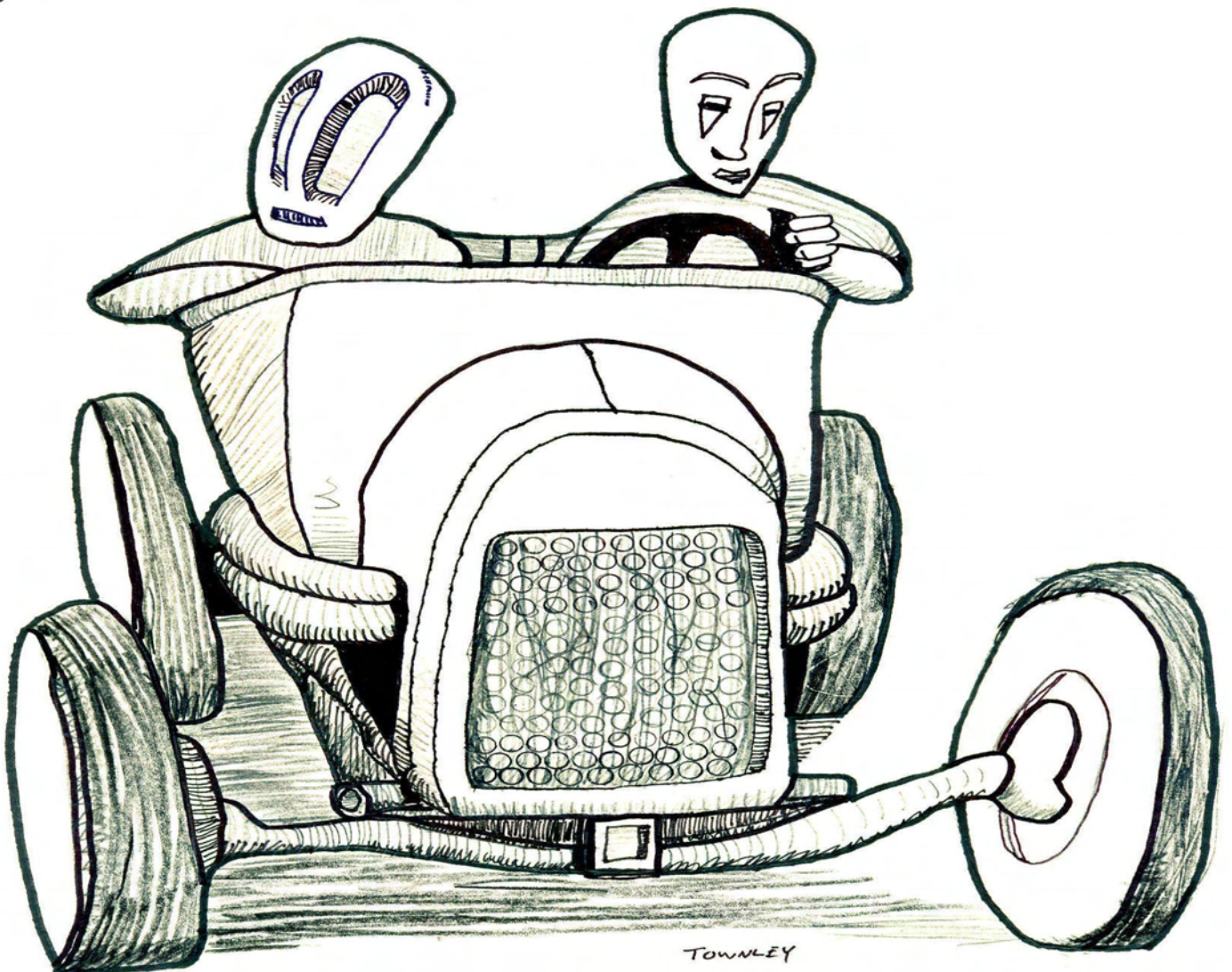


They thought the first issue was a one-off....They hoped they would never see the like of it again... But their worst nightmare has come true. This is:



# MOTORWAY DREAMER

# 2



Motorway Dreamer is "edited" and published by John Nielsen Hall.  
Please direct all contributions, Letters of Comment, obscene suggestions,  
Statements of Claim, details of salacious fantasies etc. to:

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## In This Issue:

- Bruce Townley
- Graham Charnock
- Ted White
- Even MORE obligatory poetry

Art Credits: Bruce Townley ( cover), Harry  
Bell(Pages 5 + 14), Traditional Thangka Art-  
Tibetan - A Wrathful Vajrapani ( Page  
8)Unknown( Good innit?)(Page 13) and clip art  
(Pages 10+11).

# THINGS YET TO COME

The depressing rain fell heavily on the isolated cottage, the dark clouds galloped overhead driven by a relentless wind. At one of the upstairs windows, the pale glow of lights and computers would have been noticeable from the outside, if there had been anyone to notice. But there was no one. There wasn't another living soul for many miles. Only on the inside was there human activity, represented by a frown of concentration, or an occasional twitch of the lips that may have been amusement, as an otherwise still figure hunched over a keyboard, hands and forearms encased in steel and rubber gloves, eyes fixed on the glowing screen.

The figure was old - very old now. But the legend across the top of the frame of the window that held his work bore testimony to his industry. **MOTORWAY DREAMER** it read. These days, the whole idea of a paper fanzine was old fashioned. While he could produce the work as such, most of his readers took the finished file as a feed direct into their home arrays, or surgically implanted inserts.

The old editor reflected, as he typed some boring passage from some young fan from the refugee communities in Utah, that he was now one of the few who could remember the days of duplicators and getting up to ones armpits in ink. He had never

been keen on that - the Portable Document Format was what had liberated him. Now, the PDF itself was almost one with Nineveh and Tyre. While he still preferred working at a keyboard and screen, the younger generations spoke to hand held devices that could project a hologram in front of them. In his view this had led to overly verbose productions, as the naturally gaseous spoke vast tracts of nonsense into print they would have exercised more restraint over if they actually had had to type it.

But there it was. To the old, everything new appears a backward step, a further departure from the old standards that had never been actually been standards at all. As soon as someone ever drew a line in the sand, and said that that on the left was correct, acceptable and fit for purpose, and that to the right was incorrect, unacceptable, and unfit, the great ocean of fandom would send a wave to wipe it all clean, usually accompanied by cries of " Fuck Off, You Cretin!" or the equivalent. But the harsh realities of a changed world left only a trace of those days drifting in the faint smile on the thin lips of the old fanEd.

Fans still keeping the flame alive did so now in the face of life in communities forever altered by catastrophes wrought by climate change; floods, storms, earthquakes and the ceaseless wet weather. As in his youth, the planet was once again polarised between powerful blocs of countries. Fandom was allowed in the

supposedly Christian countries, who were in turn divided between those of a conservative and illogical faith and those of differing faiths or none. The hope for a different, better future had never been strong in him, but it still broke his heart when he looked back at the old liberality that he had known, and the ossification and final decomposition of the very values that people had thought enshrined that liberality. He liked to think that he had always been pointing at the looming future, while everyone else turned his or her back on it. He might have been kidding himself. He shrugged and mentally waved away the sadness that always threatened to overwhelm him at such reflections. He focused again on the work on the screen in front of him. Fanac helped him and helped other fans to keep the awful realities at bay, to remain optimistic, build friendships across the barriers erected by the misfortunes of history.

His artificially strengthened hands began to type the headline OBLIGATORY POETRY SECTION; then he stopped. There was a pain in his head, he had to sit back and rest a moment, his chest tightened, his vision blurred.....

Days later the police broke in. The computer was still on, the old man's body lay slumped in the big chair in front of it. Someone turned the machine off.

Unfortunately, the old editor had not saved his work.



# Polk Gulch Hauntings

by Bruce Townley

Does bizarre behavior tend to cluster around certain spots in big cities? Are the demons that bedevil the loonies in the streets actually creatures from other dimensions feeding off of the psychic energy of the loonies' life-force (or "soul")? Are these locales or streets in fact intersections with other, possibly malign, dimensions? Are certain city bus lines ... *haunted*?

Where the heck *is* that 19 Polk anyway?

*"Ley lines, or Leys, are alignments of ancient sites stretching across the landscape. Ancient sites or holy places may be situated in a straight line ranging from one or two to several miles in length. A ley may be identified simply by an aligned placing of marker sites, or it might be visible on the ground for all or part of its length by the remnants of an old straight track."*

The above is clipped from a web page called "Earth Mysteries". The term refers to the rather New Age-y concept of the supposed linear arrangement of various ancient sites, most of which appear to be in Europe. I think there may be something like a Ley line (or its opposite) operating in or through my neighborhood, Polk Gulch.

MUNI is the public transit agency of the City and County of San Francisco. "MUNI" is short for "Municipal Railway", which is a term that dates back to shortly after the earthquake and fire of 1906. A few years later a massive building project flung trolley car lines all over the city. Hence the "railway" part of the name

Now various transit routes run through Polk Gulch, including a cable car line. These routes, for some reason, seem to have more than their fair share of screwy incidents, at least when I'm riding (and observing) them. Or even when I'm just waiting for a bus to heave into sight.

Some weeks ago I was waiting for the 19 Polk bus, rather patiently I thought, when at the bus stop across the street one woman began hollering at another. They were both Asian ladies, the shouting one being the younger of the two. The leather lunged one was wearing a long, dark coat but no shoes. Couldn't really see what else she was wearing because of the coat. The older lady was dragging behind her a small, collapsible cart, the kind you can take to the store and put your groceries in. She'd lined it with a black plastic garbage bag and had been it filling with aluminum cans she'd fished out of street corner trash bins. The gadget she was using for this retrieval was kind of clever. Looked like it had been carefully assembled, beginning with the shaft and handle of a folding



umbrella which was then mated to a set of barbecue tongs. Usually these garbage can gleaners (who tend to be elderly Chinese ladies wearing several different shades of plaid in my neighborhood) use something a little more ad hoc, like an unbent coat hanger.

Anyhow, the gist of what the younger woman was shouting appeared to be that the older lady had stolen something from her, somehow, while picking through the rubbish. She'd scream a string of near-nonsense and then feint towards the older lady without ever quite touching her. The older woman stood there impassively, apparently stunned into immobility by the abuse that the other was slathering upon her. A couple of street boys wandered over and one tried, feebly, to stem the flow of unhinged verbiage. By and by my bus came by. Never saw the end of the quarrel. I *did* see the older lady roaming by the same spot a week later, probing away for discarded cans, continuing on her regular route, seemingly none the worse for wear.

A year or so ago I was in the same spot, also waiting for the 19 Polk. Across the street in that same bus shelter were two guys teetering on the comfortless, narrow, plank-shaped seats that the City provides. This pair was also composed of a younger and an older one. The older man sat with a small dog, possibly a Jack Russell Terrier, perched on his lap. Again, it was the younger one that was making a ruckus, yelling. Even though he was fairly close it was hard to make out what the stream of abuse that he was bellowing at the older fellow was actually about. The older fellow just kind of sat there, not saying anything, taking it, cringing around his four footed friend. In few minutes, the dog started to yelp. He was howling in peculiar harmony with the younger yeller. It was a song from another, angrier, dimension.

A couple of years ago I was going somewhere across town, don't remember where now. To do so I was riding on one of the Van Ness buses, possibly the 49 Van Ness. I had a window seat and it was a pleasant, sunny afternoon. We were stopped at the light at one of the biggest intersections in the city, that of Van Ness and Market. There was plenty to occupy my eyes with but I found myself for no clear reason peering down into the car that was stopped next to our bus. The driver and only occupant of this vehicle was a young woman. She had open on the top of her lap her laptop computer. But, wait, that's not all. In one hand she was clutching her Palm Pilot or some other species of personal digital assistant. Clamped in her other hand was the inevitable cell phone. Forgot to look and see what she did when the light changed. Didn't hear her car exploding so maybe she got through the intersection ok.

Another time I was riding on another bus on Van Ness, this time on my way home from the office. Seated behind me I could hear a young man chatting away on his cell phone. He was talking to a friend of his. A really close friend. A really close boy friend. He was telling the other guy just what he wanted to do with him, sexually. The kind of odd thing wasn't that he wasn't using filthy language to do so. It was actually kind of clinical. Dull too. What's the fun in spying on something like that?

Yeah, sure, cell phones. We sure hate `em don't we? Some people more than others. Here we are, back on the 19 Polk bus again one afternoon some weeks ago. A young woman was chatting away on her cell phone, seated midway down the coach. In a nearby seat closer to the front sat another, older lady. She's got her head angled awkwardly around, staring at this young woman who is still talking, not very intrusively at all. The older woman starts clicking her tongue. Somehow, she managed to do it really loud.

Then she starts her spiel, "Can you believe it!? The **nerve** of some people!! Talking on the bus like that!! Doesn't she care about anybody else but herself!?! " And so on. The older woman was actually a lot more exasperating than the younger person with her rather subdued cellular conversation. Think the cell phone woman actually had to raise her voice in order to be heard over the other one's yammering.

The scene changes but remains the same in many ways. Yet again it's on the 19 Polk. Once more it's my afternoon ride after work. Again there's two women talking to each other, one older than the other. Again, the older one's the nutty one (apparently).

Those bench-like rows of seats fastened to the wall of the bus, up near the front, the ones that face each other across the aisle, is where the action is. An older, coffee-with-milk-stirred-in-toned woman is staring at a younger white woman who looks like she might be a college student. The older woman then launches into some commentary, while kind of loopy, was, surprisingly, not *complete* gibberish. She didn't like the younger woman she'd fixated on and wasn't afraid just who knew it even if she wasn't real clear on where this contempt came from. See, she was the daughter-in-law of *both* the mayor and the chief of police so that made her word law, pretty much. That was her line, anyway. The student didn't have much to say (who would?) to this outburst. The daughter-in-law to the mighty then jumped up and got off in front of the place where I do my banking. What a comfort to see that I shared that with her.

Sometimes I ride the California Street cable car downtown on weekday mornings. Sometimes it's one of the Post Street busses that I choose. On a Friday a few weeks back I wanted to return some books to the library and the 2 Clement brings me the closest to my destination (right up to the front door in fact) so that's what I was waiting for at the stop at Van Ness and Post. Turns out I was also waiting for the Aggressively and Abusively Friendly Loud Drunken Street Lunatic too. Life's like that.

Saw the AAAFLDSL slouching up the other side of Post Street, going by the gym near the corner. Oooh, I take that back. I *heard* him coming, as usual. Just like his name says, he's pretty danged loud. Heard him yelling **GOOD MORNING** and **HELLO** and banging on street furniture as he trundled by. Ignored him like I usually do, just like the handful of other folks at the stop. This got him so worked up that he almost spilled his omnipresent tallboy can of malt liquor while bumpily jaywalking across the street (Why is it that street people always screw up crossing the street? They NEVER cross with the light. Come to think of it, in this town, hardly *anybody* crosses with the light. Huh.). When the AAAFLDSL finally caught up with his captive audience he started hurling abuse at us along with malt liquor-flavored droplets of spittle. His pet terms for us alternated between "faggot" and "maggot", which he seemed to think shared the same branch on the evolutionary tree.

Just the thing to listen to before I've had my first cup of office coffee.

In previous encounters I've tried, stupidly, shouting back at the AAAFLDSL. Got called "fat" for my efforts. "Sure, I'm fat but at least I'm not **CRAZY!**", was the best I could come up with.

The scene when seen from a bus window is ever changing. While waiting for the coach to



come by the stream of people passing is also constantly shifting, never the same. The brain tries to force explanations onto oddball events and behaviors, fit them into neat little pigeonholes. I don't really think that the urgings from extra-dimensional imps causes these people to act in this way. And while the booze or the drugs some of them may dose themselves with don't really improve their behavior, I don't think that's the cause of their troubles either.

People just act weird sometimes. Some are better at it than the rest of us is all. Some of those then make a career of it.

Where *is* that bus?

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**HOBBIES**

**BY**

**GRAHAM CHARNOCK**

"Don't you think Rich Coad looks like Earl?" Pat said.

We were sitting on our new leather sofa from New Leather Sofas Are Us, knees up eating banana chips, dried apricots (they keep you regular), and sharing a jug of rose wine, which was reported to come from California but was more likely from Perivale, at least that's where the off license was. One of the cats had just expectorated upon my dressing gown but I had managed to conceal it, I hoped, by draping a soiled tissue across the stain.

I have to explain. We were watching **My Name Is Earl** and not our bootlegged copy of Earl Kemp starring alongside Ron Jeremy and Traci Lords in, Nazi Jackboot Troilism.

"There is a resemblance," I said, "except that Earl is younger, and has more hair. The moustache is a dead ringer though. Although Rich possibly has a bigger dick than Ron."

"You need a hobby", said Pat, lighting up another Consulate Menthol cigarette, and helping herself to the remains of that evening's Shrimp Risotto.

"How's that?" I asked. I wasn't really hard of hearing, but narrative conventions conventions somehow demanded I ask it.

"You need to get out more", she said. "Get some exercise. A hobby or a sport. You're home made avocado dip is great but it's putting inches on your waist."

I laughed and nearly threw up my wine through my nose, but only because Earl's numbskull companion had just made a joke confusing Robin Hood and his green tights with Peter Pan and 'his little fairy companion'. But the more I think about it the more I realize it wasn't a regular joke at all but a rather homophobic one, which I didn't care to be associated with.

"You need to get out more", Pat persisted.

"Why would that be?" I asked.

"So that I can bring my toy boy round and shag him senseless while you're away."

"So I would need something to keep me occupied elsewhere for at least ten minutes," I said.

We laughed together, but in a very strained fashion that possibly only people who have been married for hundreds of years can possibly do. Pat tried to insert a banana chip up my left nostril. I applied a friction burn to her forearm. Her nostrils flared and then mine flared; we backed off, both aware that if both our nostrils flared at the same time, we might face nuclear meltdown, especially if there were candles and cheese nearby.

We fell off the sofa and collapsed in a sweating heap on the floor. It was better than sex, at least any sex we had had recently, except perhaps with amphibians.

The next morning, as I put my cycle clips on, to set off for work and wheeled my cycle out into the street where a coach emblazoned 'Euro Toy Boys Tour 2006' was parked, I thought seriously about what Pat had said the night before, especially about the ritualistic castration.

Perhaps I did need a hobby, if only something which would stop me ritualistically visiting chat rooms every night, and pleasuring myself onanistically. I thought about it seriously and then humorously. Cockle picking on Morecambe Sands, possibly not a good idea, I thought. Following England into Germany on their World Cup campaign? A possibility, but probably only a very short-lived one. I needed something which could occupy me for more than a few days.



As I was cycling down Kingsland Road a happy accident occurred. A maniac driving a brand new Honda jazz Automatic knocked me off my bike. Not so obviously a happy accident, at first sight, I agree. But it smashed the cell-phone in my pocket, thus enabling me to claim on insurance and buy a far superior model, which could actually download Sudoku. And also, when I hobbled into an adjacent newsagent to seek help, I happened across a copy of Surfboard International and my destiny exploded across my consciousness like an epiphany. Because there right next to it, was a copy of Papercraft Monthly, which explained

how with only a modest outlay I could produce home-made cards for every occasion, and also how to make miniature origami birds to grace any dinner party setting. Furthermore, for only £19.95 I could purchase a tray of sparkly plastic bits and bobs, which I could use to enhance my serviettes and other sundry paper products, like Christmas Crackers and table-setting notices for weddings and other functions, including possibly funerals.

No, sod that, I thought, grasping my copy of Surfboard International. Within two days I was down at Newquay getting soused on cider and shafting the local tottie and pretending I had a surfboard.

Pat? The hell with her.



George Scithers, a Master of the Universe, stood proudly at attention, ramrod stiff, chest puffed out, his red blazer and his checked polyester pants immaculately pressed and fitted to his five-foot-five frame. Around him swirled a convention.

"I am a Master of the Universe," George thought proudly, surveying his domain. "I am pleased. I am proud." The propeller on his beanie twirled with the passage of convention attendees.

One young man, tall and lanky, towering over George, almost ran into George. He almost knocked George down. "Oops, sorry," he said, dodging to one side.

George thrust out the hooked handle of his umbrella, snagging the young man's arm. "Not so fast there!" George said. "You almost knocked me down!"

"Hey, I said I was sorry. I didn't see you."

"*You didn't see me!?*" George repeated. He drew himself up to his full five-foot-five, all but launching himself onto his tiptoes. He bristled. "*You didn't see me, did you say?*"

"Um, no. Uh-uh."

"But," protested George Scithers, "I am a Master of the Universe!"

"What does that mean?" asked the tall young man. "A Master of the Universe? That's different, isn't it, from *the* Master of the Universe, right? So how many *a* Masters of the Universe are there, anyway?"

George Scithers, a Master of the Universe, reeled as through struck. For indeed this was the first time the realization *had* struck him: how many *other* Masters of the Universe were there?

He had always thought himself unique. Self-important and alone among these mere mortals, *he* was a Master of the Universe. But this impertinent and very tall young man had shattered that complacency with one blurted question. And now, all around George Scithers, the Universe shattered, reality reeled, and walls fell crumbling down.

*What is real?* Wasn't that the question Philip K. Dick was always asking? George tried to remember. It was hard to remember real science fiction. George didn't like real science fiction. Never had. Heroic fantasy was more his meat. What *did* Philip K. Dick say about reality, George wondered.

Turning slowly around, George Scithers at first thought that he was surrounded by mirrors. In every direction he looked, he saw short men, all five-foot-five, dressed as he was, in red blazers with polyester pants. And they all stood so straight, as if each had a poker rammed up his fundament, their chests puffed out so pompously, their expressions so—what? Earnest? Dedicated? *Fanatical*. They looked like zealots, he thought.

"It can't be mirrors," George thought. "They don't really look like me. I don't look like that. They *can't* be Masters of the Universe. They're not like me at all."

Quickly he hurried to his hotel room, and there changed out of his red blazer, replacing it with a blazer of bright plaid.

"There," he said, checking himself out in the mirror on the back of the bathroom door. "That's better. Now everyone will know how unique I am." And with the new plaid blazer George Scithers, a Master of the Universe, strutted back out into the convention, pleased with himself once more.



Now then - its time for your punishment. Its time for



# THE OBLIGATORY POETRY SECTION

## BUDDHISTS

(Stations of the Mildly Irritated)

I'll tell you about Buddhists, round here -  
They are only part baked, and no ones finished them  
Most are trying not to look at their fear,  
But some are simply lacking a full set of slots, or pins,  
Or something like that

Anyway you slice it, to get from Greenwich  
Maritime to Paddington is two changes, but to insist  
That one set of changes is superior to the other  
Is but a routine error value for a Buddhist  
Requiring no justification

And, castaways that we were, as a result  
Wandering in the great windy spaces beneath towers  
That babbled and staring into a deep muddy insult  
To my intelligence, as I thought with aching feet  
It dawned that he had meant Heron Quays

The result of which was more walking  
Along a moving walkway at Waterloo, while scrutinising  
Timetables to discover that his train was earlier than  
What he had confidently stated, and so with tension rising  
We abandoned all pretence of cool

Out of a sense of dutiful concern, without regard  
For my body mass index, we ran together up the flights of stairs  
To emerge on Paddington's smooth bright tiled and hard  
Concourse, though his train was a full fifteen minutes  
Leaving before mine, what else is new?

Leaving me to survey a colourful carriage  
Of sad laptop whackers and mobile tinklers, he hurtled off  
And sitting in deep analysis that lasted oh, at least to Royal Oak  
I realise that though Buddhists can easily mock and laugh and scoff  
At the rest of the world, they are at least as daft

And possibly the more so, given that they  
Are the ones who know what such lustreless thought leads to  
For all their inspiration, and desire to change or so they say  
They can only meditate upon the way forward, they cannot walk  
Forward and not get lost, or so it seems

The Buddhists round here, take my word for it  
Are as far from reality as the paved and altered ground  
Was that day from the top of Canary Wharf Tower, lost, no trace  
On the Isle of Dogs - I ask you, what can they think is found  
By being an outsider, like the rest of us?

If you need to ask who wrote it, you are not paying attention. However, I would be  
overwhelmed with relief and gratitude were someone else to volunteer some verses.





Well, what an **UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS!**

This issue we have some real letters.

Naturally, precedence dictates that we deal with the most senior among us first. On your knees then please, for The Right Honourable, Sir **LEROY RICHARD ARTHUR KETTLE**, Holder of the Order of Most Excellent Bollocks with bath:

*I enjoyed Motorway Dreamer. Nice use of animals in your amusing satire though I could take or leave the poetry as usual (nothing personal, just poetry). Fair takes you back a bit. Inevitably your hatred of civil servants and the public sector shows through just a glimmer but what's the fun in being a reactionary old bastard if you can't let it all hang out now and again.*

*My son saw it and said "Wow, Motorway Dreamer. Can I take a look?" But I think the reality didn't quite live up to the title for him. Age gap or intelligence. Who knows?*

Who indeed? But I cant quite get my head around being called a reactionary old bastard by a newly ennobled member of the establishment. Let us then pass on. Our next turn is a bloke who feels that no single week is complete and fulfilling if it should pass by without his pubbing an ish. Beside him, most of us are slothful to put it mildly - some of us indeed, must be dead and mouldering in comparison. It's **Chris Garcia**:

*Wow, the longest gestation in history leads to a very readable issue. A pal of mine, Mr. Johnny Regular (king of the Pseudonyms) started working on a zine about 1989 and, to my knowledge, has never pubbed it. He had hundreds of pages of material from all sorts of people, including me. Good to see that long-talked about projects do end up coming out eventually, and eFanzines.com no less!*

Might this be a certain Mr Lichtman of California, I ask in a spirit of honest enquiry?

*Love Into The Woods. Just an interesting little piece of Faanish writing that was utterly readable. Sadly, I must admit that I don't get all of the obvious pieces of reference, probably because I'm in my early 30s and from California and have little background, but I enjoyed it quite a bit.*

*Ah, poetry. In my zines, I try to avoid it like the plague...mostly because if I start I'll never stop. A friend of mine claims that all fanwriters want to be poets. I don't know if that's true, but I'm damn*

*sure that I've read enough poetry in fanzines to last me a lifetime.*

How sorry you will be to learn, Chris, that MOTORWAY DREAMER will, in the teeth of all disparagement, continue to publish Poetry. Its about time somebody did, after all

*The letters you did not receive section had me laughing hard. I think I've gotten that exact message from Ted White before.*

Yes, we all live in mortal terror of the strictures of the Big Bad Man from Falls Church. He's a pussycat really. Next up, **John Purcell**:

*I am trying to decide if I should howl with outrage, threaten you with legal action, confess my desire... No, wait a minute... strike that last one. Let's settle for a letter of comment. That I can handle.*

*So this little zine has had an outrageously long gestation period. Let's see, if we settle on the mid-seventies as when you first conceived of the idea for the zine, I guess 30 years isn't too long. In any event, I am glad to see you returning to the actifan fold. Myself, I fell into a period of nearly ten years of inactivity, and find that being interested again in fanzine fandom - even the electronic kind - is much more interesting and fun the second time around. Thus, welcome back to you.*

Thanks chief! Its so much easier than wading around up to your armpits in duper ink also, dont you think?

*Your little story was a cute little bit of faaanfic. Now what I have to do is decide who's who. Is Rat a version of you? ; Mole might be Dave Locke; Greg Pickersgill is Mythago Rabbit or Space Junk Vole; and Joseph Nicholas is Badger. Or something along these lines. I don't know; I'm just making this up as I go. No matter what, it was still fun to read.*

You've got a better imagination than I have! Mythago Rabbit could never be Greg Pickersgill if you think about it. Dave Locke and Joseph Nicholas were not Rats. At

least when I was around the Rats, they weren't.

*And the letters you didn't receive were likewise fun. I especially enjoyed the way you captured the flavour of Graham Charnock, Rich Coad, Ted White, and Greg Pickersgill, all of whose writings I am well aware of. Don't know of Linda Krawecke; assuming she's a Britfan of some past renown.*

Heres a clue: Linda is a former Mrs Badger, although she comes from New Orleans.

Thanks for your kind words John. Time now for some input from the sensible part of North America. Say hello to **Lloyd Penney**:

*I downloaded Motorway Dreamer 1, and now that I've got it...well, some things just need to be said about it. This has been gestating for all this time? Some things get better with time, like wine and cheese. As for fanzines, well...*

Aww c'mon Lloyd - why dont you come right out and say it was rubbish?

*Rat, Mole and Badger haven't stood the test of time, have they? Rat has discovered that most employers don't want someone good at their job, they want someone who's adequate and cheap. That's why I'm still job hunting after nearly a decade. I have some employment, but it's not in my line of work. It's paying the bills, and not much more.*

Yeah, I know the feeling. My line of work is a Record Producer, Musician and Porn Star, with a sideline in massive works of Space Opera, but I pay the bills by being an Accountant.

*Badger's a BNF? What's he up to? Working conventions, probably? What's he responsible for? Lack of Real Ale in convention hotel pubs? The problems with a location for the Tun?*

Ask him. I dont know what the responsibilities of being a BNF are apart from standing still long enough to suffer lampoons from those who do not enjoy such

nomenclature.

*In the hope that you've been utterly inundated with letters of comment, here's my bit to add to the flood. Looking forward to another issue!*

You've got it, sweetheart. Now, WE ALSO HEARD FROM **Rich Coad** ( " You've done a good thing!"), **Ted White** and **Graham Charnock**, But none of them could be arsed to write a proper LoC. But even they did better than the majority of you out there who were mute. Lets try and do better, or I will be forced to make them up again - maybe insert the fantasy ones among the genuine ones ( if any). Yeah, that sounds good...



*Illustration 1: Mr Coad: " Mole, I presume?"  
Mr Nielsen Hall: "Space Junk Vole, how ya doin?"*

Right! Thats your lot! Motorway Dreamer is © 2006 in respect of the editorial content ( dont make me laugh) 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. Prince Buster says " So long. Sorry we had to go soon..."