



**AAARRGH!  
IT'S...**

# RIDE THE PUFFIN!

● **Thunder and lightning! Very, very frightening! RIP! SLASH! BOO! Dig up the black puffins of the subconsh, readers, and join David 'The Devil Rides Out' QUANTICK and STEVEN 'Flashdance' WELLS as they creep fearfully through the dank passageway that leads to this week's RIDE THE PUFFIN WOOD! WOOO!**

## This week: HORROR

You are David Gedge. You're having a quiet bishop under the crisp but slightly shroudlike sheets of your vibrating Four Poster Love Machine in a Holiday Inn in Transvision Vampsylvania. In walks a woman who has obviously married the Devil. She is supernaturally thin. Her hair sticks out from her shrunken skull like tendrils of cold hellfire. Her eyes bulge like pickled eggs. It's Bon E Langford and she's caught you having a tiger over a Ukrainian porno book. Get out of that, Mr Rugged Indietraitor of the YEAR!

Your one solution ("pollution", "evolution", "feminism", "baby seals" - The Trany Vamp Rhyming Dictionary) - is to call Professor Van Halen, tight-trouser rock guardian of TROOF and JUSTICE (and ace vamp killer). The Prof leaps into the room, his cape a-flying and reveals in his hand his amazing patent eyeball manufacturer which proceeds to spit crazed orbs at the vamp who starts screaming "Ma, he's making eyes at me". OK, sorry.

Horror. Consider the beast.

Before you can reach for your trusty flintlock, it lops your bollocks off and prances around the room wearing them as Mickey Mouse ears!

Emm Icey Kay Ewhy Emmo U Esseeeee! . . .

### HORROR - A NO PO MO PHENOM?

Frightening? We should cocoa!

But why, in our post-modernist present day Erf, do people actually in horror films still act as if they'd never seen a horror film in their lives, ie: Ooops! Stab! Die! So, Ten Helpful Tips For People In Horror Films:

1. Never, ever go in the cellar. Sounds obvious.
2. Never shag. People who shag in horror films almost always get their entrails ripped out and draped over the standard lamp by a nutter in an ice hockey mask what lives in the cellar; NB: the better you are at shagging the more horrid your fate will be, ie no probs for Morrissey, horrordethwise dept. . . .
3. Never go for a walk on your own in a graveyard at night which is all swirly with fog unless you want to spend the rest of eternity as one of the walking dead, ie non-stop Michael Jackson vid scenario FOREVER! NB: On the plus side, very few graveyards have cellars.
4. If you do go in the cellar, never laugh at ghosts, vamps, zombs, etc or you'll be the first to be impaled screaming on a meathook whilst the walls drip blood and then you'll look pretty stupid, ie COLLEGE KID: "Oh c'mon Tracee! There's no such thing as SNIK! SNIK! FLUMP!"
5. Remember - most baddies are allergic to something, ie GARLIC (usually kept in the cellar). Keep an eye out for clues as to what household object your particular baddie is shii scared of and smash him in the face with it after he's killed everybody else. REMEMBER! One person survives in every horror film. That person could be YOU!
6. A lot of baddies, ie zombies and Jason, are really crap at running. So don't twist your ankle and you should be all right as long as you keep running in one direction for a long time.
7. Convert to the Catholic Church NOW! Like most of us, baddies are shit scared of nuns and stuff.
- 7b. Never wave a dinky little gold crucifix at a vamp as he will LAFF at it. Carry a huge great wooden cross wherever you go, preferably one with an atomic napalm axehead.
8. If, after a hard day's travelling as part of your Central European tour, you wander into a seemingly empty cellar of a castle (or "schloss") owned by Count Dracula (or, even more incredibly,

Count Alucard!) get out and run very fast and for a very long time until you reach somewhere with street lighting and guns and NO cellars. Unless it's America in which case yo' in the bab.

9. If you find yourself with a broad cross section of American teenagers in a small town where, many years ago, some nutter died in horrible circumstances but not before he swore revenge, get up, don't talk to anybody, and RUN, killing anybody who gets in your way. Otherwise it's off to the cellar with you matey boy and it's machete-in-the-gizzard-and-gouged-out-eyeballs-on-toast-before-being-ground-up-to-make-flour-for-his-bread time from our friend with the bad skin and the stripey jumper for shure, ie Windy 'James' Miller Time.

10. Don't go to any school reunions ESPEsh if that drippy kid you used to beat up is there and her eyes have gone red and wobbly and she starts screaming when her period starts or she bursts out of her grave and rips your ass out. Ten to one she's possessed, ie Carrie On Slicing People's Asses Off With A Cleaver.

SCENE: A dank underground room underneath a house.

Kenneth Williams: Stop messing about BUZZZZZ! SLICE-O! CLONK! CLONK! with that chainsaw.

You'll have somebody's buttocks off!

Sid: Buttocks off yourself! Arf! Arf!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAARHG!

11. Never get married to:

a) Top, but mental, scientists working on projects involving copious amounts of blood or genetic experiments with giant walking Australian pot plants.

b) Anyone who really wants to live in a dark Satanic cottage on picturesque 'Bloodeathskullmurder Woods' even though it's rumoured that an entire family was butchered there by a mad girl in an ice hockey mask in the last film.

c) Motel owners, espesh ones with mother fixations and mod suits made out of human skin who bear a strange resemblance to actor Anthony 'Mary' Hopkins.

d) Anyone who bears even a passing resemblance to Peter Lorre, Peter Cushing, Peter Purves or Guy Chadwick from The House Of Blood.

e) People subject to recurring nightmares in which THEY turn into a giant dog. YOU get your throat ripped out. These people are TROUBLE. If you can't avoid them, remember the Golden Rule - KILL THEM FIRST!

12. REMEMBER! If introduced to any friendly (if slightly saturnine) gent in a dinner suit with a weird name, ie "Natas" or "Alucard", see what his name spells backwards before accepting dinner at El Tsac Bubezeleb in the country of Ainarvlysnart. You could be in tihspeedgnikcuf, wonk tahw I naem? Kershaw.

13. Failing that, go and hide in the cellar.

### AMERICA'S TOP TEN HORRORZOM KILLBASTARDS

#### ABBOT AND COSTELLO

In the good old days, horror films were about as frightening as a game of Ludo with Bono, ie BORING. The Wolfman looked like a dog's bum on legs, the Mummy looked like a dog's bum covered in bandages, and Drac and Franko looked like Andrew Eldritch (goffdog's bum in sunglasses) and his chick mucker Jim Morrison.

It was box office poison time as this feeble gallery of Hector's House Of Horror lookalikes waved their weedy arms in ever more pathetic films. A vacuum of real horror existed. Enter the most frightening characters in the history of terror - Abbot and Costello.



**Count Wacku "Ia" (with his famous "wolfman beard") crushed the life out of Cilla "The Lass In" Black.**