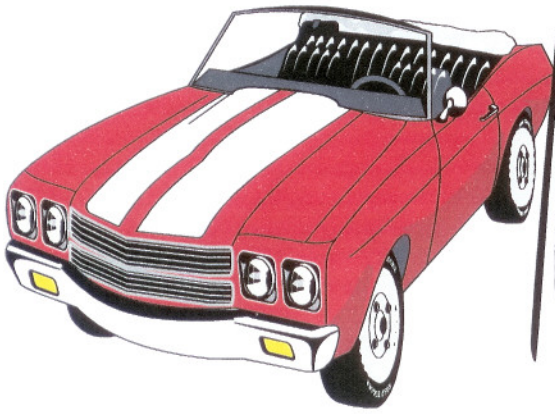


After the longest gestation in Fanzine history.....
its new... its exciting.. its better than being sat
on by three large naked women... its...



MOTORWAY DREAMER

Historic First Issue!!!!

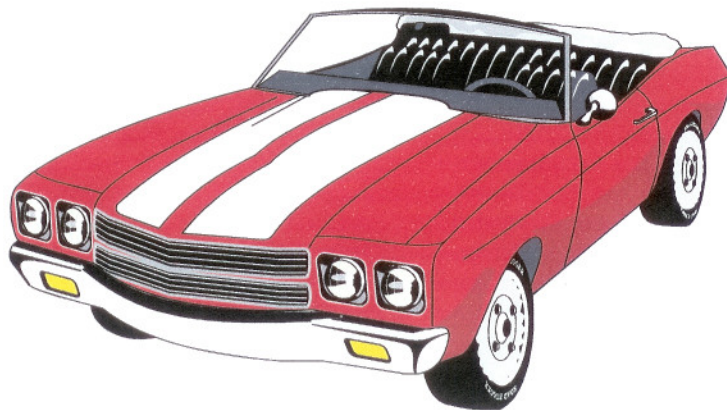


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The editor, hardly containing
his excitement at getting this
issue out.



INTO THE WOODS

Rat was sitting on the steps of the Ministry for Shirks and Henchmen. He had worked there for so long he could not remember any other existence. But now they no longer wanted him. He was too old, he was too much a fixture. Heavens above, he was actually getting good at his job. So he had to go. But where? He sat with his hands on his knees, head down, surveying the stones of the pavement. "Woe is me" he thought.

But then, along came Mole. "Blimey, is that you Rat?"

"Oh, fuck me! That's not you Mole, is it? I haven't seen you for over twenty years!"

"Yes it's me" affirmed Mole. "Older and no wiser. But that's just as you expected. But why are you sitting here in the dusty street?"

"Nobody wants me anymore" cried Rat, bursting into tears. "They say I'm too good to stay in the Ministry of Shirks and Henchmen.." He sobbed loudly. Mole produced a voluminous, if mildly snotty, handkerchief.

"Have this" he proffered the hankie to Rat. "I seem to remember when you went to the Ministry, it was only so you could earn money."

"Mmmph!!" snivelled Rat "But now there's a Mrs Rat and two huge little Rats to be put through University."

"Ah" said Mole, and adopted as thoughtful a pose as he was capable of. Try as he might though, no thought came. But then.... "I know! Let's go back to the Old Woods where we used to live. Let's see who is there. I'm sure you'll cheer up to see old friends and old places."

Rat looked very doubtful. "I've been there before. There's almost no one left. And then there's.." His voice tailed off and a sort of querulous expression came and went. (Mole watched it running down the street.) Rat's voice became a whisper "There's Buh Buh Buh Bad. There's Bad....."

"Bad what?" Mole interjected. "Bad dreams, bad trips, bad karma... What?"

"Badger" Rat's voice was barely audible.

"Ah" said Mole, and tried to look thoughtful again. He gave up the attempt. "Badger doesn't frighten me" he said confidently, but he was not entirely sure. "I can remember when you and I and Roo"

"Oh Roo!" wailed Rat "He's gone"

"..... and Badger all went down the Stoa In Boots. I put some Neil Diamond on the juke box and Badger said..."

"... you had as much fuckin taste as the beer!" finished Rat.

"Yes" agreed Mole, "he could be quite nice at times."

Rat shook his head. "Alright then. Lets go to the woods."

"Yes, lets." said Mole. And off they went, down the street, across the bridge, up the hill and down again, round the bend, down the Tube and....

"Where are we going?" enquired Rat mildly.

"I thought we were going to the woods." answered Mole wondering what he was doing on a Tube platform after all these years.

"This isn't the right way, you prat!" Rat snarled.

"You know, you are not quite as funny as I remember" remarked Mole, getting the hump.

"That's because you're writing this, not me."

"Ah." Mole tried to look thoughtful again, but was no more successful than previously. Rat looked first at the ceiling and then at the floor. The train came, and off they went, through the tunnel, up into the sunshine, through the rain, through the snow and then they were there in the woods. It was Autumn.

The first place they came to was the Shrews. Mole had not seen the Shrews in a very long time. He remembered Mr Shrew in his youth, playing guitar and singing. Mole thought he would sing as he knocked on the rather dilapidated door:

" Oh, gimme the beat boys, and save my soul
I wanna get lost in your rockanroll.....
Shit!!!!!!!"

The door had opened. Before them a very rotund Mr Shrew peered at them. His mouth was open. So were Mole's and Rat's.

"What happened?" asked Mole.

" Shrew!" exclaimed Rat.

" Rat!" wailed Shrew, and they embraced and danced around in a sort of jig. Mole looked on, his poor brain unable to take in the sight. Shrew had got old, and fat. Then Mole looked at his own rather large belly. "The more things change," he thought " the more they ought not to"
Looking up he saw Mrs Shrew , thin and white-haired, brightly peering from the doorway.

" Is that you Mole?" she smiled. " Its nice to see you again after all these years."

" Indeed it is. I mean, is it?" said Mole.

" Hooray!!!" shouted Shrew and Rat.

Just then, heavy footsteps were heard coming down the path. Parting the undergrowth were the unmistakable features of Space Junk Vole. He too was very fat, but Mole and Rat and the Shrews were ever so pleased to see him. They all went indoors, and who do you think they found already at the table? It was Mythago Rabbit, the famous writer. Seeing them, he jumped up and seized a handy typewriter. " Lets write something!" he cried. How they all laughed.

Soon they were all around the table, tucking in to one of Mrs Shrews delicious repasts. The fire blazed, Rat and Shrew and Space Junk Vole drank rather too much and became a bit rowdy. Mrs Shrew had to have a sharp word with them, pointing to a large wet fish hanging on the wall. But they all just laughed and larffed.....

But Mole knew he had not come to the woods just to cheer up Rat by making him forget the Ministry of Shirks and Henchmen. He whispered in Rats ear. " No!" cried Rat.

" Yes," said Mole, and thanking Mrs Shrew for the food and all his old friends for just being there, he rose from the table.

" Wait!" cried Rat " Ill come with you."

" No, Rat. Its too dangerous."

" I know. But Im still coming with you. Anyway if I dont , there wont be so many witty lines of dialogue."

" I dont think there will be very many anyway."

The Shrews, Space Junk Vole and Mythago Rabbit, all stood in the doorway and sadly waved Mole and Rat goodbye. Mole and Rat walked off into the sunset, deeper into the wood. Presently, they came to a very dark part of the wood. The leaves had already gone from the trees, and bare branches waved in a cold wind.

" You know what happened to Badger, dont you?" said Rat.

" Not really" said Mole.

" He became " Rat could not finish, could not say the word.

" Come on Rat! You never used to be stuck for words"

" Its the way you write me."

"Better than the way you write me."

" But not as popular, I think you will find"

"Perhaps. Tell me about Badger."

" Bunfff" said Rat

" Bunfff?"

Just then , Mole saw an object glinting in the fork of an gnarled tree. " Whats that?" He could just reach it. He pulled it down.

Rat gasped " The Shield of Umor!"

They both looked at its pitted surface, like an old hubcap.

" Badger hasnt looked after it very well, has he?"

" As shields go, its pretty grimy. Doesnt shield much " reflected Rat.

" Whats Bunfff?" asked Mole.

" Not Bunfff. BNF."

" Ah!" For Mole, light dawned.

" Whats that sound?" Rat could hear distant doleful chords and thumps.

" I think its music," said Mole.

" Do you recognise it?"

" Yes. Yes, I think I do."

" What is it?"

" Jimmy Ruffin - What Becomes of the Brokenhearted".

" Lets get out of here," said Rat

" Okay," said Mole.

THE END

PAY ATTENTION AT THE BACK. ITS TIME FOR

THE OBLIGATORY POETRY SECTION

COOMBE GIBBET

*What is this wind, this shivering fear
the blue sky breath of disaster near
the ancient vices, the hot stroke of senses
the cold sheep huddled against the fences.
This cold that makes the lungs ache
is it for real? - or merely fake?*

*The replica gibbet above the barrow
imagined black bodies, enter narrow
freezing cavities of death and life.
The shackles twitch, the pain and strife
Of journeying on, is, at last, gone
Leaving only the echo now from*

*That other place in time to this
less brutal perhaps but still it is
certainly no less oppressive.
Although I want to be free, permissive
and to leave the cold shadow
to walk in the sun, my friend sorrow*

*Walks with me in the cold
no less pervasive than of old.
My freedom is that tired perversion
free to be bound, and in retention
of the things that I condemn
but still would wish on other men.*

Who wrote it? Who do you think wrote it? You see anyone else contributing to this fanzine?



These are the Letters
We Have Not Received

Look Buddy, you think
I dont know its an old joke?
You think Im original or sumthin?
Sit down and shut up!

From Graham Charnock:

Whatever this fanzine contains, it had better not refer to anything I cant do. Or indeed anything, I can. No, I'm not telling you what. Or which. In fact Im not telling you anything.... that you dont already know.

From Linda Krawecke:

Hey Johnny. I'm writing something really hot for your fanzine. Well, I am maybe. Possibly not at all, actually. Could be it will be one of those mystic pieces. Only the spiritually advanced will actually be able to read it. Or know it exists. You are going to love it!

Lindy LaLa

From Rich Coad:

I'm amazed you are going to produce a fanzine. I mean, a fanzine is really hard to produce. So much work. Id write more, but I have to have my afternoon snooze.

From Ted White:

I am shocked by the punctuation, or the lack of it. Your grammar is not up to the required standard either. This must be why I never bought any of your stories for Amazing. That, or you never sent any in. Must go now, as the wildlife in the back yard has to be kept in order.

From Greg Pickersgill:

If you want to piss me off, you are going the fucking right way about it. Any more of this, and I will be pretty fucking seriously irritated. Back Off!!!

G.

And on that note, while the Treorchy Male Voice Choir sings " Cwm Rhondda", we gently fade to grey , on this monumental first issue.

Motorway Dreamer is copyright (C 2005) anyway you slice it, both in respect of the editorial content and the contributors work. I cant remember and cant be bothered with all that British Library bollocks.

Motorway Dreamer is a Big Woman Press production. Until the next time Pop Pickers.....