

2008 - 2ND EDITION

SKITTILERS



FACT FILE:

CREATED FROM
THE MIND THAT
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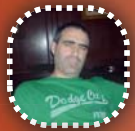


From the
creator of
Chappers - Blog
Season 2006/07
and 2007/08

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...

THESE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS ARE AVAILABLE ON THE WEBSITE



THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 1 - ROBS TAIL



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



THE LOST BLOGS...
PART 2 - OPERATION BOD



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



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



The Original files

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

THE LOST BLOGS ARE CONTINUED...

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

Who will be next?



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

THE LOST BLOGS "BIG H"



It was a usual Thursday night for Hyder. Boy was he glad it was a usual Thursday night too. His past life was that but sometimes it felt like only yesterday that he had gotten himself into such a

compromising position. As he placed a bet with Dex over who would hit the most pins he realised that gambling could have cost him oh so much.



Hyder had always liked the odd flutter. He backed the horses, the football, the dancing on ice final,

Eurovision and even who would be Christmas number one. He had done lucky dips, accumulators, triple casts, pod casts, raffle tickets and even Bod's works dream team. He had gotten himself into a financial hole though by betting with Barry the van driver at work over who could eat the most bacon fries. It had been a slow night shift and Bad Barry had egged Hyder on. Hyder knew how much he loved bacon fries so nobody was going to out eat him. They had



diverted the pub supplies van off the A303 to Hyder's workplace and were now perched in the back of the van. The entire shift was gathered round and heavy money had been placed on Hyder. Hyder himself had put his entire Disney holiday fund £2305

down on the bet as he had so much confidence. "3,2,1 go" called the independent invigilator. Hyder tore open the first packet of bacon fries and literally poured the entire contents of the purple packet down his throat. Barry was unnerved and he calmly picked up his own first packet and snaffled them down. Hyder and Barry were evenly matched, packet for packet. They easily passed ten packs and confidently passed twenty then thirty. Hyder looked up at Barry eating his 58th packet and new he was starting to struggle. Barry was finding it difficult to swallow and his mouth had dried. Hyder was going well and was actually still looking forward to the next packet he would face. Barry new he would soon be beat so implemented his devious switcheroo scheme.



Hyder was calling to his shift mates saying he felt good, to watch and learn and that he had it in the bag. Whilst Hyder wasn't looking Barry quickly put a seriously out of date packet next in Hyder's line. Hyder wolfed it down in his usual style only to find it tasted more like cheesy moments. His stomach lurched at the thought of cheese and the next thing he knew he had chundered all over his cashmere cardigan. He was instantly disqualified and Barry had won. Bigger thought Hyder, he had cancelled his sky sports to save for the holiday and now the pot of cash was gone. Vicky his Mrs was going to kill him.

His stomach lurched at the thought of cheese

Not one to quit he asked for a rematch this time putting Vicky's horse up as collateral. "Come on Barry double or quits" he begged. Barry knowing he could not eat anymore bacon fires agreed to let him have a chance to win his money back. This time it would be a simple game of chase the ace. Best of 3.

Hyder who always had a pack of cards with him jumped at the chance. As loser he would have the benefit of



...refused to take Hyder's kids or his collection of Arsenal shirts as collateral...

the pack first. He dealt to Barry and looked at his own card the 10 of spades. Barry stuck and so did Hyder. Barry turned the Jack of diamonds with a smile and Hyder depressingly turned the 10 over to record his first loss. Barry dealt himself a queen and hoped Hyder wouldn't swap. Hyder swapped him his four for Barry's queen and the pack gave Barry no pleasure. They were even. Before Hyder could take the pack back to deal again Barry picked up the cards and gave them a shuffle. Hyder complained bitterly that this was cheating and he had never scene the like. He felt vindicated when he dealt himself the Jack of diamonds again. Barry took it though and left Hyder his three of hearts. Hyder had no choice but to swap with the top card. As he flipped over the lead card the Ace of spades stared back at him and he was up the creek without a paddle. He had lost the holiday fund and Vicky's horse. It had not been a good night.

used his connections in the past to start a racket of fetish porn magazines. With the rising to fame of Jamie Oliver & Nigella Lawson food had become sexy and pervs were crying out for more explicit M&S food adds. He had a studio set up in his spare lorry so he could make whatever nasty flicks he could see an opening for. All he needed was a fool to play the star. With Hyders love of food and his financial predicament he knew he had an easy target here.

Hyder turned up at Hardisty and saw Bad Barry in the cab of his truck.

"In the back Hyder" he called.

Hyder wasn't sure what he was getting into but it had a feel of something dodgy. Was he going to have to distribute hooky gear? To his delight when he pulled open the door he found a busty brunette called

Sharon and a Blonde bird called Debbie so maybe this job wasn't going to be so bad.



Bad Barry had climbed up behind him into the trailer. "Ever wanted to be in the movies Hyder? He asked with a smile.

"Hang on a minute" said Hyder "I aint going to be in no Frankie Vaughan film"

"Ah don't worry" said Barry "I wont be taking any close ups of your face and we can create a stage name for the end credits so nobody will ever know unless you want them to"

"But wont it be like cheating on the wife," said Hyder.

"No" said Barry "you're only acting so it doesn't count"

you're only acting so it doesn't count

THE LOST BRIGGS

was an illegitimate son of Huge Heffenor

THE BIGGEST

"Oh that's alright then," said Hyder "Where do I start?" His clothes were off faster than you could say Willy Hills. Barry looked at him as said "Well by the look of you Big H can be your stage name. Now this particular flick is called Bar Snack Babes. It's the first in a series of films I'm doing for the Food Freaks."

I like babes & I like bar snacks thought Hyder this is going to be wicked.

Your part in this is to be the table of love that Debbie & Sharon here are going to dine off. I've just bought a feast of snacks from the Waggy across the road. We will



start with your favourites, bacon fries being poured over you and Debbie will eat and lick them off. Then she will pop a pickled egg in your belly button and after she has crushed up ready salted walkers all over you Sharon will take her turn. All you have to do Big H is look like your enjoying it. If you're still comfortable we will move on to Pork Scratchings, Bombay Mix & Chip Sticks." Mmmmmm... chip sticks thought Hyder.

"Action" called Barry. Hyder did as he was told and lay there whilst the ravenous blonde licked and slurped the length of his body searching out every single crumb of bacon fry. Oh my god he thought this is wicked but I shouldn't be enjoying this. I know its only acting but... his thoughts were interrupted there as the cold pickle egg was

popped into his cavernous belly button." Luckily Hyder had never been too taken with pickled eggs so the smell of the vinegar and the sting of the crushed crisps grinding between his body and the brunettes face was enough to keep him focused. Think of the money he thought. No more betting if I get out of this without the other half ever finding out. Before he knew it the duo had munched their way through to the pork scratchings. "Crunch them baby, Yeah crunch them" Cried Barry really enjoying his work. Hyder was staying professional trying to think of England. The sound of the crackle and crunch of the girls chewing their way through bags of Mr Porkys was not sexy in anyway so Hyder had to sneak a quick peek of their bouncing bazookas to ensure he didn't let himself down. The Bombay Mix was worryingly from the same stockist that Martin at the armoury used and even the fumes stung his eyes. This time it was a view of the peachy naked buttocks that kept Hyder in the zone. It was all going so well until the salt and vinegar chips sticks came out. He had been forced to keep his legs together and a long line of chip sticks had been tightly squeezed into the gap between them standing like soldiers all the way from his feet to his own little soldier. The girls were taking turns going down and eating a stick each. Long slow and languid movements akin to a flake advert saw the line of soldiers disappear as they worked upwards along his body. Hyder focused and focused but he could take no more. He sat bolt up right and bent down to his own knees and started gobbling the chips sticks for all he was worth in an orgy of joy. Oh yeah Chip Sticks he screamed finally letting go as he and the girls finished the take in whirl of teeth and tongues. His appetite sated and the chip sticks gone he led back down.

"Cut" Called Barry." Great Hyder that's a wrap. Only three more films

...bent down to his own knees and started gobbling the chips sticks for all he was worth...

like that and your debt will be cleared. There's a shower in the back Hyder. Clean your self up and we can get ready for the next film Pie N Bean Banging" Ohhh Pie and Beans thought Hyder as he readied himself.

Sharon & Debbie had put on different wigs to look like a fresh set of ladies. In addition they were both dressed as naughty dinner ladies complete with hair in a net. Hyder had to put on an overall, which was fastened at the front with quick release buttons. Barry explained this time he was trying to add some elements of acting. Big H was to walk to a pretend counter and ask for pie and beans. The Girls would dish up the biggest plate of pie and beans and then ask if they could join him. They would then rip off their clothes and writhe around on the floor in the pie and beans until they were covered and only then would they start to eat the contents from one another. Barry had been to the Munch King for fresh pie and beans and insisted on starting

as soon as possible before it all went cold. Hyder did as he was directed and easily got to the bit where



they had to mush up the pies and beans with their bodies. Big H had spilt the beans on the floor and when his foot contacted with the bean blur it slid away from under him. He seemed to defy gravity for a few seconds then his backside went down with a bump straight on top of one of the steaming hot pies. Hyder gave a yelp as the boiling gravy burnt his butt crack but before he could complain he had been joined on the floor by a naked Debbie & Sharon. Hey this was a dirty job but someone had to do it.

At the end of the take he washed again in the shower. "OK thats enough for today Hyder. Meet me tomorrow, same time at takeaway alley" Barry called after Hyder as he trudged tiredly up the hill to his home. He felt guilty even though he hadn't actually got it on with the girls, he had to keep it together or Vicky would find out about her horse. He walked into his home.

"Just in time" called Vicky from the kitchen. "I've cooked your favourite Pie and Beans". Hyder sat at the dining table trying to get comfortable on his burnt buttocks, he groaned inside as he forced the further portion of food down him. "Do tomorrow and I am clear," he thought.

The next day he parked up in takeaway alley behind Barry's Lorry. He got inside and was pleased to see Sharon & Debbie inside again this time sporting different wigs again. Barry was waiting too.

"OK Hyder today's two films will see you and me quits Yesterday earnt you back the horse. But I didn't like the acting much yesterday so we are going back to the simple table format. I had to edit out your face when you landed on the pie because you looked like you were in pain. My fetish group are into M&S food not S&M food so please look like your enjoying yourself. Just then there was knocking on the back of the trailer. Bob opened it to see a deliveryman standing there with a stack of pizzas.



"You order 3 Hawaiian, 3 Meat feast, 3 triple cheese and a garlic bread? "He asked trying to look inside the lorry. Bad Barry took the pizza pile then turned to Hyder and said "OK Strip for Pizza Sexpress" Not cheese thought Hyder. I am allergic to cheese. The guilt and the fear of cheese took the shine off the thought of the soon to be naked ladies. To be fair he was actually getting bored of them. It must be like working in a sweet factory he thought "good at first but you soon become sick of them

THE LORRY PIZZA BROS

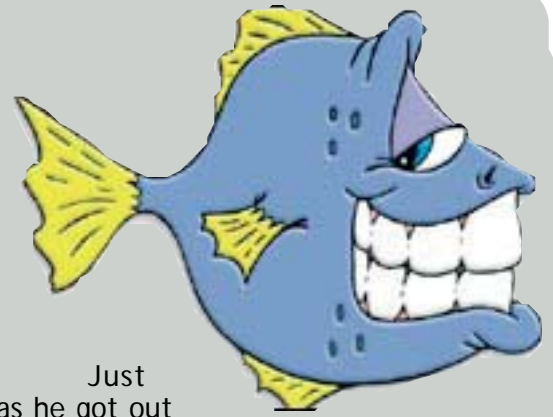
THE LOS'BLIGS

"Action" called Barry. Hyder stifled a wince as the first slice of pizza hit his body then tried to relax as the girls started to eat. He thought about their metabolisms as he lay there. If they ate like this every day how come they weren't getting a bit roly poly. He could feel the stringy mozzarella mingle with his silver mane. It hurt as Debbie tangled with it trying to get the messy melt mouthful. He felt himself waning in the man department so tried yesterdays tactic of sneaking a peak. Unfortunately Debbie smiled up at him from his groin with a mouth full of pepperoni and tomato. The red sauce running down her chin gave her the look of a vampire feasting and it was no good Hyder was deflated. "Cut" called angry Barry.

Hyder went to the shower to clean himself up. Barry called to him that he thought he just had enough footage so when Hyder was ready they could do the last film. Hyder took ages trying to clean his crab ladder and below but he couldn't get the cheese out. He resorted to shaving his haven before he was ready for his final film.

Big H laid face down trying to maintain his cool wondering what food course would be the next feature. He didn't bother to look up when the door of the Lorry banged again with another delivery of food.

"Ok are we all ready" he said to Hyder and the girls who were in different wigs yet again. "Sexy Sushi take one" he called from behind the mini camera. Hyder couldn't recall what Sushi was so was shocked when he felt something wet and cold hit his arse. Then it dawned on him arrrrghhhhhh... Fffiiiiisssssssshhh!. Hyder leapt from the floor just as a packet of peeled prawns would have covered his hairy back. " I cant do fish" He sobbed as he picked up his clothes and ran for the door. It was over. There was no way he could continue. He couldn't even look at a scampi fry let alone touch a cockle or muscle. He quickly dressed then drove home feeling dirty and defeated. He would have to tell Vicky he had lost the holiday fund. As it had all started in the back of a van so it had all finished.



Just as he got out of the car a blur came zooming into sight on a super quick scooter.

"Hey Hyder" called Bod "You won manager of the month on the works dream team. As I couldn't find you yesterday I thought I would do you a favour so I stuck it all on Badger Beer in the 3.30 at Wincanton races. £2305 is too much money for me to keep around so I brought your winnings over straight away." Hyder gave Bod a surprising kiss and hug before he went towards his front door followed closely by his cat who had arrived from nowhere. "No offence mate "called Bod "but you stink of fish."

Back in the Thursday night Armoury the Fumb Duckers were beating us. Hyder had tried his skippy throw, his curling throw, his bouncing throw and even his sensible throw but there was nothing to watch and learn. We could do nothing right so it was going to be a roll over tote and a loss. Dex had hit more than Hyder though, fair and square and Big H handed over the side bet. He thought about his misadventure and giving up gambling completely just like the will power he had shown to quit smoking. He wouldn't double or quits today anyway. He could control his habit, but hey, **he wouldn't bet on it.**



THE LOST BLOGS "OLD KING COL."



It was a usual Thursday night for Col. He had clocked off early from work so that he could tryout his latest Hollyoaks hair product. He had bathed for hours whilst Clare cooked him a feast

his damaged leg until a blood source had been found. Too young to recognise the worry and amazement on the doctors face Little Lee was oblivious to the fact of exactly how unique his blood was. It was only when Prince Charles, surrounded by the secret service came into his waiting room did he think something was happening.

Young Charlie boy had yet to find big love from either Di or Camila and other than talking to plants spent his spare time chasing the legacy of the Royal Bloodline. It was a known secret passed down to the first born of each monarch that way back in the time of Alfred the Great the royal line had been protected. Alfred had twin sons and to ensure the continuation of his lineage had sent one away to be



raised as a peasant so that if anything should happen to the known line, a source of true blood would still be available. Alfred called this the Incognito Vein of Royalty or IVOR for short. The IVOR could then be called upon to mate or marry into the royal line to ensure the purity of the blueblood line was maintained. The Arthurian legends and those of the grail quests had been created as a result of the IVOR branch lifting to the top and doing kingly things without the position. The knights Templar were the secret service of the time whose job it was to watch over the incognito line both to safe guard the bloodline and to safeguard the secret. Only the true king of England knew of this alternative family tree. It could be traced all the way back to Alfred from the time of the Black Death when unfortunately due to the odd death or two, records became muddled and the line lost. Using his enormous resources Charlie boy had set up a pioneering bank (for 1979) of DNA research using his own blood and looking through all samples for anyone with a higher than 50% match. His burning desires was to renew the alternative bloodline of his forefathers. He had therefore flown by helicopter straight away when he got news of the latest sample which had hit 95%. Looking at

large enough food to feed everyone in Belgium. Putting on his designer shirt and popping the collar for extra street effect he was only 20 minutes late leaving for the pub. Sometimes he thought it was a curse looking as good as he did but when you have royal blood in your veins you have to look your best always.

Col (aka Little Lee at the time) was a normal kid with a normal upbringing. Nobody can work out how he wined up being a direct royal descendant but he had found out in a rude way whilst he was still at junior school. He had been running to his mates

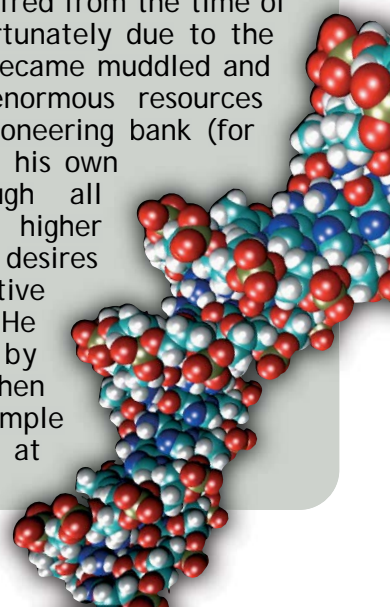
Chappers house(known as Big Lee at the time) to watch Battle of the Planets and share the extremely large Easter egg he had safely cuddled in his little hands. Running like the wind without a care in the world right out into the

path of passing car. The egg broke and so did Little Lee's leg. He was rushed to accident and emergency whilst Chappers ate broken chocolate egg in front of the telly. Little Lee suffered some

internal bleeding from the accident and blood samples were taken to ensure a match could be found. Little Lee had been lying in bed with his incredible hulk colouring book miffed that his green felt tip had run out. They couldn't operate to fix



Little Lee



Little Lees hastily created file he found his middle name Ivor and instantly new he had struck royal gold.

He looked in on Little Lee and told him he was special. He new that

He looked in on Little Lee and told him he was special.



with a 95% match he would be the best person to provide the match for the transfusion Little Lee would need for the operation. Being a prince he pulled some strings and within minutes he was connected by tubes to Little Lee and their blue blood mingled. Needless to say the operation was a full success other than leaving Little Lee with a hankering for private health service forever and a leg that had no rhythm. After the operation Charlie boy explained to Little Lee why he was so special and that he would always be looked after now. The infusion from

Charles plus his already pure blood made Little Lee the royalist of royals in the land only he could and would never hold a position unless the unlikely worst ever happened like in King Ralph.



Prince Charles became a mysterious benefactor in Little Lee's life. He knew from history that the bloodline had to hide amongst the people so he couldn't make his protection too obvious but he did help Little Lee out



from time to time. The most important thing that His Royal Highness ever did was to reinstate the Knights Templar

branch of the secret service to watch over him. He never new they were there but they did their job in effective style.

Later when he and Big Lee were playing human dartboards on a summer's afternoon. The Knights Templar disguised, as council workers were able to shine a reflective light into Chappers eyes every time he threw his Dart at Little Lee so that Chappers was bound to miss. Little Lee had no such interference in his face so was able to aim true at Chappers and catch him in the leg nicely. Neither of them had a care of whether they had a tetanus jab or not but the Secret Service watching from an adjoining garden new too well the risks and wouldn't let that happen on their shift.

Over the years they had cleared up many a mess that Col had made in an effort to protect the bloodline. As Col grew into a teenager and beyond they wished for those idyllic summer afternoons where a dart was all they had to worry about. His quick fire temper and his youthful good looks got Col (no longer Little Lee to anyone other than Chapper's mum) into many awkward situations. Cling on girlfriends were a particular problem that seemed to attract themselves to Col like Dexter to the tote.

These ladies needed careful handling as any reveal of the big secret would further inflame their madness and at the same time put Col in more danger. Eventually they had been forced to drug and incarcerate one particularly mad bint for the sake of his protection. Col never questioned why she just disappeared as to be truthful he was just glad to see the back of her.

Another time Col had got himself into a potential fight at a local nightclub. One of the dodgy crew took on Col and called him outside. Col didn't like being called names and full of lager was never

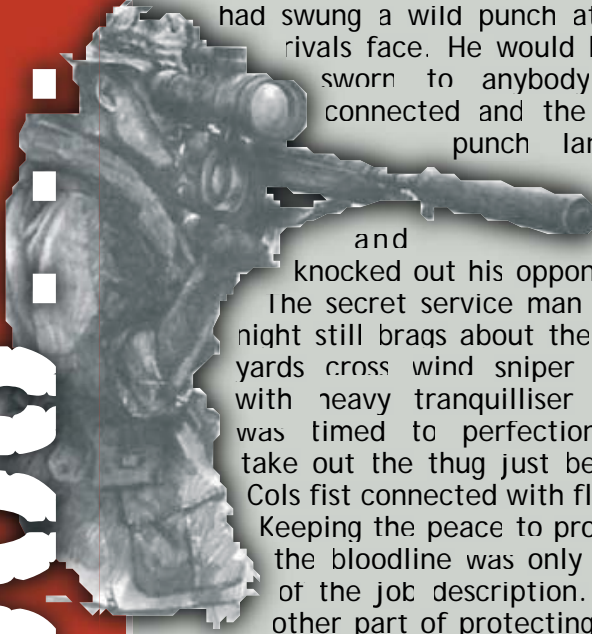


One of the dodgy crew took on Col and called him outside.

THE LOSING BLOODS



THE COLS



going to back down. Outside he had stepped up to the challenge and had swung a wild punch at his rivals face. He would have sworn to anybody he connected and the one punch landed

and knocked out his opponent.

The secret service man that night still brags about the 280 yards cross wind sniper shot with heavy tranquilliser that was timed to perfection to take out the thug just before Cols fist connected with flesh.

Keeping the peace to protect the bloodline was only part of the job description. The other part of protecting the bloodline was to ensure that

Col managed to procreate. Under guidance from HRH they knew that Col had to sire children for this rediscovered family branch to continue. They expected that due to the royal genes Col would be particularly picky in finding his long-term partner but they had to ensure plenty of candidates for Col to try out. Now at the time of Cols serious efforts of pulling it so happened that he had one pair of particular trousers that he referred to as his lucky cords. What he didn't know that they were lucky for a reason.

One enterprising knight had the job of discreetly spraying the corduroy with pheromones. Another not so discreet knight had the job of spraying local ladies with wads of cash entice them to dance with or snog Col. Now owing to being knocked over in his prime Col could only dance with one leg. His top moves consisted of putting one hand in his pocket whilst tapping his foot to whatever music was playing. No matter how much he tried he could never get his injured leg to dance and therefore if left to long and he had to much lager on board Col would just stand in the middle of the dance floor going around and around in circles. All knight had to



do was to ask the girl receiving the cash to go and try it on with the one man spinning top and they were off.

The trouble with this approach to life soon came in so far as HRH was now married himself and was going through a bit of a sticky patch. His lady wanted to know what his special project was and why so much of his royal allowance was spent on it when she could use a new crown or two. Also under the new rules on freedom of information he would soon need to explain to the wider world what he spent his money on and that meant the Bloodline would be exposed. There was nothing for it he had to have a quite word with Mr Collet and see if he could get him to curb his wild ways as protection and bribery were becoming to costly.

Charlie called Col to Poundbury



where he had just been building a new village for the peasants. HRH laid it on the line to Col and told him all about the protection scheme that had been watching over him and that he would have to stand on his own to feet from now on. Col was miffed at this, as he hadn't realised that he had not been. Charlie organised a proper job for Col at a local firm of tilers and introduced him to some candidates for wife material. Charlie warned Col that whilst he was withdrawing his financial support he would still help where he could. Being of royal blood came with many drawbacks that he had to make Col aware. "Firstly you will always be useless with coinage. Never carry a wallet or purse as you are bound to lose it. The royal bloodline isn't used to carrying its own cash so delegate that responsibility. Come to think of it the

Never carry a wallet or purse as you are bound to lose it



Royal

bloodline delegates as much as it can at all times so use this to your advantage." advised Charles. "On the positive side you can expect youthful looks and longevity of life. Look at the Queen mum still going on and looking good."

So with these words of advice and a vetted list of tottie with royal approval Col found a more mature side to life. He settled down, got married and worried Charlie no more. That was apart from the Marky G incident.

Mark Goddard was a tiler from the same firm as Col. They got on like a house on fire. They spent many a happy lunch break in the van musing over the tricky crossword in the Star. They often shared a thermos of tea and even crossed general workman barriers by sharing each other's tools. It was one of these unprecedented tile cutter-sharing incidents that the tilers got themselves simultaneous cuts. They had been doing a touch of their chuckle brother to me to you routine whilst operating the dangerous machinery. The spinning blade snagged on a particularly tough top's tile and jumped from its secure base scoring deeply across Col & Marks hands. They sped to the local Dorset hospital, dripping claret as they went for stitches. It was here that they mixed blood. Marky G's blood type from the swab was fed into the master computer and because of the high cross contamination from Col set the mechanisms of Charlie's search protocol into overdrive again. Owing to the budget constraints it wan't Charles himself who visited the

hospital this time but Paul Burrell a trusted household servant of his now ex wife. Mr Burrell explained the story of the IVOR to Marky G and that he was only the



second person to be found with anything near a match. His was a lot lower than the other bloodline but still of major importance. It was as Mr Burrell was telling Marky this that an ashen-faced nurse entered the room and told Mr Burrell that there had been a mix up and that secondary test came back negative. Mr Burrell told Marky G that it had all been a mistake and hurriedly left. Now unbeknown to Col and the Prince, Marky G had some nasty debts brewing. A long spate of unemployment owing to the bad cut didn't help matters. Col on the other hand

healed quickly and anyway he had BUPA. Whilst he was recuperating Marky had plenty of time to ponder upon the mysterious Mr Burrell and exactly what he had said. It didn't take him long to put two and two together and soon became suspicious of Col. He went back to Col's van and found the blade from the tile cutter. Sending it off for testing he soon had his suspicions confirmed when his source at the national blood donor centre advised him that the blood was blue. If he was clever here he could make a buck with this information and clear his debts.

Days later Mark cornered Col in the back of his Berlingo. Marky at first tried to get Col to tell all.

" I know something that you don't



THE IVOR BLOODS

They had been doing a touch of their chuckle brother to me to you...



THE COLS' BLOGS

think I know." he goaded.

"I don't think I know about the nothing that you think you know about" Coll replied "Yeah Well I know that you know that I know what I know and that the something you know that I know about is not a nothing." Retorted Marky.

"Well if you know what I think you know that you think I think you is out of order bringing this nothing to think about up" said Col his now normally controlled short temper rising to the surface.

"I think your friend at the hospital will think it wise for me to unknow what I think I know and that he will pay a good sum to get me to unknow what I think I know." Col could control himself no longer and lashed out. Without the Knights Templar there to back him up his solid punch hit hard into his opponent but hurt Cols fist just as much. Turning to Col as he ran away Marky G shouted "I'm going to the News of the World with this!"

Col had no choice but to risk contact with Charles. He had never made the first move to HRH before



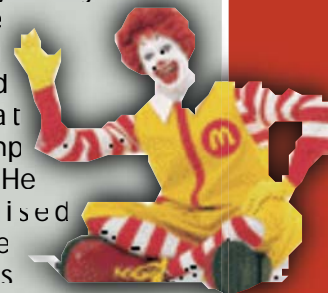
so was worried of what he might say He made some calls and arranged a meet at Monkey Jump MacDonald's. He was surprised when at the rendezvous point he was met by a young prince

William in camouflage gear. "Hey there" he called to Col emerging from behind a Ronald Macdonald display. "One is delighted to meet an IVOR. As 1st born of Charles I am of course now in on the family secret. Due to the budgetary constraints my old man has asked me to deal with this issue in house. I have already organised for Paul Burrell to be punished by going on I am a celebrity get me out of here for his part played in this blunder. The rest of it is on a need to know basis but using my military training I am sure I can make our other problem disappear before he reaches the press." With that William left swinging his big mac

meal. "Next time choose a Maccie D's with a drive thru" he yelled as he disappeared into the bushes.

True to his word it seemed that just like Wills in the bushes Marky G had disappeared. Nobody new where he had gone but rumours still circulate. The press revelation never happened and Cols life returned to the normal routine of 12 dumps a day, Hollyoaks and Skittles.

Back in the Armoury he tires to lead us to victory late in the season. Even now though he has the current title of our capitano he manages to delegate all the admin. Steve and Dex handle the cash as he can't be trusted with it. Chappers and Big H have taken on the motivational part of his captain role. Rob chalks and Bod talks. Col just believes he is more youthful in looks than the rest of us and if we knew his beauty tips we would agree. He can't share his secret with anyone especially his teammates in much for fear for their safety as anything else. If asked about how he manages to maintain his youthful vigour when all around him are receding or spreading all he will say is that it must be in his genes.



Cheers Son!