
Nothing of Substance

Number Four

For when the fire dies.

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Published through The House of Inle www.thehouseofinle.co.uk

ISSN 2049-3460

(Discarded) Chapter (21)

An Ounce of Troy Gold

Troy is a dealer, though not the kind that provides product with the sort of speed or consistency as to make him a good or useful dealer. Days and weeks of text messages and mobile calls develop a kind of suspense narrative that provide just enough hopeful sustenance to keep a person going, but not enough to bring any kind of surety. If a major event is approaching and plans need to be watertight a good month long run-in period is required to stand any kind of chance of a successful transaction.

“I used to know this guy in New York City that would just text or call some guy called Hervé. He would then turn up an hour or so later in a genuine out-of-a-film type of scary SUV with blacked-out glass with hip-hop in some foreign language playing and that was that”. Elliot says. “Direct to your door, drop-ship, home delivery”.

“You make it sound like he was covered by MOPS”.

“Covered by what?”

“MOPS, the Mail Order Protection society”.

“He probably was. He probably wrote their code of practice documents and gave seminars in their buildings. He would come to you, it was a service. The Americans get service, Troy just wouldn’t get past the first post in the US market”.

“He doesn’t often in the UK market”.

“Right”, says Elliot, “But, it’s classic free-market libertarian thinking. Give people what they want at the right price with the relevant service experience they have been bred to demand. It’s a total three-sixty degree user-centred proposition with buyer-satisfaction the objective”.

“Why do you say New York City”, I ask, changing the subject to avoid another Elliot monologue.

“That’s where this guy lived who had Hervé’s number on speed dial on his phone...”

“Yeah, but why ‘City’? I mean it is a city of course, but why do you feel the need to remind me? Everyone knows it’s a city.” I don’t listen to the detail of Elliot’s reply which makes some lame attempt to combine notions of ‘global-village’, ancient civilisations, the Roman Empire and international money-markets.

Today is one of those kind of days where everything is a little greyed out, the edges of things are to vividly cut and even commonplace chit-chat feels a like being stuck in a lift.

We need Troy to come good at short-notice for once. A festival in a park, arranged by some pointless magazine combining theoretical essays, un-wearable new fashion, new bands and adverts for expensive sneakers. The XX headline, two miserable cotton-wool headed, bong-smoke drones that should have stayed in their South-London bedsit playing with their retro

analogue synths and drum machines. We also need Troy to make it better if we are going to see the upside.

More importantly we need Troy if we are to retain any credibility with the five or six people Elliot rashly promised certainty to last night in the pub while semi-successfully trying to impress a girl called Vixen or Vandal or some-such crazy-assed name. It's quite possible she was just called Vivienne I guess, but we were both well into the Stellas and she had that kind of look that made Vandal seem more likely somehow.

"Look Elliot, the truth is we have about a fifty-fifty chance of success. Moderate your optimism, recalibrate your expectations of being the big provider in the eyes of Voldemort or whoever that girl was you were telling you were a music producer. She probably doesn't remember anyway. In fact we could probably get away with seeming affronted that she hasn't sorted it all out and claim she promised to bring all the supplies".

"I just want, one time, to be able to call up Troy, ask for a few ounces and have it appear within 48 hours without some bullshit spastic Cluedo fucking business attached to it". Elliot seems genuinely aggrieved, like the European ombudsman for drug dealers should get involved, bring some European Community standards and regulations to bear on the matter.

"Is this an unreasonable request?" he continues. "Am I an unreasonable man"?

"You are totally fucking unreasonable", I remind him. "Random, unreasonable and incompetent by any sensible measure. It's our fundamental failing as human beings that we don't know anyone better than Troy. This is the real flaw in the whole thing. We just aren't well connected enough".

"Anyway, I am a music producer", he says, "remembering a previous implied slight".

"Yeah, just not enough of one to have any better connections than Troy. Music is absolutely rife with coke, pills, MDMA, crack, meth, cheesy-wotsits, I mean, really this is bullshit Elliot, you should be able to spit out grams like a vending machine".

"It's true. It's true. I'm backed into a corner. There are masses of people in the offices I could ask that would sort this out in a minute. I just don't want them to think I am not able to perform this basic essential function in our industry. It would be like saying, 'what are points again?' or 'hey, guys, how do I get my track onto commercial radio again?' It's too basic. You go past a certain point and you just can't ask. In a normal job you can't ask after a year where the photocopier is. It's just can't be done".

I am genuinely a little dumbfounded at Elliot's honesty. "So we are willing to utterly fail to score, risk shame in the face of the people we know, have a crap day out because you have left it a little too late in the day to step down on pretending you have all the connections already?"

"You can see the predicament I find myself in. It's an intractable problem. You seem very unsympathetic. I don't think you take my professional development very seriously."

“Talk to HR about it”.

The vagaries of these endless little interactions. The truth is that it is probably a good thing that Hervé and his little gangsta ice-cream wagon aren't at the end of a phone call, ready and waiting to supply at a whim. It would just be too easy to drift into repetition and no good would result. Troy is providing us with a different kind of service. He's looking out for our welfare. I am about to suggest this to Elliot, but he's on a roll...

“It's like there's all this vegetable matter subjected to mechanical production and transported around the globe, money changing hands, people taking risks, parties, sound systems, after-hours, come-downs, the disconnect between a warehouse party in Shoreditch and a sweltering South American plantation. Or little labs in the Netherlands, or even China, guys in lab glasses with shiny metal vats stopping for lunch to have a sandwich and read a newspaper in fucking Mandarin, or Cantonese.” He adds this detail just to make it clear to me that he knows that there are two dialects spoken in China, even though his suggestion that they might stop for ‘sandwiches’ negates the idea that he is well attuned to life in the Orient and he keeps rambling, “It makes me think of the production line in some Taiwanese mega-factory where lines of workers assemble toys for export with no possible conception of who Postman Pat is, nor of his trials and tribulations on his twattish little errands around some impossibly irritating stop-animation village populated by half-wits”.

“Yep, the festival will almost certainly be populated with stop-animation half-wits. That is pretty much a given. That is why it is imperative we get Troy to understand that this time he really does have to actually like, show up, at a specific pre-agreed physical location with some real bona-fide drugs for us. He has to understand that it is a UN sponsored mission of mercy he's on. This is an opportunity for him to take part in something that can genuinely help increase human happiness. He has been invited to perform at Live Aid, admittedly first up, warming-up for the Quo, but still, he has a place in history to take”.

“Live Aid”, says Elliot, “that was that really cool 80's gig for all the HIV people wasn't it. The Freddy Mercury tribute thing. Yeah, that would have been a really hilarious gig to be at, all those retro acts with mad hair.”

“Jesus Elliot. Live Aid wasn't an AIDs thing you dick. It was for the Ethiopian famine. And the acts weren't retro, they just ‘were’. They were current. Well, some of them, I mean Status Quo weren't current then, or maybe ever I guess. In fact, you are right, most of it was rubbish. Though I have it on good authority that the combined album sales uplift for the acts that appeared was several times more than the money it raised. One hundred million people watched it round the world yet it raised about five grand and made Bob Geldof seem somehow acceptable.”

“Yeah, he has bad hair doesn't he? Really bad, like a piss-stained tramp. Still he managed to get off with Kylie in her prime, so he's got some skills right?”

“You are mixing up too many variables here Elliot, maybe Francis Rossi introduced the two of them. Let’s just get Troy on the case and commit ourselves to 48 hours of nervous hoping”.

“What’s the most mental thing you can possibly think of?” Elliot asks.

“Lady Diana’s death I reply”, without a single split second of thinking time. “Grown men who you would avoid in a pub, crying on TV in Hyde Park in front of a sea of flowers. People queuing for hours to write things down in books that would never be read in fucking Tesco’s. A woman assaulted by a mob for taking a teddy bear from one of the make-shift shrines on a street corner in Woking. The whole country lost its mind for a week or so and anyone who disagreed was silenced.”

“Are we on some sort of major 80’s theme trip here? Live Aid, Lady Diana, Kylie? Just ‘cause neon is on trend again doesn’t mean we have to relive Junior Degrassi High”.

“But the truly mad thing is we have collective amnesia about the whole event. There were people out on Regent’s Park that said they were going to live there forever under the trees in little monastic communities devoted to the memory of their demented saint. Even those that weren’t quite so willing to take the plunge were claiming they’d be back to mark the event every year to light more candles and now no one even remembers the date. It’s like we have all conveniently agreed not to mention when a mad Uncle exposed himself during some family dinner. True herd insanity. I mean, writing elegies in Tescos....didn’t anyone spot they were totally fucking deranged at the time”

Elliot is now clearly considering this answer, trying to think of a more searing and telling example of the sum total of human idiocy to top-trump my idea. Either he can’t summon up something or perhaps he’d just been busy thinking about Geldof boning kylie, but he finally picks up his phone and we get ready to submit our requests up the chimney to Santa.

I listen in to one side of the conversation and imagine Troy at the other end, one of his several mobiles held to his ear. He’s probably standing in a shared bed-sit rather than a cool flat scattered with the decadent trappings of a dealer’s lifestyle. It occurs to me that I have never seen Troy speak to anyone that he isn’t buying or selling something from. Maybe this is true of all of us.

“Yo Troy, hey it’s Elliot, how are you doing mate.”

“Yeah, that Elliot.”

“I was hoping you could hook me up with some stuff, like maybe today or tomorrow at the latest? I have a bit of a pressing requirement”.

Elliot laughs nervously, quite possibly without anything funny being said at either end.

“Yeah, definitely, that’s great at eight. We’ll be there. Nice one mate. I appreciate you helping me out. Ok see you at eight.”

Once off the call he seems curiously elated. “It’s sorted, Troy will meet us at eight in the Hawley and it’s all cool, volume no problem.” Elliot suddenly like Don fucking Corleone.

“Should go like clockwork then” I say.

WORK: A Love Letter

‘... our toil and labours daily so extreme, that we have hardly ever time to dream ...’ Mary Collier, ‘peasant poet’, from ‘The Woman’s Labour’ (1739)

‘... look at your hands, your peasant hands, your big ugly hands ...’ mother (c. 1977)

‘... this is the world now ...’ David Peace 1980 (2001)

Dear J-----

We all sell ourselves a little... sometimes we get to name our price, and sometimes not. What we have, what we are, and what we endure; exchange value, use value; the Stankhovian accumulation of the seconds, the minutes, the hours, and the years. Sometimes, just to live is an act of heroism. (Seneca, c. 4BCE-65CE)

That night, in that place, that place that was made for moral pursuits, for the sanitation of mind and body, that place that was bestowed by D-----, for the benefit of his workers, that place that is the stark simulacra of the lost (and imagined) pastorage that has been obliterated by the mill and its smoking stacks, that night, in that place, you looked across the grass, across the paths, above the pitiful trees that mock an imagined forest, that night in that place you looked up to the clock that was the black sun that fronted the factory wall. This was your time.

On this day, now, in this time, we stand in the spot we imagine you to be, and look around us. The clock on the factory wall is fallen; all that is left a dark and circular void, a shadow of a place where time has been. It is a shithole, we say, an ugly shithole. We say we are sick of the drizzle and the flatness and the ugliness of these places made for a prescribed and moral leisure doled out in meagre portions by those who own our time, and we count our blessings that we can leave this place, and that the makers of these places do not own our time. We count our blessings that we can leave and not return, and that we can make, in part at least, our work, our time, our own. And I give thanks that my hands, my big ugly hands, my peasant hands, can work, and write, and love, as I would wish. And I look at my hands, and I love them.

But can I say, J-----, that I love you, I love your hands, I love you for the work you did, because you had to, (I wish you had not had to), and I love you for the fact that you took this place, and, (for want of a room), spat in the face of those who prescribed its usage, and hurled your supposed vice at their supposed virtue. (I wish you had not had to, I wish you had not had to).

Emma

POSTSCRIPT

DECRIMINALISATION OF PROSTITUTION: Communication Workers Union Resolution For The TUC Women's Conference. Scarborough 2009

Conference calls on the Government to decriminalise prostitution. While the activities of women who work as prostitutes are subject to criminal prosecution then they are less able to access support and help from agencies when they need this. The criminalisation of those who work in the sex industry also creates a division between working class women who are all combating poverty and sexism. We believe women who work as prostitutes, are entitled to the support of women trade unionists not our collusion in their repression.

The Sins of the Father

The mother and her only child lay dead upon the shore. Their murderer sat close by, looking out across the sea.

He felt the warmth of the sun on his skin and looked up at the sky. It was as deep and as blue as the ocean before him. This was a day that would be remembered but not for its serenity or endless sky but for the blood and the drone of flies. He had killed them both and their deaths would be celebrated upon his glorious return. His men would eat and drink and ask him to tell the story of their murder, again and again and again. And each time he would tell of the events that had only just past, he would omit one truth. He would not recount how the mother had beaten him to the ground and how she had dragged him to her son's corpse. He would not describe the stench as she held his face against her son's nor would he describe how she let him go so that she could tenderly touch her child's face. He would not describe how they both sat, she crying whilst he simply watched her mourn. And he would not say that whilst she grieved, he had quietly slit her throat.

The waves continued to unfold onto the shore and the surf momentarily surrounded the woman's body as if were a halo, cleaning her wounds before withdrawing back into the sea. He felt her blood congealing on his hands, neck and face, smelling its faint scent of copper and vanilla. Behind him, the child lay slumped against an outcrop of rock at the entrance of a

cave, flies skittering over his remains. The weapon in his hand grew heavy, slipping from his grip. He turned suddenly and vomited in sharp, painful convulsions that ended in dry heaving.

Wiping away the spittle, he turned and looked at the child. The boy looked more wretched in death than in life, with his dead eyes open, staring up at the roof of the cave and his one remaining arm slack at his side. His long fingernails were chipped, bitten and dirty. His skin unwashed, his black hair twisted and matted with grease. Scattered around him and other parts of the cave were the bones of many men, stripped of flesh, the marrow sucked out and thrown aside to be bleached by the sun. The innocence of this small family did not extend far. They had deserved their deaths for both had wandered this earth taking lives not to slake hunger but their thirst for death. As he continued to look upon the child, he realised he understood the need to satisfy such a need. As a man who had killed himself he knew that to kill or to be killed were sometimes the only choices. Embracing the desire to kill led to strength and that led to victory. It was how he had earned his wealth, his reputation and the respect of his many men. Yet he killed only in battle, only when it was justifiable to take another's life. The mother and her child had killed indiscriminately and without just cause, taking the innocent wives and children of his men and then stealing their grieving widowers the following night. Such acts could not go unpunished.

He picked up his weapon and once again felt the comforting weight of the dwarf-wrought sword. Its strength was his, the strength that had enabled him to tear off the boys arm with only his hands. That filthy arm was a trophy and now, he realised, he needed another to hang alongside it. He would sever the child's head from its neck and take it back; proof if any were needed that he, Beowulf, had slain the mother of Grendel and her only child.

Criticism in Pathetic Exercise (With Apologies to Kate Briggs)

how
many times
have you read
all of the books that you own
what
can you know
when
you don't
even know

B is for Bruised, Beaten, Battered and Broken

She struck her father across the back of the head with a brick. He stumbled forward, his body twisting to face her as his hand went up to the gaping wound in his skull. She managed to strike him again, across the jaw, his teeth splintering and his lips splitting open in a bright red flourish. He fell to his knees, trying to talk. There were no excuses, no justifications, no other solution or penance other than this. She brought the brick down on his head once more and he crumpled to floor. She knelt beside him, carefully moving the slick and matted hair from his eyes. He looked at her, confused, tears welling, his broken lips trembling. She gently ran her fingers over his forehead and down over his eyes, her finger tips lightly catching his eyelashes. There her fingers rested for a moment. Tender, merciful. She stood up and took the small can from her back pocket and sprayed the contents over him. Lit the match, letting it catch before dropping it onto him. He burned bright, vivid oranges rolling into the pale yellows, the smoke thick and acrid, skin melting down to muscle. She stood watching and waiting. Someone would come. They always do.

Portrait of a Passenger

The man's skin is tanned, a deep and warm brown that darkens further in the wrinkles that gather and fold at his wrists. His hands are buried deep in his trouser pockets, those hidden fingers rolling the loose change back and forth. His forearms are decorated with simple drawings and words: an anchor, a heart, *Tracey*, a square, a set of initials, a boat, *Home*, and a rising sun. These images, as brief and as simple as they are, appear randomly placed, almost as if they have washed up on the shore of his arms and got caught in the ripples of his skin. He looks old and lost not at sea but here, amidst all this concrete and brick, the dirt, the dust and broken glass.

hooked on an apple smoked blonde

random sheets
stuff from movies
dirty and complex
triggers the critic
remember the first

McDonalds Wordsearch

M	C	F	L	U	R	R	Y	N	P	F	A	Q	G	H	E	R	K	I	N
A	C	R	A	R	Y	T	U	I	O	R	I	U	P	A	H	O	K	C	L
H	N	M	S	Z	E	T	R	U	D	E	Z	A	N	M	B	N	T	W	K
J	M	T	U	T	H	Y	U	M	H	N	X	R	J	B	T	A	R	R	R
Y	G	U	O	F	B	U	I	O	K	C	D	T	E	U	Y	L	A	A	E
E	F	I	P	F	F	A	R	Y	L	H	E	E	W	R	U	D	J	P	Y
S	C	H	P	G	T	I	A	S	O	F	R	R	F	G	I	M	N	Y	F
T	B	I	L	C	Z	T	N	H	P	R	E	P	Y	L	N	C	L	U	B
H	A	P	P	Y	M	E	A	L	U	I	E	O	U	A	G	D	K	Y	F
I	H	I	H	M	I	O	L	P	T	E	T	U	O	R	J	O	H	H	H
G	L	D	G	E	C	E	Q	K	Y	S	Y	N	L	G	G	N	Y	N	A
B	I	G	M	A	C	V	T	Y	E	J	H	D	P	V	H	A	T	F	P
B	O	S	C	R	F	G	U	Y	R	Y	N	E	U	U	T	L	G	K	P
Q	D	E	N	G	S	A	D	E	T	H	N	R	V	J	W	D	A	O	L
S	Q	C	U	O	A	S	T	H	I	C	K	S	H	A	K	E	O	H	E
A	V	V	G	I	S	D	E	R	T	U	I	I	J	U	D	G	U	R	P
U	S	N	G	U	F	F	I	L	E	T	O	F	I	S	H	G	E	U	I
C	D	M	E	J	I	M	L	O	V	I	N	F	C	C	C	B	I	Q	E
E	R	N	T	M	C	H	E	E	S	E	B	U	R	G	E	R	O	K	L
P	O	D	S	K	L	I	N	T	M	A	Y	O	R	C	H	E	E	S	E

a history of catastrophe

preaching from books
to tiny girls
tied to my tail
hanging on my chain
that's how i got my name

it's no life for a foetus
wrapped in faded curtains

Mothers Meeting

Like pregnant mothers we gather
To share our common bond.
Tightly tethered by guilt and
Internal examinations.

Our bodies heavy; nauseous.
Wailing in pain, screaming
God-forsaken obscenities, the
Sounds that once, heralded motherhood.

Cajoled and complacent
We were once more seduced
By youthful charms and smiles,
That beguiled and left us expectant.

Until; we found you by the bedside
Or hanging by rope. You left us,
To gather again as mothers,
Sharing patterns and recipes of suicide.

Involuntary Fragments of Place

I remember things. Things I have no recourse to remember. Not things dredged up from the darker recesses of my past, or from those things that I will never forget but from those mental irregularities that I might call forgotten memories. But I – in fact not even I as I have no control over them – some thing, my brain, my mind, whatever, has a habit of recalling places - corners shop frontages, classrooms, car parks, indeed any visual impression of place - from my life and throwing them up in front of my mind's eye at random, inconsequential points throughout my day. For no reason. Places I may not have been to for decades, places I may have only visited once in my life instantly, for no reason, pop up in my mind. And I am not shocked, at least not in the first instance. I think about them, awash in an unknown nostalgia and am only shocked after the fact. Shocked by the sudden reminiscence of a place I have not forgotten but have no reason to recall. There is never any link or association with what I am or was thinking about at the time (either time) and I do not remember things that happened in these places unless I make a concerted effort to recall anything that might have occurred there. I just think of places. Visually, but in a fully sensual way. And I wish I could go back

there. Wherever they are, no matter what I did or did not do there, no matter how many associations, good or bad, I may or may not have with these places, I want to go back to them. If I am dissatisfied with my present situation, I have been for years.

The Royal Family – A Portrait of a British Oddity.

The most disappointing aspect of the Queen's Golden Jubilee Year was the sheer amount of balderdash dedicated to portraying the life of the Queen, Prince Philip and their three children, [1] as normal. Grinning simpletons from all walks of British celebrity life queued up to simper on television shows from January to December, gushing the sort of embarrassing Bono-esque pish that one could only maybe get away with at the funeral of a close loved one.

In an attempt to redress the balance I have painstakingly gathered together every scrap of reliable information I could find on this supposedly happy family, not to destroy them but to expose that they are nothing like the salt of the earth fish and chip eating, football loving British public they rule over.

To begin I shall reveal the true origins of each monstrous child:

1.) Prince Charles

The young Queen Elizabeth led a lonely life, fulfilling her Queenie duties while Prince Philip learned to master the dark arts and summon daemons to destroy enemy warlocks. [2]

To cheer herself up the Queen bought a baby from a Moroccan woman who sold Avon cosmetics [3] around local housing estates. When she took it home the Queen discovered to her dismay that the woman had, in fact, sold her a Fisherprice doll. The Queen was devastated and wept until Prince Philip returned home.

'Why are you crying?' Prince Philip asked his little dew drop.

'Because I wanted a baby so badly; I tried to buy one, but I was tricked with this doll!' she sobbed. 'Please have one with me Philip.'

'My sweet little dog daisy, you know that I cannot perform sexual acts,' Prince Philip explained. 'To do so would dilute my majikal powers and leave me defenceless against attacks from rival sorcerers.' [4]

The Queen opened her mouth and wailed.

Pitying her, Prince Philip took the doll into his workshop and performed the black arts on it throughout the night. Having imbibed a large quantity of whisky wine, [5] the dark prince didn't realise that he had placed the doll too close to a naked flame; its ears became enlarged and floppy.

When the dark prince awoke the next morning [6] he found a squealing child in the doll's place. That child was Charles, our future King!

2.) Prince Andrew

The next child to appear was Prince Andrew. None are too sure how that monstrosity came into being. [7] Some say he is a changeling sent by the space fairies to ensure the Queen and Prince Philip keep their side of some scandalous bargain. Or that he is the son of a spice merchant who is kept at hand because he holds the keys to the fate of the Queen's third child: Prince Edward!

3.) Prince Edward

One day the Queen and Prince Philip were out walking in the garden when they came upon Prince Edward growing among the thistles.

'Philip! Listen to his mewling!' the Queen exclaimed. [8]

Prince Philip uprooted the child with one stab of a rusty shovel and brought him indoors, placing him in a vase of sugary water beside a radiator. The child grew but never became an admirable creature. He was too fond of sugary toffee and sniffing his wet nurse's hobnail boots. [9] But some say his feeble and unhappy childhood is the reason he is his mother's favourite. But her favouritism is why he is the nation's least favourite. Him and the Queen often ponder why this is, especially considering she is so loved, and they share tears. [10]

Footnotes

[1] Princess Anne has the ability to pass between parallel universes [i] in such a manner as when she exists in one she does not exist in the other. At the time of writing Princess Anne was not present in this universe. [ii]

[2] Prince Philip is a high magus. [iii]

[3] The reference to Avon is apocryphal. [iv]

[4] The Prince may have just been frigid. [v]

[5] The Prince was then partial to two bottles of Scotsmac [vi] a night.

[6] The Prince occasionally suspects he did not wake up that morning and is still dreaming, despite the contrary having been proved to him by mathematicians [vii], physicists [viii] and heavyweight boxing champions [ix][x][xi]

[7] Theories abound on how Andrew joined the Royal brood. The most peculiar being that Princess Anne [xii] once entered this universe while already present in it, causing a rupture in the fabric of time; [xiii] Andrew is the slow healing crack.

[8] This is unlikely, as the Queen does not know the meaning of this word. [xiv]

[9] A habit he has carried into adulthood. [xv]

[10] Every time the Queen cries a soap opera character dies. [xvi]

Footnotes on the Footnotes

[i] If they exist

[ii] If Parallel Universe theories are incorrect Princess Anne may suffer from blackouts. [A]

[iii] Albeit in an astrological society he founded, which, from inception, has maintained a total membership of one.

[iv] As is the seller's gender and nationality. Early versions of the story report it was a Norwegian whaler captain [B], who had won the doll at a fairground while looking for sexual encounters.

[v] Most commonly an insult hurled at teenage girls by wanker boys, but also a genuine psychological condition that can afflict men as well as women.

[vi] CCTV footage[C] exists from this period showing the Prince buying it from the local Sainsbury's and downing half the first bottle before he'd even left the store.

[vii] Rachel Riley

[viii] Lochlainn O'Raiheartaigh

[ix] Herbie Hide

[x] Eamonn Loughran

[xi] Frank Bruno

[xii] see [1]

[xiii] This theory was proven to be scientifically unlikely (though not definitely untrue) by Professor Brian Cox on his popular TV show. [D]

[xiv] The Queen may still have said this, as she sometimes uses words she doesn't know the meaning of, as an attempt to convince Prince Philip of her hidden depths.

[xv] As stated in an interview in issue 58 of *Viz* magazine. [E]

[xvi] Princess Anne time travelled, carrying a single tear from the night Prince Charles was created. The night it dried was when popular *The Archers* character Gracie Archer died. [F]

Further Footnotes on the Footnotes' Footnotes

[A] Many anti-royalists have used this hypothesis to slur the poor Princess' good name.

[B] Numerous women have come forward over the years claiming to have had intercourse with said whaler captain on this very night. This has perpetuated his involvement with the story, though no Norwegian sailor has ever been credibly identified as having visited London funfairs during this period. {a}

[C] Albeit grainy

[D] The one your girlfriend watches when you're out of the house.

[E] The one where the Fat Slags have 'no carbs before marbs'.

[F] 22nd September 1955 {b}

Further, but necessary Footnotes

{a} Though many have attempted to lay claim to this title. /a/

{b} The Queen never cared for The Archers and often fell asleep while it was on. In fact she wasn't even aware the character had died until she received hate mail from fans of the ever popular radio show. /b/

Keep with it please

/a/ No one worth identifying by name.

/b/ On the night in question the Queen was snuggled up on her sofa with her family watching the launch of the channel ITV. /a\ The young excited Prince Charles was so impressed with the station he exclaimed: 'When you are dead this will belong to me!' The Queen informed the young rascal that ITV was a commercial channel and that only the BBC belonged to the crown. She clashed his humungous ears and sent him to bed with no supper for talking about her future death so gleefully. /b\

Last Time I swear

/a\ A factor some consider more pertinent to the death of Gracie Archer.

/b\ Something he is said to still do when drunk, or in private, or both.

Lorem Ipsum (which of us ever undertakes laborious physical exercise, except to obtain some advantage from it?)

Thank you it is pain, interesting, but because occasionally circumstances occur in which toil and pain can procure him some great. To take a trivial example, which of us ever undertakes laborious physical exercise, except to obtain some advantage from it. Bullet train in the charms of pleasure of pain that produces no resultant will be online applications. These cases are no products to list, there are at fault quae workshop to leave softens recommend you.

But I must explain to you how all this mistaken idea of denouncing pleasure and praising pain was born and a complete account of the system, and the very fact that explorer from the truth, the master of a happy life that were said to you here. No one rejects, dislikes, or avoids pleasure itself, because it is pleasure, but because the sorrows of those who do not know how to pursue pleasure rationally encounter consequences. nor again is there anyone who loves grief itself since it is grief liver, brain, so blinded by desire, but because occasionally but

occasionally occur in which toil and pain can procure him some great pleasure. to take a trivial example , which of us ever undertakes laborious physical exercise, except to obtain some advantage from it? But who has any right to find fault with a man who chooses to enjoy a pleasure that has no annoying consequences, or one who avoids a pain that produces no resultant pleasure?

On the other dislike men who are most worthy of them and to accuse and hate just to appease with a ready pleasant flattering of her or else he can not foresee the pain and trouble to ensue they are blinded by desire, quae workshop to leave and equal blame belongs to weakness of will, that is to be welcomed and every pain avoided. These cases are perfectly simple and easy to distinguish. a free hour, when we broke up for the choice of option and when nothing prevents it were not so we may be able to do that which is well pleasing in the highest degree, every pleasure is to be welcomed and every pain avoided. But in certain circumstances and the duty or the obligations of business it will frequently occur that pleasures have to be repudiated and annoyances accepted. these matters to this, therefore, a free hour, so that either or else he endures pains to avoid worse consequences rejecting some other greater pleasures, pains.

*Online translations of the standard Lorem Ipsum passage, common since the 1500s, alongside Section 1.10.32 & 1.10.33 of "de Finibus Bonorum et Malorum", written by Cicero in 45 BC
(original Latin passages purloined from www.lipsum.com)*

Voluntarily Redundant

I pull the chair from the desk
And sit in front of the full length mirror looking at myself
It's a warm day
The window is open
I am wearing a pair of baggy black linen trousers
I watch my bare chest rise and fall as I breathe
A warm breeze blowing across me from window
In my hand is the third bottle of Becks that afternoon
And between my lips is the second joint
It hangs loosely as I stare at myself
I do not recognise the person that returns my vacant gaze
My eyes are sunken and ringed with black and purple
I look like I have been in a fight and lost
I suck hard on the roach and the joint arcs in the air
The tip glowing intensely as I inhale deeply
The moist green leaf it contains crackles and snaps violently as it burns
I hold the smoke in my lungs until I feel like I am going to cough
Then exhale

A blue grey cloud briefly obscures my reflection
I raise my right hand
Fascinated by the combination of watching the reflection of my arm move and how it feels
A heavy deliberate movement
I slowly remove the joint
It pulls at the skin on my lips where the cigarette paper has sucked the moisture away
An exaggerated sting as it relinquishes its hold
With the joint between my fingers I pick up the beer bottle and begin to drink
The cold liquid biting the back of my throat almost as much as the burning hot smoke
As I tip the bottle the still burning end of the joint singes and sizzles stray hairs
I bring the bottle down and the small amount of remaining liquid fizzes
I will sit here for the next five hours
Filling the ash tray
And emptying bottles
Repeating this cycle of motions
Until she returns

Next 5th February 2014
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ISSN 2049-3460

