

2008 - 3rd EDITION

SKITTILERS



FACT FILE:

CREATED FROM
THE MIND THAT
IS **CHAPPERS** and
brought to life by
The **DexFactor**



From the
creator of
Chappers - Blog
Season 2006/07
and 2007/08

THE LOST BLOGS...

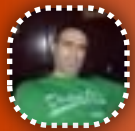
Lee Chapman has managed to tap into the
subconscious minds of his fellow skittlers.
But who will actually own up to
the truth...



The Original files

Lee has gone through
all of the lost blogs
to give us the
following excerpts...

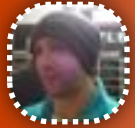
THESE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS ARE AVAILABLE ON THE WEBSITE



THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 1 - ROBS TAIL



THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 5 - "BIG H"



THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 2 - OPERATION BOD



THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 6 - "OLD KING COL"



THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 3 - STEVE'S
SWINGTIME



THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 7 - "THE DEX FACTOR"

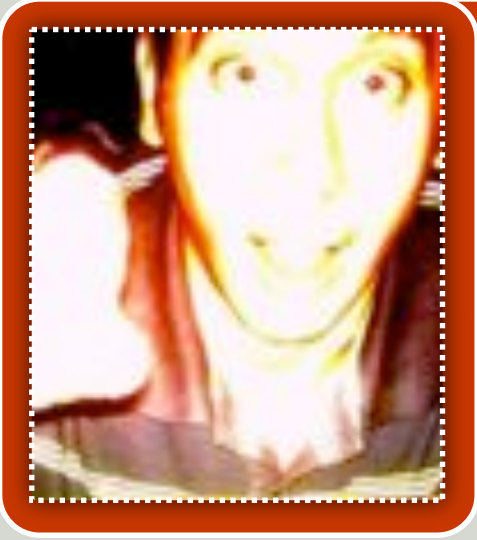


THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 4 - TOM CLARK SCHOOL DAZE

THE LOST BLOGS THE SEASON FINALE "DEVILS IN THE DETAIL"



THIS EDITION WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY TD PUBLICATIONS IN ASSOCIATION WITH LIQUOR & POKER SKITTLE TEAM



THE LOST BLOGS

"THE DEX FACTOR"

It was a usual Thursday night for Dex. Not his favourite kind of Thursday night when he was out with the lads skittling but the time of the month Thursday night when his wife went out on her social come charity work. It left him home alone with his two point four children, that's his two plus the little bit inside him that had failed to grow up.

Dex was an average bloke. Average is seen as a bit of a bad thing in the current thread of time. Dex didn't know that his Dex factor would change all that. He didn't know that one phone call that he took could almost be responsible for the end of evolution as we know it. The Dex factor in its time would become more deadly than global warming. How could he know? He was just an average kind of bloke?

He had been watching Holby Blue to fill the time. The kids were already settled in bed and apart from wishing the lads good luck there was little he could do. He couldn't text to find out how



they were getting on as that smacked off of desperation. Holby Blue would have to do. Only it couldn't. He wandered to the fridge not actually hungry but looking for something to eat as again this would give him something to do. Maybe he could just text now and hope it took a little while to get the message through. At least he would be involved in some little way in the end of season title race. He shut the fridge door not having found anything of interest and then moved to the food cupboard. As he was about to open the peanut butter for the hell of it the phone rang. Excited by the prospect of something to take his mind of Liquor & Poker and not wanting the kids to wake up as then he would have something to do, he dashed across to the phone. He picked up the

receiver and at first there was nobody on the end of the line. Eventually some computer in India kicked in and connected.

"Hello Can I speak to Mr Dexter please?" said the Asian voice on the other end

"Yep speaking" said Dex.

"Good evening Mr Dexter. Do you have a few moments you could spare me to answer a some questions for Target Market Research?" If you fit the bill our sponsors will send on some discount vouchers for relevant products as a thank you for your time."

Dex was board so said "Go on then ask away" An hour later with no thought to identity theft Dex had told the Asian Chris Tarrant on the other end his life story and much more in between. Chris Tarrant thanked Dex for his time and reconfirmed he would send on the discount vouchers. Dex thought nothing more of it and noting that Holby Blue had finished thought now was time to text the Boys.

A week passed and Dex forgot all about his phone call. He went out to skittles as he does on one of his favourite usual Thursdays, went to work, updated the Web site and road the nippy bus. He came home from an arduous day playing minesweeper at work to find a big brown envelope lying on the doormat. He opened it and was pleasantly surprised to see a big wedge of freebie vouchers drop to his feet. There was 50% off shoes, 75% off Playstation products, £100 off any holiday and even a free big mac with every kids meal. The phone call came flooding back to Neil and he thought to himself not bad for a few questions. There was also a letter that read



Target Research telemarketing
Marketing House
Marketing Square
Market Street
Market
MA7
3T

Dear Mr Dexter.

Thank you for responding to the recent Target Research telemarketing campaign. The time spent was invaluable to us in helping direct our client's products to the correct audience. As stated within the call we share your answers with other researchers within the subscription group. We would like to use you and you're details again if you are willing. Within the data you provided were some startling facts that make you of extra special importance to us. It would appear that you are very much the true Mr Average. Against all odds you are the most average person in the world. We have double-checked your records to our extensive database and it would appear you are of average weight & height for your age, but you were also of exact average weight and height when you were born. You got married at the average age for a man in the uk which is also the average age for the globe. Your wife was at the exact average age to get married to you at the time, you have the average 2.4 children, live in the average size house and even your car is the most averagely sold car, in the most common colour in the country and you consume the average amount of petrol. As you can see Mr Dexter this is a whole lot of averages. We would like to explore more averages with you, as I believe you will have an above normal level number of average statistics to your name. We have only just scratched the surface of the importance finding you and the financial gain it could bring you. Please accept these vouchers as agreed within our initial phone call however you will be directly recompensed by our sponsors in future. We would ask that you keep your own importance secret until we have been able to finalise a contractual obligation between us.

Thank you once again.

Yours
Asian Chris Tarrant

PS The above content contains the exact average number of words for a letter

Well I never thought Dex I better put this letter on the web. He gave Karen the shoe vouchers then loaded the kids in his average car and took them for a happy meal.

Twenty Five years later Neil looked up on the letter now encased on the wall in a frame. He had left Liquor & Poker far behind him. It turned out that his above average skittling performance was detrimental to his position as the most average man in the world. The team had folded anyway after Hyder started a fight between the lads over calling his lager top a lager average. His sponsors had soon found more and more statistics that made Neil uniquely average and eventually encouraged Neil to change things he did to ensure they were the average things. The more average Neil became the more financially attractive he became to marketing groups. Every decision Neil made was scrutinised. If Neil decided he wanted to wear a green all in one weatherproof jacket with storm flaps then the marketing machine would pour money into his product of choice.

THE
L-OST
BI-OGS

THE LOSERS.

The money grew and eventually Neil had become too hot a property to contain and the media story broke. The headline in the Sun read "He has the Dexfactor" as some hack had worked out he was worth more than Simon Cowell himself. Neil made appearances on this morning with Philip & Fern, started the national lottery draw and even got a Gok Kwan make over on how to look average naked. Top gear became Average Gear. Top Shop became Average Shop. This led to more serious work on Dispatches and Tonight with Trevor Macdonald



as the trend for being the best stopped being the most financially rewarding. Everyone wanted either a piece of Neil or to get as close to him as possible. He replaced David Beckham as the face of Gillett razors. He bagged millions from the supermarket chains as they competed for his endorsement. As the money rolled in the world rolled to a halt.

Why be the best when you can be the most average? Average was no longer mediocre. Fastest was so yesterday. All kinds of weird things started to happen.

Tottenham became the most

financially viable team in the premiership by dint of their most average performances. The nearer the middle of the table you were the better it was. Score Draws and then nil-nil draws became more frequent until actually football itself as a game became pointless. Supporters only went to the match because watching football was the thing the average man did at the weekend. The

... He replaced David Beckham as the face of Gillett razors...

Champions League collapsed due to being unfashionable. Ironically Arsenal went into receivership, as they were unable to adjust and continued to overspend on foreign players. With their history of boring boring Arsenal they should have done better.

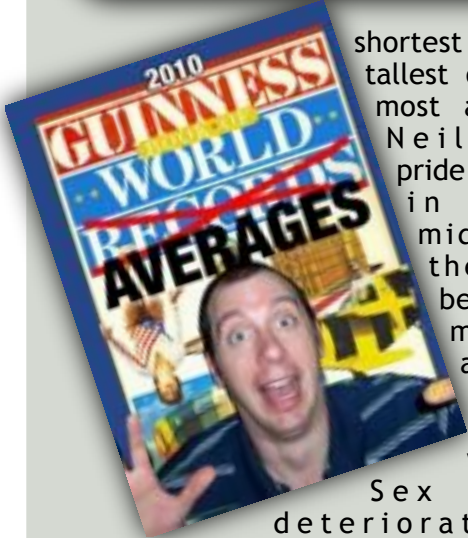
... Tottenham became the most financially viable team...

Films that would have easily have made more money were suddenly pulled from the cinemas as the neared the average viewing levels to ensure they were not over subscribed. Ironically the diversity of small factions grew for a while as money that had previously been pumped into being the best was redirected into other avenues. Everything either bulked up to an average trading level or downsized to the same average. The Guinness book of records changed its format and no longer praised the

... he wanted to wear a green all in one weatherproof jacket with storm flaps...



... With their history of boring boring Arsenal they should have done better...



shortest or the tallest only the most average. Neil took pride of place in the middle of the book being the most average person in the world.

Sex lives deteriorated as women's group insisted the average man only got any once a week and that the once a day average was a fallacy dreamt up by horny men. Neil had to suffer an entire month under the gaze of monitoring cameras to prove the controversial statistic but owing to the camera actually was only able to persuade Karen once and thus the statistic got validity.

Without the competition needed to fuel growth and development the world grew to a halt. Neil was called in to see world leaders who asked his advice on how they could make their country the most average. Neil suggested that the only way to all be truly average was to do away with country borders and then with only one global country nobody would be better than the other. Religious leaders got behind Neil as the new messiah. The world leaders then all stood down as they no longer wanted to



Neil as the new messiah

lead. Leading was so yesterday. Neil was the man who had banished greed and created world peace in one stroke. Imagine there's no country. Its easy if you try.

But imagine if you can, being the number one person in the world when actually by being the most average person in the world you create the dichotomy you are trying to avoid. Being the best average person is actually still to be the best. Maintaining his position came at a huge cost to Neil. His wealth went into trusts to avoid actually being his. He couldn't drive the fast new car he had been given as this would dilute everything. He had been forced to divorce because the average marriage had a shelf life. He hadn't been able to live in a big house or even to buy the latest PS3 stuff. And anyway there no longer were any big houses to live in as these had been pulled down as excessive and tasteless and 3 bed

semis had become the house of choice. Everyone wore the same, clothes, earned the same money, sported the same receding hair (even the women) and lived the same lives. Life became safe

but it also became dull. What good was a Playstation 3 when the average person had a Playstation 2. No new games were developed, as nobody could actually be bothered. Soon the average thing to do was nothing. Food crops were planted but in good seasons much left unharvested as overproduction was frowned upon. Quotas were allocated for everything and

THE LOST BRIGGS

...once a day average was a fallacy dreamt up by horny men...

"THE LAST BLOCS"

... Everyone wore the same, clothes, earned the same money, sported the same receding hair...



penalties levied for both over and underachievement. The only problem with this was that there were still an above average number of mouths to feed. Global warming continued and wiped out the average crop that was almost ready for harvest and because there were no longer any reserves people started to starve. This should have been a problem but for the fact nobody really cared as average mortality rates rose everywhere. Were in the past aggression over limited resources would have surfaced and the fittest survived now the fittest were frowned upon and couldn't actually be bothered. The population dwindled with development and aspiration.

So despite all his achievements Neil stood alone in his average house in his average street in the average world. He did nothing as was expected of him as he sat and waited for the end of his average life span. It had been determined that he should die on the prescribed date either by natural causes or assisted if need be. Suicide in this dull world had become an



average way to die (living to a ripe old age was very last century) so depressingly Neil looked on at the framed letter on the wall. He was only vaguely able to remember the phonecall that had started it all. He was defiantly the most average man in the world and this was because he was the last man in the world. Neil Dexter last man standing he thought to himself as he slipped away into infinity.

Back in 2008 Chappers was in the alley cementing his position as bottom of the averages. He looked anxiously at his watch checking and double-checking the time. Casually for no other reason other than will be clarified in the final blog installment he made a call on his mobile. "Hey Dexter" he said "wanna know how were doing?"

In Asia a Chris Tarrant sound a like made his marketing research call. The number connected and was busy. The computer moved on to the next number and the world as we know it breathed deeply. A win still mattered going into the last league game of the season. Promotion was still possible and was still a prize to be cherished.

The computer moved on to the next number and the world as we know it breathed deeply.





THE LOST BLOGS

"DEVILS IN THE DETAIL."

It was a usual Thursday night for Chappers. Going to the Armoury or wherever to be with the lads. Just pleased to belong. Whilst he knew most of the boy's deepest secrets they didn't know nor could they ever find out his. For Chappers being part of the team was everything. The acceptance without question. The rituals of familiarity. They had all been hard earned and just as hard kept, for Chappers was in league with the Devil.

To understand why Chappers would make any deal with Satan you have to go way back in history to a time when he had been stood in the line at school. Wind whistling round his lily white knees as he stood waiting in his nylon black PE shorts to be accepted by anyone in the humiliating picking of teams selection. It didn't matter what sport, he was always last or second from last.

Team picking was always on the basis of both skills at the game in question mixed with teenage politics. Chappers was not talented in either of these areas and on every occasion found himself both wishing that he would be picked before the smelly kid whilst at the same time sharing his humiliation. At no point in our school lives was there ever such a barbaric display of victimisation.

Chappers worked hard at his interpersonal skills and made sure he washed regularly and eventually through clever networking found himself a place and more importantly a team. Being in the conceptual days of Liquor & Poker (then known as Great Expectations, The erections & Nomads of Gabon) was where he and some of

the others grew up. Being part of something was great, being the Captain was initially an honour. Golden years and halcyon days. As I said some of the skittlers grew up and some didn't. It was a black night in the Wine Vaults when Chappers finally lost control of his team and the belonging bubble burst. The fire extinguisher flooded alley and ensuing fight saw him hit a low point. With no option other than to walk away with only his pride intact, from the only team he had ever known, leaving his true friends in the mire. The facts of the demise of the then team and the phoenix like rise from the ashes of the new improved model are well documented but now you can find out what happened to Chappers in that missing year and how he dealt with the devil to safe guard both the teams return and its long term future.

So your social life has just jumped off the cliff and you are in friends and family freefall how exactly do you find Satan to do a deal with him anyway. Well you don't find him, he finds you. It's no wonder the worlds going to hell in a handcart when Beelzebub is constantly recruiting and yet the other club is becoming more and more exclusive. Satan found Chappers one ale fuelled evening behind the Kebab house. Chappers had asked for his favourite Super sized Doner kebab with



would be picked before the smelly kid



behind the Kebab house. Chappers had asked for his favourite Super sized Doner kebab with



chilli sauce and extra chilli's to soak up the numerous pints he had already poisoned his system with. As he walked up the dark lane behind the takeaway looking for a spot to take a leak he felt the world start to spin. At first thinking it was the ale and he was going to hurl, he grabbed at the wall only to find it gone. He felt hot and the back of his mouth burnt which was down to the kebab. His eyes stung and he squeezed them shut. Then a big booming voice said " Hell O Chappers. Come on down the price is right"



Chappers opened his eyes to see a massive nothing surrounded by fire and brimstone. "Come on into the black and join with old red. lashings and pokers for two in a bed!" Echoed the voice again.

"Oh my god I'm in hell" blurted Chappers.

"Uh Uh Sorry Chappers but I can only accept your first answer" boomed the voice. "The answer you were looking for was Oh my Satan I'm in hell" said Satan. It appeared to Chappers that the humble game show was in fact the spawn of the devil. He did wonder why Gameshows and not ITV comedy but

he wasn't in a position to point this failing out..

"Here is your starter for 10. If you can have anything in the world what would it be?" Chappers who was not used to negotiating with the Devil wished he was a little more sober so said in a slurred voice " I could use a clear head if I am going to get out of this"

"Easy one" said the old devil. He snapped his fingers and in a flush of flame Chappers headache was gone but so was his hair.

"Now do you want to go high or lower than a bald head?" said the game show loving devil.

"I wouldn't t mind being part of the old team again?" said Chappers.

"Now that's what I like to hear, he's going to gamble. Are you sure about this, you wouldn't rather have world peace or Linda Lusardi? Quipped Beelzebub.

Chappers knowing what he had lost by walking away from the Wine Vaults only had to think for the briefest of seconds before confirming his wish.

"So be it" said the Devil.



" You realise there are rules. Firstly to avoid direct conflict with heaven above I can't be openly seen to help you. You need to do this yourself but I will tell you how to both bring the team back and importantly for me keep it together. The price you must pay for this social resurrection will be that you will never be any good at skittles and every other week you must suffer the

humiliation of being dropped from the team. In your fortnightly pain I will be

THE "LOST" BIBLES

"Come on into the black and join with old red. lashings and pokers for two in a bed!"

THE "SIBLOS" BLOGS

repaid. Now don't touch the pack and you'll go right back."

Chappers came to behind the Kebab shop. He picked his Doner backup off the floor and thought it had all been a drunken dream.

A few days later having spent the weekend in on account of having no mates anymore he was watching Wheel of Fortune when the first of his subliminal instructions came though. The phrase on the screen whilst missing some vowels definitely said, "Ch_ppers st_rt you own f_nt_sy footb_ll le_gue". And that's how it started.



The first step in the plan was to start a friends and family fantasy football league on an invite only basis. This was the perfect reason to keep in touch with those on the team he actually liked and provide a link between them all. The next step was to mug a postman. Not just any postman but the postman delivering the re entry application cards to the Friday night skittles league. Having mugged the postie it was a simple matter of finding and losing the Nomads of Gabon entry form. The new captain was bound to get the blame for not re registering the side



and the old troublesome team would collapse. With the links maintained and some gentle pushing a new and improved Thursday night team could be formed with Chappers safely back in the ranks.

A few weeks later whilst watching Catchphrase Chappers got a message sending him up North. He didn't know why all he new was he had to drive as fast as he could up the



M6. He was getting tired and thinking it was a wild goose chase when all of a sudden out of nowhere an elderly woman giving three ex miners a backy on a shopmobility cart swerved across into his path. Chappers could do nothing to avoid the old woman and her passengers and he crashed into them killing them instantly. Not

wanting to explain why he was travelling nowhere in particular Chappers managed to drive his damaged ford fiesta home to Yeovil where he concocted a story about sneezing and hitting a shuttle bus. Nobody can find out he thought "Death before Dishonour."

Another few weeks passed and this time watching Countdown

Chappers got a message advising him to fly to Mexico. There he had to buy a bull and take it to a lap dancing bar much like the one in dusk till dawn. (It was still in one piece therefore



concocted a story about sneezing and hitting a shuttle bus. Nobody can find out he thought "Death before Dishonour."

Chapper's arrival was prior to Clooney & Tarantino.) He took the bull and tethered it next to line of hells angel's motorbikes. Having delivered his bull he went into the bar and enjoyed a bootyliscious evening of red neck music and Selma snake charmer winding round a pole. Though he got some curious looks from the weird looking regulars they all stayed well away from him. Only the bar tender spoke to him briefly to thank him for delivering the bull. Nobody would touch him out of respect for the delivery he had made



and that it was going to be used in some local lunar ritual. Chapper's got a bit merry and did his own stint on the pole until he eventually

passed out from too many tequilas. When he came to in the morning he was alone. Outside the bull had gone but there was an American salesman sat crying nearby. He said a rabid bull that had run off heading for the border had bitten him. Not my problem thought Chappers as he headed back to the UK. I've done what's been asked. "Be the Bull" he thought.

During the missing year Chappers performed numerous task after receiving messages from the underworld. Some made sense but others were completely obscure. Mugging, Delivery boy and hit and run were only a few of the darker deeds he did. Chappers began to question his sanity until the eventual day when 3 Cheers 4 were formed and he was able to see the benefit of his efforts. It was good to be back in the alley and part of the team however

Chappers felt the hand off fate upon him every time he threw a ball. If he ever threw a decent first ball

he would miss the spare chance however hard he tried. It was as if someone was guiding his hand. True to form he stayed bottom of the averages. Occasionally he managed to stay focused enough to hit a spare. If this happened he was suddenly hit by a sharp pain in his testicles which he disguised as a wacky celebration dance. On the

suddenly hit by a sharp pain in his testicles which he disguised as a wacky celebration dance

odd occasion he was allowed to do well Satan always made sure everyone else did better. Chappers had to deal with the feeling of failure every other week but to be fair he got what he wanted as being dropped from the team still meant he was part of it and you could always play irrelevant. But the devil hadn't finished with him he still had dark deeds to do and keeping the team together was more important for Beelzebub than anyone ever knew.

The messages continued but not as frequently. The next one he had told him to go to London. He took the train up and did the monopoly board sightseeing trip on an open top bus. Old Kent Road to Pentonville Road was boring. He took a chance, just visited the jail then carried on his trip to Northumberland Avenue. The bus stopped in free parking for a while and Chappers was able to get a super duper kebab which he snuck back onto the bus. They passed The Strand and Fleet Street and were just turning onto Trafalgar Square when the ticket inspector climbed to the top floor of the bus. Chappers not wanting to be caught with the kebab on



THE "LOST" BRIGGS

THE LOST BLOGS

him as there was a strict no eating policy hussed the kebab remnants over the side. From the opposite direction a man looking like Marky G ran into the road heading for the press in Fleet Street. He was looking worriedly over his shoulder so didn't



see the discarded Kebab and slipped up. Before he could get up a mysterious white car that



sped of in the direction of Buckingham Palace ploughed him down. Chappers only heard the squeal of tyres as the bus moved on. Leicester Square thought Chappers.

More recently whilst watching Who wants to be a millionaire? Chappers had gotten a message to go and befriend a group of ASBO collectors on the local estate. He had left the comfort of his home to hang around outside Chippies. As he was starting to get chilly a group of



hoodies slank from the shadows. The gang pinched Chappers rough chips which was what he had planned. He had spiked the chips

with magic mushroom dust. This made the kids more pliable and soon he had told them the fun they could have torching cars and steeling wheels from cars. He told them that the best wheels to steel were from fiat puntos because with practice they could come off in under 10 seconds. Don't forget the one in the

boot he called to the mob "Its my most favourite of spares" Chappers left them to practice and pretty soon the area had become a no go area after dark where only a special agent or someone who was lost would venture after dark.

Watching Ant & Decs Takeaway he had been told to go to Wincanton races and inject every horse in the 3.30 excluding Badger Beer with more of the devils drugs. Badger beer romped home and Chappers did well not to get arrested as he climbed out of the stables rear exit. He snagged his leg on the needle in his pocket. Under the influence of the residual sedative he staggered away. Officials just thought he was pissed so let him pass. Chappers giggled "leg on the needle not quite arm at the pin" he thought. The messages dried up and Chappers began to relax.

Playing the quiz machine in the Armoury the latest and most unexpected message arrived. It was a simple task to perform and yet the Devil had promised that if Chappers was to do it correctly the deal between them would be complete. This was final payback and all he had to do was ring Dex at precisely 8.47. He said ironically that if I didn't do this task exactly as promised then the world as we know it would come to an end Worryingly for him that meant no more lost souls. Greed was one of his favourite sins and if Neil didn't respond to the call apathy would rule. Apathy was not one of the seven deadly sins therefore he would be out of business. Chappers was nervous as the time arrived. He had skittled like a right numpty and had hit only 2 at

He had skittled like a right numpty

rough skittles in the opening hand. But how could he concentrate when the end of the world was at stake. He looked anxiously at his watch checking and double-checking the time. As casually as he could he made a call on his mobile. "Hey Dexter" he said "wanna know how were doing?" Dex was grateful for the call, as he had been bored at home whilst his Mrs went to PTA stuff. He was going to have to sort

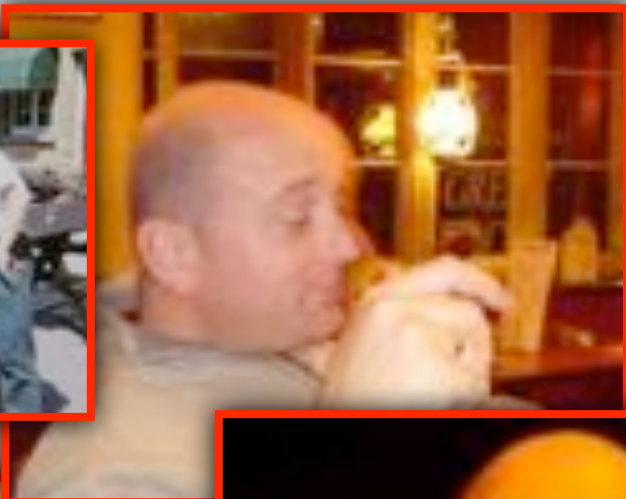
this out before next season, as not being at the game was hard. Chappers let him talk till eventually Dex got Chappers to promise he would take a photo of the food and the opposition then hung up to go of in search of a biscuit. Buying the scratchings for the last time in the season Chappers was able to breath. He skittled with fluidity like never before. You've changed he thought. Bring on next season when with no curse and no excuse I might be able to help us back to first flight skittles.

With Satans calming influence gone we have only our friendship and the game to bind us. Not one of us lives a completely normal life in every regard. Bod being constantly late is only a reflection of his commitment to his own family values. Rob taking the odd night off to bond with his wife to be is fine and right. Hyder working shifts is him just doing what he has to do. Dex ploughing hours into the web site without expecting a return highlights his commitment. Col being there every time providing he can get a lift. Steve being there everytime providing the day has a Y in it. Chappers being there to supplement his calorific in take. All of us and any of us being there UTUP.

We all have faith in each other. We find meaning in that quiet faith and the little miracles that everyday life brings. We are defined by the unity, the hope and the underpinning foundation of having a laugh. Laughing at each other, with each other or even at our selves. In jokes and stories that have grown a life of their own over the years. We are what we are. There is no need to edit ourselves for the benefit of the wider community. That is not to say we are exclusive. We have evolved over the seasons to what we are now and will continue to evolve. We have lost friends as they have moved on but we recognise the part they played to bring us to now in the stories we recall. We have gained new friends and again we recognise their value both now and in the stories untold, as we do of those friends and players still over the future horizon.

Skittles is not just for Christmas its for life.

THE LOST BILBOES



The erectations + guests

