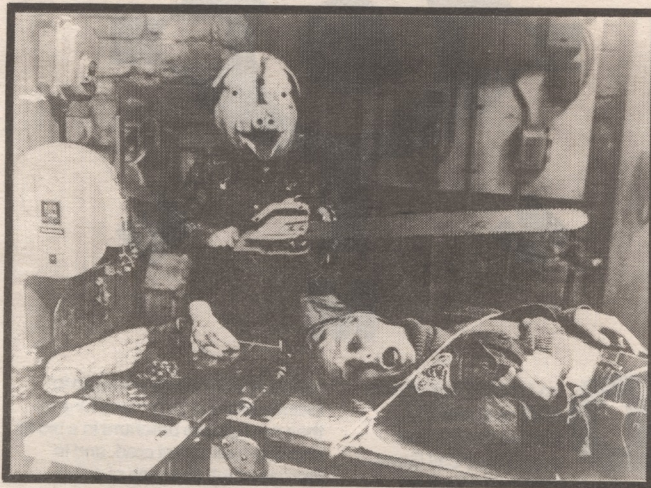




There may be three wheels on your wagon but there's four scaly paws on our snake-skin steering wheel as we crack the crocodile-hide whip of prediction, unfold the giant Weeje board of rock and look into its beady-eyed chameleon future with DAVID "GYPSY ROSIE LEE" QUANTICK and STEVEN "DORIS STOKES THE FIRES OF HELL" WELLS because once more it's time to **RIDE THE LIZARD!** and ask the Ghost of Elvis:

WHO IS THE NEW KING OF ROCK?



Ozzy Osbourne prepares brekker.

Ozzymandias Osbourne! Chalk-jawed philosopher-poet Marquee Smithah. And, all the way from the banks of Ancient Egypt, queen of laughter, senorita of the smile, grand vizieress of the whoopee cush—TAN (drum drum drum) EETA (barbdadiddlebarp!) TICKER—lock up yer ponies!—AM!!!!!! Boing! And finally, all the way from the land of roo doo and the duckbilled eucalyptapattypuss (Come again, sport?—Sub Ed.), Jason "And The Pussycats" Donovan!

ONE DAY MATT JOHNSON WOKE UP . . .

To find out that he was a cockroach WHO KNEW EVERYTHING! Move over God! he chortled, throwing aside his amusing "I Am A Wanker" duvet spread and sliding downstairs. What's for tea our Mam!? Don't tell me! It's! Its' . . . CORNFLAKES! My GOD! I am WONDERFUL!

So, Matt, what are your qualifications for being named Mr/Ms RULER OF ROCK FOR EVER?

"Sir . . ."

Pardon?

"Call me 'Sir'."

Sir, sorry.

"RIGHT! I knew you were going to ask me that, so I've brought with ME my astounding school reports from when I was IN THE WOMB and doing my A-levels . . ."

PHYSICS . . . 10/10 . . .

"Mathew ist ein big type genius!" Prof A Einstein.

ART . . . 10/10 . . . "Fab but sucks the brushes a lot" Prof Len Vinci

SEXED . . . 10/10 . . . "I just LUUUUURVE his furry head."

Prof Ron Sexpert

GYM . . . 10/10 . . . "Faster than a speeding bullet is the best way to describe Matt's performance in the egg and spoon" . . . Prof Daley Thompson

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

. . . 10/10 . . . "Set me right on a

couple of things" . . . Prof God MUSIC . . . 2/10,000,000 . . .

"His pathetic attempts at picking out 'Chopsticks' set my teeth on edge. And I'm deaf!" . . . Prof Lud Beethoven

"AND HERE's a song that I wrote when I was a half!"

"On the day that I was/ born the angels got together and decide/ ded to create a dream come true/ Loving me is easy cos I'm magic/ ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME / I I I I I I I I / Bombs are naughty/ I'm a US pilot help I've crashed/ In Thatcher's Britain" Fine. Tell us a joke. Sir.

"Knock, knock? Who's there? MEEEEEEEEEEEE! HAHAHAHA! ARF! ARF ARF! HO HO HO! Oh bum, I've wet meself! Quick! Book me into the studio!"

NEXT—COME ON DOWN, AXYL LOTL, LEMMY AND OZZY!

Axyl, well greased, closes up over the mic like a triffid devouring its prey. He murmurs "Wogs and Poofs get stuffed! Vote nazi for a white America!" Then he dies, painfully. Will Axyl be around in 10 years time? We hope not!

Lemmy hitches up his belt (oof), straps on his axe and roars into the black leather spikey mic. "FURGHWURRRGHURRI! ACE



Kylie and Jason without the SPACE MASKS they normally wear, but, strangely with the dungarees.

OF SPADES! ACE OF SPADES! ERF" then goes to a pub and plays the fruit machine forever. Really interesting.

Ozzy, whilst preparing for the audition, decides to have a shave. He bites the head off a can of foam. He bites the head off a new pack of disposable razors. Then he looks in the mirror and—blow me!—if he hasn't gone and bit his own head off! What a wag! We'd vote for him—but we don't want to get our heads bitten off! (Crunch! Blit!)

WENDY JAMES

What a career! After appearing as a bubbly blonde in 24 of the 30 Carry On films, Wendy decided to make a stand for Women's Lib by posing topless in the Star. Then she made a stand for vegetarianism by eating 15 Big Macs. A stunning rock intellectual, she put it best herself:

"I don't know why people still think I'm a bimbo. Surely I've done and said enough so that people can make their own minds up?"

Right: MEGABIMBO! ULTRABIMBO! KINGBIMBO OF BIMBOLAND! LORD OF THE BIMS! BIMBO THE ELEPHANT!

WELCOME TANITA TIKARAMA AND GRAF VON MORRISSEY! PRAY PRESENT YOUR CREDENTIALS TO THE PANEL!

TANITA: Pain is the distillation of the human experience . . .

MORRISSEY: Tears are the only bedfellows I know . . .

TANITA: Every day I die a little death BOOM BOOM!

AUDIENCE: AHAHA AHA HAH AH HA HHA AHAHA HAHHAHA HA! CLAP CLAP CLAP! TITTER!

TANITA: A funny thing happened to me on the way to the graveyard.

MO: A funny thing happened to you on the way to the graveyard?

TANKEATER: Yes, I slashed my wrists.

AUDIENCE: HOOT HA HA HA! TINY TANITA: I say I say I say!

My pony's got no nose!

MORRYNOKO: Your pony's got no nose? How does he smell?

TANITA: Through the raw and bleeding hole surrounded by flaking gristle which remains.

AUDIENCE: BARF! VOM! CHUNDER! DISQUALIFIED!

TONKATOY: Hey! I feel a song comin' on!

MOLLY: Well, let's do it!

TICKER: "You're the snot of my hanky/ You're the clag in my bog"

MORROBURRUNDO: "Your lyrics are dead wanky and you sing like a frog!"

TOCKERAMA: "You're the dead body buried under the floor of my bedsit."

MO: "You're a turd on a



The Young Lemmy is told that one day he will look like Clint Poppy's dad.

football!"

TINA THE TICK: "You're the wanker what heads it!"

MOOB: Bastard!

TINKY: Stitch that!

MOBE: Acoustic geetar through the upper cranium type SPLAT!

DON THE GLOVES, GENTLEMEN! BRING US THE HEADS OF "YOKO" BONO, "NO NO NANETTE" VOX AND JASON "OF GOD" DONOVAN! AND THE OTHER PARTS OF THEIR BODIES TOO!

Are yoo-ah ready . . . B-B-B-BOH NOAH!?

"I came down from the HILLS!! The Holy HILLS! For I rested to be ready! Ready for the coming times! The times of BLUD Blood and HAYATE!! And I came, not with VIOLENCE! Not with HATE! Not with THE THROBBING BLACK AND CAROL DECKER POWER HAMMER DRILL OF PAIN!

"I came with our greatest gift! I came with the elixir of er HOPE!

"Gee . . . Ta!"

ERM . . . SO WHAT ABOUT MARK E SMITH?

"Gee . . . Ta!"

ERM . . . SO WHAT ABOUT MARK E SMITH?

ERM . . . SO WHAT ABOUT MARK E SMITH?

ERM . . . SO WHAT ABOUT MARK E SMITH?

ERM . . . SO WHAT ABOUT MARK E SMITH?

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