

MARSIPAN NEWSLETTER 20TH FEBRUARY, 2007
BREAKING NEW FROM THE BRITISH MARS EXPLORATION PROGRAMME

FLIGHT DIRECTOR'S WELCOME

These are worrying times, fellow Earthlings.

You can't walk the street of many of Britain's town centres at a weekend without being picked up, drunk, and belched out again by a roaming horde of young women, desperate for thrills and scratchcards. British children are so miserable they can barely even muster up the effort to smear the word 'WHY?' onto the walls of their schools in a mixture of blood and faeces. And last weekend, the moon disappeared.

I'd like to say that there was a scientific explanation for all of this, that there was some hope for mankind's future, but the truth is clear.

The gods are angry, and the sooner global warming washes us all out to the tepid Arctic Sea the better.

All this, and I've run out of anti-depressants. It's enough to make a man weep...

Yours,

Barnaby Bottomley

WHAT'S NEW

Nothing, you greedy, greedy gannets.

If you think it's so easy, you try...

....and if you didn't see Professor Pillock Colander sing for his supper and that of everyone

in the Control Room. Go and look at his latest PUBCAST.

<<http://www.marsipan.co.uk/index2.php?pubcast=1>>

A WORD FROM OUR CORPORATE SPONSORS

It has come to our attention that there was, the other day, a marvellous example of the phenomenon known as a lunar eclipse. There can have been no better time to gather one's family around one and stand in the garden, marvelling at man's insignificance on the universal scale.

They say that the best things in life are free. They are probably students or socialists.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is no such thing as a free lunch (or, sadly for us, a free launch). What you thought was a cosmic event, laden with universal truths was, in fact, organised by us.

Yes, and now you owe us money. Just think of the excited glow on your children's faces as they watched the magic of the heavens. Now, imagine that replaced with a look of horror as the moon explodes into a million football-sized pieces, each with the velocity to destroy a town the size of Stevenage.

Because that's what could happen next time. If we decide that's what will happen.

So, let's keep it all friendly, and send your payments of, what? Say £500 per family to us through the donations page.

Don't ask us how we made the eclipse. Questions will be seen as insubordination, and punished accordingly.

Just do it.

Because we'll smash your children if you don't.

ASK THE PROFESSOR

Dear Professor Colander,

I'm bored of Mars. When are you going to go somewhere exciting, like

Jupiter?

Yours,
Ocelot Humphreys

Dear Ocelot,

Not on my watch.

Mars is a veritable paradise of dry, dusty rock. It couldn't be drier or dustier, and we expect to find vast reserves of Marmite under its polar region.

The dry ice at its poles indicate a healthy cabaret scene; it has the jaunty angle of a Nepalese sailor, fresh off the boat with his pockets full of money, and his eye on a coy young lad from the West Country; and Mars is monosyllabic, and therefore the time saved when discussing missions will be equivalent to thirty years after just ten probes.

Jupiter, on the other hand, is a fat and greedy gas giant, belching its noxious fumes into the solar system, throwing out highly charged dust particles in every direction, and leaving packets of Wotsits tucked behind Neptune.

Jupiter, indeed!

Yours,

Professor Colander

FLIGHT DIRECTOR'S POEM OF THE WEEK (ISH)

I'm too miserable to write anything longer than a haiku:

Mars is way up there,
And I live in Basildon.
Time to end it all.
