter-in-law? Does any one else sense a double standard?

Glynis Bates

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@



We were devastated when Nick walked out on Wiwyerm, not that we were at all worried about the effect this might have had on the tedious little tit she'd been shackled up with. Quite frankly, if he were to find himself a 2008 version of the shepherd's hut and do the decent thing with his 12-bore, Ambridge would be a better, and more interesting place, but for the village to have lost Nick, just when she'd settled in and sized things up, is too much to bear.

Granted, she was a little eccentric in her ways, but naming your daughter after a Russian space station, though decidedly odd, is not a crime. Nor is it a crime to slap a child across the leg, especially when the said child is a nauseating, spoilt brat, used to having his own way. Nick alone recognised what a grotty little number Georgied-weird was developing into, and she took the only sensible steps to halt the decline. It's such a shame that she has gone, we'd have loved to see her stay on and administer a few more well-deserved slaps a to some of the other spoilt little toe-rags in Ambridge. We'd also been looking forward to Wiwyerm having time off from his precious pheasants and taking her and the children to 'The Otter Sanctuary', which Felpersham seems to have added to its numerous attractions.

Fill's reflecting telescope seems to be a wonderful device. We assume that, like his 3" refractor, it has a GOTO system to locate objects. If this is so then it is a truly remarkable system that will be the envy of amateur astronomers from Land's end to John O' Groats! When it got dark it took Fill no longer than 45 seconds to go into the garden and have the telescope pointing at the Whirlpool Galaxy, an object that by his own admission he'd never seen before, so he was hardly likely to be able to pinpoint it without some sort of computer

driven object locator. GOTO systems vary, but in that 45 seconds we can assume that Fill would have had to sight on at least two, more likely three, known stars in order for the telescope's computer to be able to orientate itself. He'd then have to punch in the name of the object he wanted it to find for him. All this in 45 seconds, and that would include the time it would take him to walk to where he set up the 'scope. Not bad for an 80-year old using an unfamiliar instrument!

So, it transpires that Malcolm was the one responsible for the untimely demise of a couple of raptors on The Estate. It's often the quiet ones who turn out to be have been behind such outrages, and we hope that folk in Ambridge will take warning from this incident and be wary of the

Sparrows' Droppings

The collected cheeps of Graham & Imogen Sparrow

likes of Neville Booth, Derek Fletcher and Sabrina Thwaite, any of whom could turn out to be a 21st Century Dr Crippen. Come to think of it, could this be the reason for Georgied-weird's distrust of Ivy Horrobin's cooking? Children often seem to have a sixth sense when it comes to assessing dodgy adults.

We can't see how anyone in Ambridge could object to their vicar announcing that he's going to wed a Hindu. If anything we would have thought they'd actually be relieved to hear that his intended wasn't a druid or a white witch; all those services on Lakey Hill, greeting the sunrise must have made some traditionalists a trifle uneasy.

As for Shulugh spilling the beans to the local press about the anonymous letter (which she probably wrote), well, we all know that she'd do anything to stop a union twixt the vicar and the horny hindu, having targeted

Alan as her next conquest and being so keen to have him deliver a sermon on her mount.

Foxbrush's assertion that bovine TB could be down to poor nutrition in badgers makes us wonder how he will address the problem. Is he considering providing meals on wheels for them?

Since when has Jenny Daahling played golf? We hope she and Fagash Lil don't get too keen on it; the prospect of hours of radio golf isn't one that fires us with enthusiasm.

We were surprised at the lack of comment in Ambridge about the announcement of the recommendation that no large scale culling of badgers should be undertaken. One would have expected Dearvid at least to have been ranting about it to everyone he met; perhaps he was distracted by his daughter's role in the coming Borsetshire show, and the thought that folk would be peeping at Peep's private parts.

There's no pleasing Mrs H&M is there? One minute she was pleading with M'Adam to find Brine some tasks on the farm, so as to get him out from under her feet, but when he occupied himself assembling the Shoveyawn Memorial Seat she created a heck of a fuss. Surely wee Ro-agghlddhaire will pick up the bad vibes and realise that Jennydaahling doesn't approve of Brine and him remembering his mummy? We rather hope for a festering resentment developing in the young lad, making itself felt when he comes of age and shoves a widowed and ageing Jennydaahling into an armchair in the Laurels to rot away unloved and forgotten.

So Horrible Hayley is staying off the booze while breastfeeding her sprog because, in Racist's words, they "don't want her growing up an alky". They don't seem to be as fussed about lining the little one's lungs with tar, do they? We noted that, when Roy made this statement, they were seated outside The Bull, no doubt inhaling the pall of smoke that

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

hangs over the garden there since the smoking ban came into force. We haven't heard much from Eccles lately and suspect this is because he's been laid low by passive smoking.

We freely admit to knowing nothing whatsoever about bell ringing and therefore would be happy for more knowledgeable @narchists to put us right on this one, but surely it is not the normal practice for campanologists to wear corsets? We ask because we wonder if Christyfurr is experimenting with cross-dressing. We distinctly heard the pachyderm's pater tell Joe and Mildred that his son had 'broken a stay' during practice.

When are the residents of Ambridge going to realise that it's just not clever to have a laugh at Bob Pullen's expense? So the poor old guy has a bladder problem, hardly surprising since he must be about 108, but you'd have thought that would elicit sympathy from a caring community. Instead his watery misadventures are greeted with great hilarity by all and sundry. It just goes to show what a callous lot they are in Ambridge. If I were Bob Pullen I'd have my revenge on them in the manner that came easiest to me.

Proof, as if it were needed, that the Archers are indeed real! When Joe Grundy took Mildred to the tea dance, he made free with Edweird's after shave. Now, the BBC have often published pictures of 'the actor who plays Joe Grundy', and this imposter has a full beard. Their claim that Joe is portrayed by a bearded thespian is revealed as utter nonsense - what need would a bearded man have of after shave? It's time the BBC gave up the ridiculous pretence that folk in Ambridge are not real people!

Why is Clarrielluv so uptight about the prospect of her elder son leaving the village where he was born and nurtured? We have news for you Clarrie ... that's what most normal sons do! Not in Ambridge, though, it seems that few leave the place (unless it be in their declining years, to take an armchair in The Laurels - and the fate of the No-Dog Woman shows where that inevitably leads).

If you ask us, Wiywerm should have been bumped over the parish bound-

ary the moment Edweird brought him back from Norfolk. Let us consider the facts:

- He is crap as a gamekeeper. Not only has his poor judgement caused Borchester Land embarrassment in the past, but he recently deserted his birds without a thought for their welfare or for the suffering he was causing.

- He is bad news for other animals. The RSPCA should be informed of the way he left his dogs locked in Casanohope without food or water.

- He is bad news and crap when it comes to parenthood! What sort of father considers taking his son to a World War II pillbox as a special treat? These remaining relics of the 1939 - 45 conflict tend to be full of litter, dog dirt, questionable graffiti, and used rubbergoods. Yet Wiywerm was prepared to subject Wee Georgiedweird to all of this in the name of entertainment.

- He is a raving psychopath and tried to kill his hard-working brother when what the poor soul needed was sympathy at having fallen once more under the spell of Ambridge's new-generation village bicycle (though we must admit that this trait is quite possibly inherited; witness Fat Clarrie's "Oi could kill that Emma!").

- He has no taste ... running away to Yarmouth, for God's sake!

Matt Crawford, sensible as ever, had the right idea - Will should have been sacked from the shoot. Whether he then found himself work on the checkout at 'The Supermarket', did the decent thing in a 2008 version of the Shepherd's Hut, or merely cleared off out of Borssetshire for good and became someone else's problem, is of no concern of ours. Enough that the airwaves would be free of his griping, whingeing tones

Christyfurr has gone up in our estimation. The elephant boy may look stupid but is in fact most perceptive and realises why the village shop is going bust; no doubt he's watched his mother dipping into the till ever since she was first employed there. We hope that he will use this information to blackmail her.

Peggoi is less intelligent, however. How could anyone in their right mind agree to letting Plodder create a Lego flat above the shop? Would you employ a pigman to do a makeover on your domicile? We think not! The scheme is clearly doomed to failure, even if it survives Plodder's crap D.I.Y. treatment it will no doubt suffer the blight of Jailbird's oatmeal carpeting ideas.

Good old Brine Aldridge! Not only did he give our ears a rest by ridding us of the whingeing (and psychopathic) Wiywerm, sending him off to Gloucestershire where he could become someone else's problem, but he told Lancastrian in no uncertain terms where his loyalties should lie. What right have Pat and Tony to expect Brine to let their idiot offspring up-arcs and return to Bridge Farm? Uncle Brine poured a huge amount of wonga into the sausage king's project when they didn't want to know, and it's only right that he should now reap the profits of his investment. People like Pat and Tony with their airy-fairy ideas shouldn't be allowed to buy their own homes!

On second thoughts, perhaps Brine was a bit hasty sending Wiywerm away. At least with a whingeing psychopath in the village things tended to be a bit interesting. Staring and St. Usha's two weddings and Christfurr's diploma ceremony, fascinating though Jailbird found them, were hardly a replacement for attempted fratricide.

Ambridge Event of the Year

Elsie Getgood's son

speaks on

Saving Rainwater

support act

Pat Archer

On

Yoghurt making

Advance booking essential.
Further details from
www.borethearseoffme.com

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

WIWYERM - YOUR VIEWS

The @narchist website at www.archersanarchists.com ran a survey of opinion on Wiwyerm, Ouremmer & Co where opprobrium at Wiwyerm's actions has been running neck and neck with the view "Who cares as long as we never see the smug little git again". Just 4% of the population did not want to see him sacked for abandoning his dogs. Below are some more detailed views from our regular and irregular contributors.

Maybe he should get a Batman suit and climb onto the roof of St Stephens. Or maybe he shouldn't be such a flesh-crawlingly odious, self-pitying bore.

Kirsten Hill

Are the Grundy brothers even more dim witted then they seem? How do they manage to walk up-right? Why don't they settle their differences and throttle her, before she manages to get pregnant, and provide poor Georgie with a half-sib-ling/half-cousin.

Georgina Robinson

I don't blame Wiwyerm for poisoning birds of prey, but for him to frame the hapless Malcolm was despicable.

Anyta Jawzi

This paranoid, griping little speck of snot on the sleeve of Borsetshire had us within a pheasant's feather of turning off our radio, and quite frankly, though we accept that he isn't the phantom poisoner, we'd be only too pleased if he were prosecuted for the crimes and Matt were to sack him.

The Sparrows

Can I just check? I may have been dozing off.... Will's fave spot is a concrete pillbox, probably stinking of pee, on a god forsaken sand dune near Lowestoft?

George Edwards

Where I work, however sympathetic I might be to someone's plight, if they walked off the job and left those in their care at risk I cannot see how they could be allowed to continue without any censure – verbal and/or written warnings. Am I old fashioned? Or wrong? Or just irritated that Brine lost a golden opportunity to rid Ambridge of one of the most annoying residents?

Gillian Schiller

So Clarrieloove thought that Wyellerm may have gone off to Birmingham to see Nicki. Can you imagine your half crazed ex lover turns up on your doorstep and you ask him why he is so distraught and he tells you that it is because his ex wife has run off with your brother again. Of course you would be so delighted that you would instantly take him in and rekindle your own romance .

Sheila Warner

Having been listening to the Test Match, I joined the bulletin just as Eddoie and Ed were at their most despondent. For one glorious moment (even more glorious than the dismissal of the South Africa can skipper for a duck) I thought that they had discovered Wiw's cold corpse on an East Anglian mudflat. Alas, they soon spotted him stretched out on the grass, sunbathing in the lee of some old WW2 pillbox, without a care in the world.

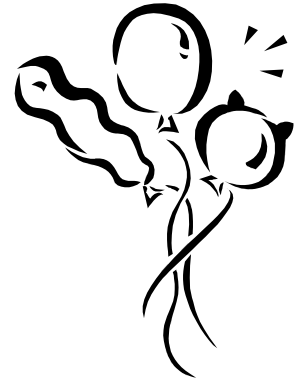
John O'Dwyer

Ouremmer should at least be put in the stocks at the front of St Stephens, where she could be pelted with the local produce not fit for exchange on her mother's bring and take stall, and Roooth could artificially inseminate her with another dim-witted ruminant's progeny.

Kirsten Hill



Racist churchwarden forced to resign



@narchists celebrated long into the night when the ghastly, unctuous and unpleasantly racist Shulugh Hebden-Blah finally realised her number was up and resigned as a churchwarden. We don't often hand out plaudits to Staring Alan but, bless his overactive thyroid, he really did us proud with his ready acceptance of her standing down and the notable absence of any of the usual "You really don't need to do this....", "we wouldn't hear of it" etc.

Looking every one of her 50 years, this smug woman who has desecrated our ears for decades, subjecting us to cosy self-congratulation and middle-class platitudes, has finally got a very tiny bit of what's due to her. Yet, like some errant Blairite government minister she has resigned in a spirit of "I haven't done anything wrong."

Actually Shulugh, you have barely done anything right and here, in no particular order, are just a quick 10 reasons why you are not fit to sit in some hierarchical seat in one of the remaining pews (remaining no thanks to you, mind) in St Stephens:

- 1. You overfeed your lardy son as if preparing fois gras.**
- 2. You stole a car and drove it while unfit through alcohol**
- 3. You demonstrated the most unchristian attitude to your injured and aged father-in-law when he came to visit.**
- 4. You had rampant sex with the partner of one of your then best friends whilst concurrently courting someone else.**
- 5. You gave away your son's pet dog.**
- 6. You failed to look after your and other people's horses properly.**
- 7. You caused the death of your first husband by nagging him on his mobile phone, knowing he was driving at the time.**
- 8. You instituted the boring and repetitive Single Wicket Competition solely to assuage your guilt over what you had done to your husband.**
- 9. You both privately and publicly criticised the impending union of St Oooosher and Staring Alan, starting a hate campaign against them in the process.**
- 10. You continue to attempt to be a pillar of Ambridge life when you should be crawling back into the sanctimonious hole from which you came.**

And two more for good measure:

- 11. You drove your latest husband to a gambling addiction.**
- 12. You are an Archer.**

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

CLANG! - A NEW GAME FOR ALL @NARCHISTS

Yvonne Rixon introduces a game that highlights the ludicrous nature of Ambridge parlance.

Spot the unnecessary mention of something, which, were the Archers scripted, would indicate a little memory jog from the writer. This type usually takes the form of a totally fatuous remark, or the filling of a huge gap in the listeners' knowledge to bring us up to speed very fast on someone or something hitherto unknown or unmentioned. - eg

Jill: I've ordered the lightbox.

Roof: The one we're giving Phill for his birthday? **CLANG!!**

or perhaps

Adam: I'm going to see Jim Farmer-you've-never-heard-of.

David: Oh yes he lives near Lakey Hill doesn't he? **CLANG!!**

Those of you old enough to remember Timothy West's splendid radio drama 'This Gun I Hold In My Right Hand Is Loaded' will recognise the style. There are myriad examples most evenings, and my husband and I listen with glee to even the dullest exchange now, in the hope of scoring a CLANG!!

Sometimes they are three-way and a double CLANG!! can be awarded, but it must be said that these are currently rare. Share and enjoy.

@narchists are invited to send in examples of CLANGS!! Please email to mail@archersanarchists.com or post to @rchers @narchists 12 Damer Gardens Henley-on-Thames Oxon RG9 1HX. There will be a prize for the best one published.

Fill's Fads just grow and grow



Fill has recently remembered he likes cooking, which is rather disappointing, particularly when he appeared to be in long-term remission from this affliction. But, as a result of his latest fad he has now become a grotesque cross between Fanny Craddock and Galileo.

Despite the constant whinge from farmers about how they can't make ends meet, Fill seems to have no problem finding the dosh to recreate Greenwich Observatory, following hot on the heels of an expensive four week holiday. He also seems to have become an expert, right out of the blue. It's not as if we have ever known this was his burning passion. Indeed we thought he was interested in little else but sheep,... and of course cooking.

Hardly surprising that Damien has taken a sudden and unhealthy interest as well but he's probably more interested in the moon than the stars. And the poor little larball is probably looking for a new vice now that shooting all before him with his air rifle or gambling have been denied him by his stuffed shirt parents.

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

Has Ambridge moved again?

It rather looks as if Ambridge is on the move again. This year's cuckoo arrived right on cue as normal, only this time it was accompanied by what we were told was "a woodpecker". It sounded rather more like small arms fire than a woodpecker and we can only conclude that Ambridge has hot-footed it to Afghanistan, or Moss Side.

Buzzard Police 24/7

We have long recognised that Ambridge is, for the most part, blessed with vastly superior public services to those enjoyed by the rest of us, but even we were staggered at the prompt response by the police to the discovery of a dead buzzard and indeed the dead kite that preceded it. In most villages nowadays the police would only give you an incident number for life assurance purposes if you reported a murder, but for a dead buzzard in Ambridge they turned up promptly and in force.

Divine coincidence

Staring Alan recently called in on Peggoi and Jeck explaining "because I was passing by I thought I might as well call in". Surely a vicar is meant to have a programme of calling on his elderly and sick parishioners that is based on a bit more than sheer coincidence of being in the area.

Diversification for The The Group

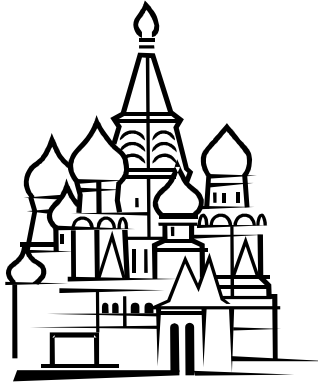
Like all sound and well-run companies The The Group is always looking to diversify. So it was no surprise to learn that they have gone into biodigesters. Deadbeat Dave, at one of his regular forelock-tugging meetings with Matt asked "What do you think of the company responding so quickly?" What line will they try next?

The Big Debate - Saint/Staring issue

The marriage of St Oosha and the Reverend Staring Alan Franks has started an important moral debate – should Hindus and very boring people be allowed to marry? It's all too easy to take an ultra liberal stance and say that anybody should be free to marry anyone or anything, though the advocates of this view might do well to reflect that this could see betrothals between say Eccles and Mr Pullen and surely this would be regarded as verging on the inappropriate.

The recent events with the Saint and Staring have actually demonstrated the folly of an overly liberal tolerance to such events - acres of radio time devoted to boring conversations about the décor of the vicarage; underclass representatives such as Jailbird Carter being allowed to attend Hindu ceremonies that go straight over her head; complete capitulation from the Saint's family who ought to know better than to acquiesce to their kith and kin being subjected to patronising cosiness and the scone culture of Ambridge.

Hindu culture and values are not going to be preserved by allowing their exponents to be exposed to do-gooding, pew-removing, non-sick-visiting, motor cyclists with mother-in-laws called Mabel.



Edweird the expert

There seems to be no end to Edweird's metamorphosis. It's only a year or so ago that he was a deranged alcoholic, but now he is a complete model of stability. With silver-tongued logic he persuaded Oliver Foxbrush that he should not abandon the production of TB infested dairy products and convinced him that there was a constant market for such delicacies.

He has become an expert in childcare, learned over a period of about a fortnight, although to be fair he has failed to see that wee Georgie needs six of the best on a regular basis and a spell in the coal hole.



His alcoholism is but a distant memory and he is the epitome of responsible drinking – able to enjoy a few pints with no ill effects. He also displays a degree of Christian humanity and forgiveness that puts Staring Alan in the shade. His brother Wiwyerm attempts to murder him and his reaction is to head straight off to East Anglia, other cheek at the ready. Next stop theological college?

Brine shows who's boss

Archers really do think that the world (or certainly Borchester) owes them a living. Failed organic pig breeder and former ecotossier Trasher Tom has been given huge financial backing from the Bank of Peggoi and Brine Aldridge which has just about saved him from financial ruin. But in true selfish Archer fashion he whinges and whines because Brine will not allow him to walk away from his contract. What on earth does he think the purpose of a contract is? With the honourable exception of Tiger Crawford, Brine is the only proper and successful businessman in Ambridge. The easiest way for him to knock on the head the idea of Hellin and Tom buying the farm would have been to ensure that Borchester Land did not sell it. Now he will need to think of another tack.

Ambridge invents "Money"

The folk of Ambridge are generally rather behind the times but a new trailblazing invention spearheaded by 86 year old Joe Grungie just might catch on. Members of the "Swap Club" are rapidly realising that the various items of crap that they are trying to exchange for goods are not necessarily wanted by the people with whom they are trading. They have therefore come up with the novel idea that they should use IOUs. Although we haven't seen them, they probably have something written on them like...er... "I promise to pay the bearer....." This system should be widely welcomed, particularly by the elderly who will not have to struggle with heavy pots of jam and cakes when they want to buy a few vegetables or get a lift into Borchester.



It is believed that this invention could lead to the establishment of organisations dedicated to handling and lending these tokens. Informed sources suggest they could become known as "banks".

Elephant Circus rolls into town

We are hearing an increasing amount from young Elephantman Carter nowadays. He is a strange creature indeed. He appears to have gained a doctorate in the noble art of horse-shoeing which, cerebral though it undoubtedly is, has led to an astonishing widening of the elephantine vocabulary. We know that he has been mixing in circles well above his trunk such as posh Venetia, but even allowing for this it is quite something to hear him use the word "culminating" completely off the tusk.



The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

More Brief Thoughts

Is it compulsory that a participant in the marriage of a male vicar in Ambridge has to be knocked down days before the wedding - perhaps it is an unheard of tradition

Sheila Warner

Why does Roy make Abbie wear her socks in August for God's sake? It's not as though she'll catch pneumonia or anything?

Sue Keable

They shoe horses, don't they? Or possibly not? I think I must have completely mistaken what it is a farrier does. When did Hoof School become better than Cambridge et al? Soosan said 'It's the very best qualification. He can get a job anywhere..' So faux-posh Christiffer will walk into a job at the Foreign Office or the Stock Exchange? Doing what?

Judy Astley

I see that Going Abroad has had the usual miraculous character-changing effect on Pallas Athene. Suddenly she loves everyone, including Horrible and Busty, with whom I don't remember her ever exchanging three words before her pilgrimage.

Sue Brearley

Whenever anyone in Ambridge says 'I love you' without fail the response is 'me too' - surely someone would respond 'I love you' or 'how much?' or 'are you serious?' or 'I know' or 'Could have fooled me' or any number of other answers - why always 'me too' and what does that mean - 'Yes, I love myself as well'?

Sheila Warner

In normal families, someone would have held a pillow over Fill's face and put us all out of our misery years ago. You'd think that in a family of so many murderers, someone would have taken him out by now.

Jane James

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

If Oosha was a Muslim she'd be a goner by now. The first time she put her handbag down in a puddle of the Bull's bar top they'd have had the armed filth in and shot her.

Judy Astley

Why does Shula say "punctilious" when she actually means punctual?

Sue Keable

I'm delighted with Moike for grasping and wholeheartedly embracing information technology - "It's amazing what you hear on the internet". Has he got one patch or two?

Sophie Price

£60,000 to plug the anaerobic digester into the grid? They're 'avin a larf! You can buy a 50 metre extension lead from B&Q for 25 quid.

Diana Harvey-Williams

Sounds like a good idea to open up Grange Farm to sell those difficult-to-get items like milk and cream. And what a good idea to put on a talk about yogurt-making in a farming village: I expect lots will want to go to that. Talking of Open Days, whatever happened to the Maize Maze?

John Fryer

Was Phil suffering from lack of sleep on his return from Australia? He told David that "the Americans can't make a decent cup of tea". Only a few thousand miles there then.

Sue Keable

So Fill and Lindybottoms are entering photos in The Show. I wait with baited breath for the great radio moment when we witness the judging

Gilllan Schiller

I thought Chalky sounded as if he might have friends who are kind to their mothers but whose shotguns don't have the full barrel intact. I so hope we hear more of him.

Judy Astley

Bun in the oven?

There is a deeply regrettable number of vocal children and youths in Ambridge nowadays, but if there is any silver lining to this darkest of clouds it is the possibility of some even more unwanted pregnancies than we are usually faced with. And of course we would expect and hope for some weird couplings that would maximise the amount of human misery in the village.

15 year old Peep would be an ideal candidate and it might curtail her busybody and tedious eco nonsense. Possible fathers

could include:

Jonathan who could then be horsewhipped by Dearveed and treated as an honorary

badger; Elephantman Carter who will go for anything he can get his trunk around; Dearvid himself, keeping it in the family; Damien Hebden-Lardboy who, although not quite 14 could at least guarantee that the dark side got a look in.

But perhaps these are all a bit too obvious and we should be thinking more outside the box. How about Tiger Crawford, after a tete a tete over some larks' nests? On the other hand there's always one of the wrongly convicted out for a bit of revenge, so how about Owen King or Clive Horrobin? Some mouthwatering prospects there, or is it just a dream?



Got something to say?



Letters, brief thoughts and other contributions are always welcome. Preferably by email please to:

**archersanarchist@aol.com or
mail@archersanarchists.com**

Post is fine as long as it is typed:

12 Damer Gardens, Henley-on-Thames
Oxon RG9 1HX

David Evans Diary



How nice it was to get the last issue of the @narchist @nnual and to see that I have been missed. As the Editor rightly surmised, I had begun to think that @@ had ceased publication and that you had succumbed to the temptation to believe that there is a cast and that the Archers are not real. I, on the other hand, continue to believe that no self-respecting script-writer would care to be responsible for the sort of drivel that is offered these days; the Archers, therefore, must be real.

Some time ago I heard by pure chance a programme in which various BBC officials answer listeners' comments. A Ms Whitburn was in the hot seat. I have no idea what she is like to meet in person, but she came across as a self-righteous individual whose reaction to criticism was one of smug disdain. She probably thinks Shula is an example of womanhood at its best. I know from experience that Ms Whitburn does not answer letters.

Last year I met a "source close to Shoveyawn" who seemed to suggest that no-one was more surprised than she to find that her illness really was terminal. Presumably, Ambridge residents are paid "reasonable expenses" for their co-operation -it's only fair after all- and I wonder whether this is part of the BBC cost-cutting we hear so much about. Brine's many visits to Hungary with a stop-over in the arms of Shoveyawn must have cost a pretty penny on expenses.

I don't really understand what all the fuss was about regarding St Stephen's pews. One of the things I have discovered on the rare occasions when I have had to sit in a pew rather than a clergy stall is that pews are bloody uncomfortable.

Give me a nice chair -with cushion! - any day. Ambridge folk should be grateful that, given his politically correct devotion to multicultural diversity, Alan has not yet proposed handing over all or part of the church as a Hindu Temple.

Whatever happened to the cash raised for the church windows, or the druggies' paradise - to name but two? These appeals get off to a flying start and then vanish without trace. Surely somebody must have shopped Alan to the Serious Fraud Office, or at least the Charity Commission by now.

Iwould not have thought it possible, but that wretched woman Shula has become even more detestable as the years have gone on. If she had treated a child as she treated her father-in-law, she would have had Social Services down on her like a ton of bricks and would probably have now been serving a well deserved sentence of ten years.

Jim was one of the very few people to arrive at Ambridge with more than two brain cells in working order. He is intelligent and learned (not the same thing); he likes to make new friends and chat; he gets on well with very nearly everyone he meets in Ambridge and takes an intelligent interest in their lives. It's true he likes to provoke arguments, but that is a recognised characteristic of academics from Socrates onwards and he evidently got on like a house on fire with such unlikely characters as Vicar Alan (much to Shellac's disgust), Joe Grundy, and even the Demon Damien.

Jim is elderly; he had broken a leg; he lives alone. Where else could he turn for help? Shoolah went out of her way to make him feel unwanted, even flying off the handle when he tried to be helpful, and excoriating Vicar Alan for spending an afternoon in stimulating disputation rather than indulging in a tirade of hell-fire and damnation. Daniel is sent to his room whenever it looks as if he is getting on too well with Granddad.

Eventually, his brave son tells him to his face, "You are not welcome here." and gives him the "Never darken this doorstep again," treatment that I thought had died long before Queen Victoria. Jim is packed off home complete with plaster cast, two sticks and

a prognosis of twelve months before he is fully fit again.

It came as no surprise to find that eminent theologian Jailbird Carter most vocal in her sniping about Alan's Hindu marriage, though I don't think I heard her say anything to their faces. It's typical that she doesn't mind Al and Ush having a "relationship" (or living in sin, as we old folk used to call it), it's their getting married she objects to. The woman's an idiot with a very strange sense of right and wrong. But we knew that.

Wiwerm has obvious mental health problems. He is dangerously paranoid (e.g. his frequent attacks on his brother); he is surly towards everyone he has to deal with - no doubt following the example of Greg the Grim. All that cossetting in his childhood by his wealthy god mother; all the wealth of his previously unknown great aunt have turned his head. In a way I feel sorry for him, but there has to be some deep-seated weirdness about a bloke who spends his whole life taming pheasants so they will be easy for a gang of half-cut townies to shoot. At least foxes, being genuinely wild, were in with a chance.

The best thing for Will would be to be sectioned, but this is unlikely as there are no doctors about the place these days and anyway he is obviously incurable, so I suppose he will be left at large until he is convicted of some serious offence and sent down to join Jailbird's brother and Taylor.

I suppose we have to accept that Taylor did in fact do the dirty deed after all. Twelve good persons and true have found him guilty - presumably on the evidence of his other victim, - Caffee's evidence wouldn't convince anyone. Elizabeth and Nigel certainly did their best to convict the chap, despite appearing for the defence, so how does Caffee reward them? She makes off for a job at the Golf Club. Typical.



The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

From: The Italian Correspondent of the Borchester

Echo: Peter Croft

There were amazing scones last night at the Hotel de English Cheapskates Florence as the marriage of Usha and Alan finally collapsed. The management had brought up a plate of amazing scones to be taken back and judged at the Ambridge Flower and Produce Show when the happy couple began hurling them at each other causing slight flesh wounds and decapitating a waiter (Luigi di Gaeta 35).

Miss Gupta said 'It all started when we were on the Ponte Vecchio when I felt Alan trying to push me into the Arno. When I asked him why he said my behaviour during the wedding week had proved that I was too soppy to live and that my family were the biggest load of crashing bores since Ambridge was first discovered by intrepid explorers in the early 7th century. I replied of course that I was not half as soppy as he had been and it was mainly he who caused millions of listeners to seek the quiet corner the aspidistra, and the old heave-ho. Also that my family might be crashing bores but if I could put up with a collection of crashing bores who should all have been burnt alive years ago to prevent the further spread of Foot in Mouth disease while their children were ritually disembowelled he could put up with my family. Also it was not I who had invited Linda Snell to the wedding night so that she could take pictures for the Adults Only section of the Radio Times. I also reminded him that his organ of male generation was not quite the size of St. Stephen's spire though his organ probably took longer to erect whereupon he made some tasteless crack about some people being more frigid than the church on a cold Sunday morning in February.'

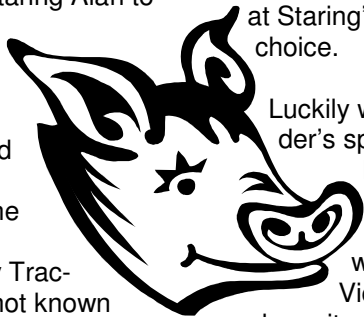
'Sensing that the magic was going out of our marriage I issued an immediate writ of divorce and will take the horrible old bastard for every penny he's got and also get custody of Amy on the grounds that if he remains in charge of her she might end up as soppy as he is which neither western civilisation nor Radio 4 listeners could endure and am confident of success.'

A crack team of peacekeepers including the Archbishop of Canterbury Jimmy Carter the Bishop of Borchester and Paddy Pantsdown is flying out but there appears little hope of achieving anything. Miss Gupta has now fortified her side of the bed with barbed wire entanglements and machine gun emplacements .

Miss Gupta also wished Tommy the Trasher success in his bold new marketing initiative to sell organic pig meat to the Muslim and Jewish communities in Brum. 'This is exactly the sort of forward-looking out of the box management thinking that has made Britain what it is today.' she said.

Best Man?

Why? The question on everyone's lips after Kneel Plodder-Carter was chosen by Staring Alan to be his "best man". It is the kind of baffling decision to rival that of say Sven Goran Eriksson when he took 16 year old Theo Walcott as part of the England squad for the 2006 World Cup Finals. Plodder is from the surly Tractor Work school. He is not known as a friend of Staring and they are rarely heard conversing. It is not as if he is known for his organisational skills. And for a public speaker we might as well have had Higgs. It is actually rather sad that Staring, who has only been in the village a few years can only select one of his most Neanderthal bellringers whom he can hardly have



known for long, as his best mate. Even Jailbird, who can never be described as the sharpest tool in the box, could not hide her amazement at Staring's choice.

Luckily we were spared Plodder's speech which would have been as nauseating as it was embarrassing, though it was described by the Vicarette as "great", so perhaps it would have rivalled Churchill.

Staring said he had been "absolutely golden" which is one of those meaningless phrases that could mean anything. It is to be hoped that Plodder will now go back to his roots and dig for truffles along with his pigs.

Casa Nivea a household name

Have @narchists noticed a strange Ambridge phenomenon, the constant name checking of named places? "Casa Nivea" was the chavvy name given by Wiwyerm and Ouremmer to their home after they were married. It is not a longstanding name like Book-failed, Wallow Farm etc so how come everyone knows it by its name rather than its identity? You get the likes of Tony who has probably never had occasion to visit Wiwyerm in his life asking "Is he at Casa Nivea?" Why doesn't he say "Is he at home"? People's houses are usually known as "so and so's house" or maybe "place". Whilst Casa Nivea is the most ludicrous example of this practice, it is only one of many.

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

An ideal Godfather

Bright is never a description frequently used to describe Racist Roy Tugger, but was Wiwyerm really the ideal person to choose as a Godfather for Abbey National? There is no evidence that he is in the slightest bit religious, indeed he was extremely rude to Staring when Ambridge's vicar made one of his rarest of pastoral visits. So hardly likely to be the best person to oversee National's religious education. He is estranged from his own child and has shown scant ability when it comes to child welfare, resorting to e numbers, ice cream and chocolate to maintain discipline. He can't even look after his animals properly. He has attempted to murder his brother and the Shepherd's hut is never far from his thoughts. It's probably only a matter of time before National finds a horse's head in her bed.

Wiwyerm laid down the most stringent conditions for agreeing to accept the post. We can only hope that the Tuggers ignore these and we have round three of the now customary fist fight -around the font.

Foghorn in decline?

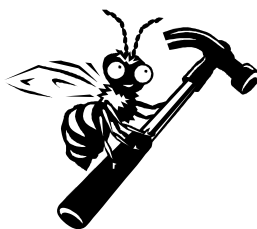
The Flower and Produce Show has long been a hotbed of backstabbing and bad sportsmanship, not to mention salmonella. This year was slightly peculiar because Foghorn seems to be losing her touch and her cutting edge simultaneously. For a start she ballsed up her Victoria sponge, amazing in itself when you think she must have made about 85 million of them in her lifetime. She still got a third prize for it mind you.

Then we had the strange business where Sabrina Thwaite was defamed by Mrs H&M who alleged that she had attempted to pass off Foghorn's fruitcake as her own. The evidence for this could hardly have been flimsier and seemed to be based entirely on the fact that the cake, like Foghorn's, contained apricots. This seemed highly inconclusive. Foghorn had palmed a fruitcake off on Sabrina via the swap club but wouldn't a far more likely scenario be that Sabrina had thought to emulate the style once she had seen it.

What was interesting was that Foghorn, who usually goes off on one big style if she is in any way losing out in the produce stakes, was adamant that she did not want to press charges, citing rather weakly that Sabrina seemed so happy to have won. Mrs H&M was desperate to stir things as she is obviously jealous of

Sabrina, thinking that she might be Brine's next conquest, but Foghorn wasn't budging.

Perhaps the reason for Foghorn's reluctance was that she had just accepted 1st prize for *her* honey. We had all been under the impression that Bees made honey, and there should have been a rather smug swarm of them going up to collect their trophy. She needs to watch her step because bees can get quite nasty when they are angry.



Rumpy Pumpy at Ringing Road-show

She's at it again. The World's most promiscuous ex-churchwarden has seduced Plodder Carter. As we waded through all the sexual innuendo hidden in campanological discourse of the "Ringing Road-show", we suddenly twigged that they'd been at it. Plodder has always had the hots for Shulugh, but she has always patronised him in her delightful way.

It was such poor cover, because no one in their right mind would seriously go around visiting bell towers and chatting to bell ringers all over the place and when Plodder said that he had had a conversation where he said they were "welcome to visit our tower anytime", the game was up. Jailbird will probably be quite flattered that an Archer could fancy her husband. Now we know that Phallustair is a Hindu, he might invite his wife to take an early sutti.



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10th notentirely annual

@@ Cast-free Convention

Saturday 7 February 2009

Reserve the date in your diaries, cancel all leave, tell all your friends (if you have any)

Sammy the Cat Memorial Lecture, Cast-free Quiz, average-quality food and much much more

Details will be posted on our website and sent to all paid-up @narchists when known.

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

High & Mighty blackmail

I was truly shocked by Mrs. High & Mighty's use of emotional blackmail when she said she would be unable to give More-wee 'the love he needed' if Brine didn't see Dopey and Saddam right. Loving a child isn't conditional. Either she's learned to appreciate and love More-wee for himself, despite the circumstances of his birth, or else she can't stand him because he's a constant reminder of Brine's betrayal, and is only going through the motions of being nice to the brat. Am also tired of her constantly moaning about Shovehorn to Brine, Peggoid and Fag Ash. She should put up and shut up. Or has she forgotten her own fling with the aptly named Roger (which Brine is too gentlemanly to bring up)?

Anyta Jawzi
Llandudno

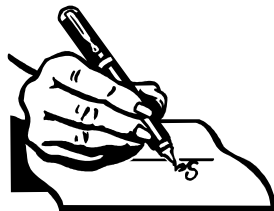
What's the fuss?

I refer to the forthcoming nuptials of "Alan the Rev" and Ooooooooooooooosha. Now I have to confess that I don't go to church, I don't know anybody who goes to church and furthermore I don't know anybody who admits to knowing somebody that does go to church; therefore the whole episode has a surreal feeling to it. Here where I live in Norfolk I believe that we do have a Rector on the grounds that there is a rather fine house locally called "The Old Rectory". That said, if the local Rector confessed to being a cross-dresser and a Muslim to boot I do not think it would raise an eyebrow let alone cause a rebellion.

Barry Gayton
Norwich

Shulugh and the Blackshirts

They are a strange lot in Ambridge – living in not so much a virtual as a virtuous universe. For instance, Shula is almost set upon by her Asian neighbour who not only refuses to accept her apology but unleashes a screaming tirade against her, accusing her of being a racist. This event doesn't bother Shula much, she tells her mother there is nothing worth bothering about and doesn't tell her



Your Letters

husband much about it. However she is terribly perturbed to get a phone call from someone who near the end of the call lets slip that she might not much like living in a multi-racial society. Now that is really upsetting and puts the sainted Shula on edge all evening as if the latent forces of the British Union of Fascists, always of recent memory to people in Ambridge for some reason, are yet again looming up like shadows in a German expressionist film.

Jane Kelly
London W3

Deprecating Jailbird

Isn't Soozin the most maggotty, snivelling, wizened old crone ever? Neil put his finger on it when he said 'Can't you be pleased for them?', as she was moaning that Usher wouldn't be at home 29 hours a day to knit scones for the village fete, or whatever Vicar's wives do in her deranged little head. And that sanctimonious way she says it, all 'I am trying so hard to understand you funny little foreign people, but every one must agree you're not quite the ticket.'

It doesn't help that she has the whining voice of a female Ken Livingstone who has just been bitten somewhere sensitive by one of his newts. And what is all this about bell-ringing taking up all your time? When I was a ringer we had a practice once a week, followed by a pint or two, and it was rather frowned on not to turn up to ring for Sunday am Service, but that was it. Some coaching of the odd (some of them very odd indeed) beginner, and an occasional outing to ring at someone else's tower - that was about it. Neil probably does a bit of maintenance, but that's hardly full time, unless the other ringers are par-

ticularly careless. He will have more than enough time to do parochial stuff, and she could have been more encouraging, or at the very least said 'well done'. (Although his woeful ignorance of alternative religion did make me cringe a bit.) If I were Neil I'd be doing odd jobs round the village just to get away from home and harpy. (Talking of which, what has happened to Robert the Builder? After a rather unlikely bonding with Jason he seems to have vanished. As does Lindybottom's quest for Heritage status for the old Cat and Fiddle. I'm so sorry - I'm rambling.

Yvonne Rixon
Farnham, Surrey

20 Years makes pc difference

After listening to the BIG Archer Anniversary party earlier in the year something was puzzling me, Eddoy and Clarriluv were invited, all mates together with the happy couple. Can anybody remember way back before the Grunges were married when Phil rushed into the kitchen to see Foghorn and said:

"I've just had a shock. I went into the sitting room and there was Clarrie Larkin sitting in there. I thought she had come to do the cleaning!"

What brought about the change from a prospective cleaning lady pulling her forelock to the gentry and the same lady being invited to a party with the gentry? It couldn't be anything P.C. could it?

What a difference twenty odd years can make!

Pat Stimpson
Keston, Kent

Great Radio Moments

Cheese tasting



The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

Horns of a dilemma

I have a philosophical dilemma: the existence of a perfect being – Prof Jim - surely proves the existence of God, and yet Jim himself denies the existence of God, which is one reason why he is perfect. Can somebody help me? Is Jim only a perfect being when he is in Ambridge? Maybe I shall be spared if double-agent Damien converts Jim to Christianity. Satanism would be more fun, but I'm not sure that it would solve my problem.

Jonathan Arch
Welwyn Garden City

Horse sense

So let's see if I've got this right.... Somebody is running a team which competes in a horsey sport and one of his regular team members drops out. So, not knowing any other competent horse riders amongst his immediate circle of friends, he contacts Nigel Pargetter, who he hasn't seen for years, and who has never, so far as we know, sat astride anything bigger than a donkey, even though his sister-in-law (and ex-girlfriend) is a prominent member of the local horsey set and also the owner of a stables. Despite this apparent inexperience, Nigel, the Frank Spencer of Ambridge, successfully participates in the team chase with no apparent mishaps. The Archers must be real - there can't be a scriptwriter!

Dave Williams
Southport, Merseyside

Heretical thoughts

I realise that this is heresy but I am starting to think that the Archers may not be real. I realise that this is serious but I ask you to think about it. Aound here when any one mentions Global Warming and thinks it is as we are told by the Eco Loons they are given a Ginseng tablet (with added Fairysweat)and shown the exit. But in Ambridge I have not heard one voice saying "Hang on this is cobblers". On the contrary there they all are, running around knitting toupees for Dolphins out of each other's pubic hair and weaving bicycles out of Fairtrade Organic Tofu. Now ask your-

selves, even if you believe this tosh we all know somebody who says "Hang on this is all cobblers". Help I am looking into the abyss I am beginning to think it is all made up by the BBC!!

Steve Fugler
Chingford

Gratuitous Education

I think everyone in Ambridge has been kidnapped by aliens and replaced with bizarre near-human facsimiles with slightly dodgy programming and a mission to disseminate Facts To The People. Every conversation we overhear is like a public information broadcast:

- ◆ how many husbands and wives, even in Dorsetshire, tell each other about transition communities in loud hectoring tones over breakfast?
- ◆ Ooosha sounded like she'd written herself a speech to give to Smugoola about her middle class racism.
- ◆ Phalustair can't treat an animal without explaining the procedure in enormous detail to his customer who already knows all about it.
- ◆ Lewis gave a lecture on planning laws to Racist and Cyclops (who couldn't have had a clue what he was talking about)
- ◆ David and MoiEddie are banging on about risk assessment
- ◆ Adam and Pat sounded like a sixth form debating society discussing global warming.

The only person who's immune is Wyerm who's as whiney, bad-tempered and boring as ever. But then he's too stupid to either notice the mics or be of interest to the aliens.

The only bright spot is that Georgie is on target to becoming a foul spoilt little brat: a worthy disciple for Damien and in line for some well deserved bullying when he gets to school.

Sue Brearley
London SW18

Clang! Ed

How low will they stoop?

Innocently reading the Mail on Sunday yesterday, my eye was caught by the article "Mrs Antrobus leaves £2m" which I eagerly read as it went some way to explaining why Horrible Hayley was so eager to be friends for so long with Mrs A and anticipating massive arguments as to who would be getting her wonga.

Imagine my horror when I found out that it was about someone called Margot Boyd who claimed to have "played" Mrs Antrobus before she passed away.

Just how low can some people sink??

Lesley Braden
Orpington, Kent

ToeKnee on drugs?

What drugs has Tony been taking? One moment he couldn't care less about sausage boy and his enterprises - if a grubby snack van, a couple of weaners and a few packs of chipolatas can be so named - and then suddenly he's come over all Gone With The Wind, and is beating his chest and baying about best-ever Bridge Farm brands becoming the best of the best of the best. (As if . . .)

I fear it's all fuelled by Brian's perfectly reasonable and businesslike behaviour - always red rag to a bull if it means someone in the village doesn't quite get their way.

Also, can you imagine a farm run by Tom and Hellin? I almost want to see it, but perhaps from behind the sofa.

Yvonne Rixon
Farnham, Surrey

Hate an Archer?

**Click on the survey section
of the @@ website**

www.archersanarchists.com

**and select your most loathed
resident. You can vote as
often as you like.**

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

I don't know why Smugface was so concerned about Damien going down the same road to Gambling Addiction as Phullustair. This is Ambridge after all and such problems are easily cured. Drugs, alcohol, gambling, anorexia, epilepsy, all easily sorted within weeks so no probs. And if she did indeed think it might be a problem why on earth didn't she challenge Prof. Jim's assertion that it 'never did Alistair any harm'. She should have said 'Thanks to your tosser of a son, we nearly ended up in Queer street, and I had to get down and dirty with the little people and go and ask for a mortgage'

How many bedrooms does Willow Farm have then? If the Horrible-Racists are getting three, will there be three left for Brendurr to inherit, and if not why not? She could well produce a large brood of Trasher-Tuggers. I envisage a sort of curtain down the middle of the room scenario like Steptoe and Son had, with the telly delicately poised in between.

I'm just getting increasingly irritated with Staring Alan. He is probably the only vicar in the country who gets a decent turnout every Sunday and they are all keen to participate in fund raising

My step-father's farm is a real goldmine
So that's why I'm staying put here.
I grit my teeth and I toe the line
Whilst I feed ewes and check on the deer.
I'm grumpy and cross and I act like I'm the boss
And I never apologise.
But I'll make sure I get the lot
When the old man dies.

My step-father's farm is worth loads of dosh
But I'm stuck here in Hun-gar-ee.
I talk on the phone and I spout lots of tosh
About agronomics and the CAP.
My eye's on the ball and I think I know it all
But I'm hoping for the star prize.
And I'll make sure I get the lot
When the old man dies.

The Archers are real—there is no cast @@

events. He has churchwardens and bellringers. He has a regular organist plus spare. Yet still he is prepared to alienate the regulars in a doomed attempt to attract 'the wider community'. The wider community is probably happy going to the pub and wouldn't want to be in his company in a pewless church or anywhere else. Ambridge deserves better!

Barbara's Banter

@narchist Barbara Williams captures the sheer bonkersness of Ambridge life

Did Ooosha really say Staring Alan was going to be wrestling Shulugh's donkey? Is this another new Ambridge custom, like Plough Monday

Diana in Sidmouth sounds as likely as Laura in Oxford. Everybody knows nobody in Ambridge has friends outside the village. I'll bet Jill has finally flipped after all that telescope nonsense and has found

My Stepfather's Farm

*To the tune of "May Grandfather's Clock"
One of many songs from Barbara Williams*

Ten years we've grafted
We won't be shafted
We'll make sure we get the lot
When the old man dies.

Our family farm is where we both were born
So by rights it belongs to us.
And although it's to Africa we have gorn
Still we won't give it up without a fuss.
One cottage apiece!! We are being fleeced!

So Ambridge will get a surprise.
An African orphanage we shall set up
When the old man dies.

My real daddy's farm is a great place to play
And me and mousie have fun.
Mousie and me can't wait for the day
When it's all ours to have and to run.

herself some love interest. Perhaps she was inspired by Moifreda's example.

What's "inconvenient" about 9am for the Biodigester Board Meeting? What time would have been better I wonder. Lunchtime? Afternoon when the kids are back from school? They should be jolly grateful they have efficient people like Matt and Annabel to help them deal with the bureaucracy and move the project forward.

Blimey - evidence of more books in Ambridge! Phil loans a book to Phallustair, then Tony has books (albeit Car Manuals) and Brendurr and Trasher needed a bookcase at no1. The Green. They'll be watching television next.

It seems to be customary in Borsetshire to invite everyone you know on your hen/stag night, and then they invite people they know too. Both Nathan and Neville Booth seem to have been at Alan's do. I wonder who else? Derek Fletcher? Sabrina Thwaite's husband? Fat Paul? Slug-lips Barry with the hair? And Brendurr cheerfully invites Alice along to her friends do - I think I'd be a bit miffed if my invitees took it upon themselves to ask their friends too.

It's going to be grand- on most of the land
Our Mousie World Theme Park will rise.

And that Bio-digester can go
When the old man dies.

Families brooding
Fighting and feuding.
I hope The Cat's Home gets the lot



Emily

Not deserving of a surname. We can only conclude that she lives in the belltower at St Stephens. She was slagged off by Plodder Carter for her performance in the recent bell-ringing competition. Since Plodder doffs his cap to most people, Emily must be recently derived from the primeval slime.. Also, if she were posh totty, she would have fallen prey to the farrier's trunk by now.

New in Town

In the good old days, when Ambridge was dominated by the Lawson-Hopes and the riff raff were kept in their place, the mention of a new name in Ambridge was as rare as hen's teeth. Nowadays we are bombarded with names and institutions, many of which are never mentioned again. This is doubtless because Ambridge is always on the move and they can't take all the pubs and people with them. Here we give you just a few of our most recent newcomers.

Malcolm

Talk about miscarriages of justice, poor Malcolm, a loyal and hardworking gamekeeper who did all the real work while Wiwyerm was shirking, was forced to carry the can after Wiwyerm murdered a red kite and a buzzard. It was all rather hypocritical as the whole purposes of game-keeping is to kill birds. He may be new but he is now yesterday's news, which is a crying shame.

Eric the drystonewaller

Builds dry stone walls with all the excitement, thrills and spills you would expect to go with that profession.

The Rural Dean

Rural and deanlike? Not necessarily. He fell off the podium at Staring's Stag while singing "Bat out of Hell" This suggests he might be something of a pisshead.

Mildred

Poor old Mildred hasn't got long to live - which made it all the more surprising that she decided to spend a chunk of her remaining time with a smelly old goat like Joe Grungy. She was not allowed to stay in Ambridge as they don't have truly ill people there, it messes up the Borcheter NHS statistics.

British Queen

Not what some of our homophobic @narchists might have in mind but in fact Jazzer's local, It will do an excellent line in lager and a variety of illicit substances of various classes but you are unlikely to find Shires.

Marshall Nathan

Not strictly speaking an Ambridge resident but he could be in due course. This is apparently Dopey Debbie's latest bloke, though he sounds like an authoritarian figure from the wild west. All we know about him is that he has a big nose. A man of little taste, even if the olfactory senses are in better order, perhaps it will be 100th time lucky for Dopey.

Melanie

A dumb waitress from Lower Poxley, a place that seems to acquire more staff by the day.

Lorna

Taking over from Kaffee at Lower Poxley. It's to be hoped that she does not have Kaffee's long held manic hatred of customers.

Mrs Gilbert

A silent resident from Glebelands but still managed to voice her support for the liaison between the Saint and Staring Alan when the ghastly Shulugh was spreading her bile about them.

Cllr Terry Midwinter

Tiger Crawford said that he was "a useful person to know" and he was one of his guests at a shoot. By this we can safely assume he is on the Planning Committee. He and his colleagues appear to be far too dilatory. And we would hope he will never rest while there is still a blade of grass visible on Lakey Hill.

Trefoil

Always nice to welcome a new field to the village, particularly when it is "a real frost pocket".

Cher Henri

A new restaurant that is sufficiently posh for Tiger and Annabel and, we hope, too expensive for Ambridge lowlife.

Arch Deacon Rachel

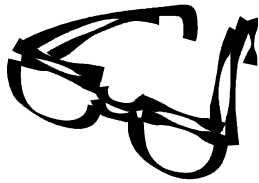
Suddenly showed up when Staring was throwing a hissy fit because he wanted to turn the church into a badminton court. For some reason she said she was not prepared to lose Staring. This is a shame as most of us would be only too willing.

a view from the bunker

Those who were hoping the boring wedding of the year - Saint & Staring would be halted like that of Mr Rochester and Jane Eyre were sadly disappointed. In vain did we wait for the revelation from the back of the temple that Ooooosher had seven husbands dotted around the Black Country while Staring was already married to a hell's angel from Oldham.

The unspeakably awful Shulugh has, according to Mrs H&M "had quite a time of it lately". If being racist, manipulative hypocritical and in denial is *having* rather than what most of us would describe as *giving* someone else quite a time of it then so be it. But trying to rid ourselves of this unutterably dreadful establishment figure is like trying to kill a cockroach. She should have been banished from the Belltower at the same time as she was forced to resign as churchwarden.

Wiwyer's self-imposed period of exile is welcome indeed though we hope it might last longer than the few months envisaged. Brine missed the opportunity to get himself a decent keeper and should have sacked him for his self-indulgence and cavalier approach to his work, not to mention his accent.



As we go to press it is a rather worrying time in that we cannot see where the next serious acrimony and misery are going to come from. There are just too many house fairies, job fairies, people being understanding and general contentment. We are hitting the slapstick season of instantly forgotten rivalry over marrow length, cake and scone consistency and before we know it, Linda will be planning the Village Production for Christmas arghhhhhhh. What can we have to liven things up? Perhaps Gary Glitter could star in the show?

We do strongly urge @narchists to look out for "Clangs" as described earlier in this organ. Perhaps the most offensive example recently was the relentless commentary from Roooooooth about what goes on at a Hindu ceremony. She badly needs to fall victim to an industrial accident. If only that jolly pair Elf and Safety could take a well-deserved holiday.

We must apologise to Elsie Getgood of Manorfield Close who we did not have space to feature on page 19, so many newcomers have there been of late. Particularly unfortunate as Elsie is probably destined for The Laurels, together with armchair and all that entails.

Many thanks to our many contributors, regular or new. One or two @narchists have been quite arsey about the gap between our publications. We offer no apologies as anarchy is a long-term commitment and we can only produce an edition when the spirit moves. If you want regular castist pap you can shell out 19 quid to the BBC and get obscene publications sent to you on the dot of every quarter. We offer a no quibble refund to any faintheart or tight wad who can't stand the slow pace of anarchy.. That said, we are aiming to produce the next edition before Christmas. So get writing and let us know your thoughts.

And don't forget that important date for your diary - Saturday 7 February 2009 for the next @@ Convention.

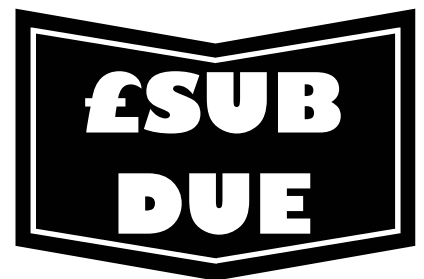


@rchers @narchists Tacky Merchandise

Why not buy a stylish @@ T shirt? With white lettering on a nautical navy blue background, this is the fourth manifestation of your official T shirt (previous versions – now collectors' items were in white, black and red). Priced at only £9.99 this is fast becoming a must-have fashion garment. Only sizes L, XL and XXL are left.

Limited supplies of the @@ anniversary mug remain at a tea-slurping £6 while car stickers are a modest £2.

Cheques payable to @rchers @narchists should be sent with order to @rchers @narchists 12 Damer Gardens, Henley-on-Thames Oxon RG9 1HX. If you would like to use the order form it can be found on www.archersanarchists.com



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