



O D D S ,
S O D S ...

TRIPLE CROSS
J. M.

Three short pieces for your delight and pleasure—no dark, heart wrenching angst and drama. The first, passed on to us by J. M., is a triple crossover: delicious, obscure, and mixing popular culture of today and yesterday. To fully comprehend the whole, you should be familiar with British TV and American newspapers of the 20th century. 'Nuff said. Write to the zine editor if you remain perplexed. The second story is rather a much of a muchness: pure fluff, but sufficient to make a ball of yarn. And finally, another absurd virgin tale from the Scot. This time out it's *Red Dwarf*.

The following manuscript appeared on-screen while our computer was downloading from an obscure bulletin board. The author claims to be following in an arduous and venerable literary tradition but acknowledges that computers are marginally easier on the head than the typewriters which were his species' original medium.

where the hell are we, one of them said.
they'd come through the free-standing doorway and were looking around in disbelief.
i kept quiet. nobody notices us much if we're quiet. luckily i was wearing my pinstriped culottes, not the ones with the red hearts.
dunno. that was the curly haired one. he walked around the door and looked at the other side. weird, he said.
but ray, said the first one, what would hrh be doing here. and where the hell is here.
you already said that, bodie, said the one called ray.
i could have told them, but i kept quiet.
i could hear sounds in the distance, the shuffling and crashing and moaning and screaming that means my big nosed buddy is having another crisis. he's always having crises, but he's had more than usual since bill took up with princess di and started reading descartes again. he was coming toward us.
look, ray, said bodie.
opus was just coming over the hill. he was wearing his jockey shorts. he does that sometimes.
they were looking in the other direction.
a little girl, said bodie. maybe she can tell us where we are.
ronald-ann was standing with her back to them. she turned around as they came up to her. that stopped them. ronald-ann in her madonna starter slut kit would stop anyone.
uh, said bodie.
but ray had looked over his shoulder. he tapped bodie on the arm.
bodie—
aaaigh, exclamation point, screamed opus pulling out his hair which he doesn't have. even the ack¹ support group doesn't understand, exclamation point. cats, exclamation point.

¹ *Anxieties from Our Cats and Kitties—ed.*

