

"I'm nine months pregnant, Pete," Julia Brief remarked while tucking into a jar of *Chips Ahoy's* celebrated pickled eggs, "and I think the baby's on its way."

"Gordon Bennett! Flaming Nora!" was her husband's reply. "Are you sure?" Julia nodded her head and Pete went into panic-stations mode. "Where's the hot water, Julia?" exclaimed the alarmed Pete.

"What the deuce do you want hot water for, Pete? Surely you're not going to deliver the baby yourself? I think it would be better just going to hospital," said Julia.

"No, I need it to get my car started. It never works with cold water in the engine," answered Pete truthfully. "And I haven't had it out since I got my revenge on that pensioner's husband by hurling a water-melon at the old sod and driving off."

"You haven't had it out since I got pregnant, you mean. Oh, sorry, you're talking about your car. Anyway, I used up *all* the water for my bath this morning. After all, I'm not as slim as I used to be," Julia commented, but Pete was on his way out the door. "Where are you off to, Snookums?"

"Use up all the water, eh? Insult my virility, eh? Call me stupid pet names, eh? Well, as far as I'm concerned, you can go to hospital yourself, 'cos you obviously don't need my help!" yelled the by now enraged Pete. Pete left the room and, unable to find the door (he was blinded with anger), hid under the carpet or 'someplace'.

"I couldn't get along without you," Julia assured the hidden Pete, but it was to no avail. Their marriage, for an eighth time, was doomed. She realized she had no choice but to 'go it alone', only hoping that she wouldn't be overcome by her . . .

LABOUR PAINS

Unfortunately, for Julia, the trauma of these events are so overpowering that she needs **your** help to guide her on her way to the local hospital. It is important to note that Julia must be prepared for hospital - that is, she should collect the sort of things she would need for a stay in hospital and store them safely in an overnight bag or something of the like. Having never been to this particular hospital, Julia also needs to provide the 'officiating doctor' with details of her medical status and so on. A visit to the surgery of Dr. Thrust, her own GP, would be beneficial.

NOTES:

- The game is in **two** parts, access to the second requiring the input of a password
- The last command can be repeated using the **AGAIN** command
- Details of other available facilities can be found by typing **VOCAB** and **INFO**.

THE DAILY EXPATIATOR

Midsummer Supplement

Edited by SUSAN BRIEF

Welcome to the Midsummer Supplement of your *Expatriator*, the newspaper which always tells you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and pulls as many punches to bring it to you in its full, unbridled glory. The purpose of the Supplement is to provide you with a concise reference to all the local news (no, not gossip) in the Upper Kissing and Lower Kissing area.

PENSIONER ASSAULTED

reported by T. Turnip

It is sad that assault is still raging in the area. On the night of 20 July, a Vauxhall Cavalier pulled up beside Mr Ignatius Grimwood III, one of our most respected local citizens, and its driver lobbed a water-melon at the 78-year-old. The car then drove off, its driver yelling, "Sucks to you, you old prat!"

Mr Grimwood is now recovering in hospital. His sister, local celebrity A. Wonderland, told the *Expatriator* that, "Two years ago, a local thug jettisoned a cucumber at Ignatius's wife, Stephanie. Unfortunately, the perpetrator was released due to lack of evidence. This is all too frequently happening."

The police investigation continues.

JOB LOSSES AT ZIKOV PLANTS

reported by N. McNamara

In a shock announcement last night, Lady Matilda Hodgkins announced that, due to severely reduced income of the UK subsidiary of Zikov Ltd, the company has been handed over to a liquidator, namely Hawkins Plc. Zikov's four UK plants, including its thriving Upper Kissing plant, are to be closed down.

Job losses are estimated to be as many as **THIRTEEN** local people, the entire staff of its Upper Kissing plant.

LEASES TERMINATED

reported by B. Underwear

Further to the job losses at Zikov's Upper Kissing plant, Lady Hodgkins stated that all property on lease from Zikov UK, the local hospital being the prime customer, will be recalled. Customers will have the choice to

continue the lease with Zikov's Brazil subsidiary, which offers furniture that is "ergonomically superior to Zikov's other subsidiaries' produce".

Lady Hodgkins assured customers that the changeover would not prove more costly.

AGGIE'S WIG HAS BEEN FOUND

reported by T. Turnip

Local beauty queen Aggie Richards has, at last, found her prize toupee which was lost two years ago. She told the *Expatriator*, "I was just throwing a few old mothballs into me hubby's (that's Albert, y'know) sock drawer when, lo and behold, there was me toupee. I was amazed. It's marvellous to have it back."

Mr Richards was last seen running away from his irate wife, who was clutching a large meat-cleaver at the time.

UND DIPLOMAS ARE "IN"

reported by S. Brief

The UND, or Union of Nephology Diploma, which is offered by Upper Kissing's very own Union of Nephology, has been accepted by the University of Bognor Regis.

Although the UK's other eighty or so university institutions have dismissed the UND as 'worse than an NVQ Level 1', Bognor Regis's unofficial university's admissions office has stated clearly that they are interested in the diplomas. "It's about time we got some students, so why not those with UNDS?" Mr Pebbles Beach, the university's admissions officer, told the *Expatriator* last night.

TYING THE KNOT

reported by N. McNamara

We are pleased to announce that *Expatriator* reporter Mrs T. Turnip is to be married to local explorer Frank Hawkins this week. Mrs Turnip has said, "Frank's presently in hospital, and I don't mind getting married there. Have to get myself in first, though."

We will, as always, keep you informed!