

MARSIPAN NEWSLETTER 20TH FEBRUARY, 2007

FLIGHT DIRECTOR'S WELCOME

Hello, fellow Earthlings.

Often I sit alone in our Control Room after everyone has gone home. I lie back and I gaze at certain files I have on my computer and ponder the exciting mission we find ourselves on. Soon, unless the cleaner comes in, I am overcome with great waves of joy as I contemplate the wondrousness of the heavens.

Soon after that, I pull my trousers up and begin to feel shame.

I think the cleaner fancies me.

Yours,

Barnaby Bottomley

WHAT'S NEW?

There's a new pubcast.

Professor Pillock Colander sings for his supper. And that of everyone in the Control Room. Go and look.

Yeah, thought you'd like that...

A WORD FROM OUR CORPORATE SPONSORS

You know what's making you unhappy? The fact that you don't have more stuff. Marsipan Corporate encourage you to buy more stuff.

Ownership of stuff is what separates us from the monkeys. Except the baboon, who is known for collecting shiny objects and Inspector Morse on DVD. They just love its Oxford setting and John Thaw's grumpy old detective.

Baboons hate The Sweeney.

If you're suffering from depression, have just had some bad news, or are recently bereaved, why not try buying yourself some stuff?

There, that's better, isn't it?

ASK THE PROFESSOR

Dear Professor Colander,

What is your favourite real ale?

**Yours,
Parsifal Jones**

Dear Parsifal,

I didn't get this way by playing favourites!

No, but seriously, I think that very little beats a warm, steaming mug of Dumpy's Old Foot on a summer afternoon. I like nothing more than to sit in the sun, watching cricket, hearing the slap of willow on leather, drifting into a light doze where nanny is standing over me, brandishing a slipper before awakening, confused and aroused, to find everyone staring at me.

Others worthy of mention are: Thraxton's Michael, The Neverending Pig, and Neasden Pride.

I have stopped drinking Aroused Bishop since I found out how it got its name.

Yours,

Professor Colander

FLIGHT DIRECTOR'S POEM OF THE WEEK (ISH)

There once was a man in a rocket
So horny he lusted at sockets.
But his suit was airtight
And try as he might
He just couldn't reach through his pocket.
