

Cameron Bashing

Because someone's got to...

Richard Hadden

Leading Conservatives called on the government last night to enforce last year's ban on blood sports, following an outbreak of the particular vile practice of 'Cameron Bashing' by left-leaning satirical magazines such

is, quite frankly, just as disgusting"

Originating last year about the time of the Conservative Party leadership election, 'Cameron Bashing', say critics, is a vile and ignoble practice, which leads to the grim destruction and possible

dogs onto the Cameron. The Paxman species (*Howardem Interrogansis*) is specially-bred for hunting, and can stalk its prey for hours before unleashing vicious attacks, normally brutal interrogations over taxation policies, which disable the Cameron long enough for the 'Bashers' to batter it to death with heavy clubs (typically the Saturday edition of the *The Guardian*).

Supporters of Cameron Bashing, including the moderately shady Labour Party organisation, have hit back, citing an undercover BBC report (filmed by Andrew Marr wearing a 'hat') which shows leading Tories engaged in the sport of 'Brown Baiting'. Whilst not actually illegal, and actively encouraged in the back streets of Kircaldy, Brown Baiting involves tying Gordon Brown to a wooden stake driven into the ground and taunting him with comments like, "What colour is the lampshade in the master bedroom of Number 10? Wouldn't you like to know?". Having enraged the Brown, participants normally retreat to avoid being 'clunked' (hit with vicious lumps of rhetoric such as "Och", "You young whippersnappers" and "Look at the size of my economic growth").

Brown baiting has recently been outlawed by newly created bye-laws in the constituency of Sedgefield.

MostlyHarmless personified?

as Mostly Harmless.

Said the Shadow Defence Secretary, Liam Fox MP: "The government went out of its way to ban Fox Hunting last year, despite huge uprisings amongst minority groups such as the landed gentry. But now it appears they are reneging on their promise to outlaw the innocent massacre of small furry animals. If my tweed-donning constituents in the notably sane district of North Somerset aren't allowed to hunt foxes, it would be completely hypocritical to let these filthy liberal satirists go about 'Cameron Bashing', which

extinction of the cuddly Cameron species (*Voidus politiquensis*). The 'sport' allegedly involves traditions such as 'harrying' (the following of the Cameron round parliament whilst giggling), 'lampooning' (the throwing of sharpened 'lampoons' – bits of unused wind turbines) and 'asking questions about policy' (the asking of questions concerning Conservative Party policy).

Particularly bloodthirsty Cameron Bashers have been known to set specially trained and sharp-toothed 'Paxman'

The Gospel according to Jonny Wilkinson

Tom Walker

If at first you don't succee...oh, bollocks.

(Editor's note: Jonny's triumphant return to journalism was tragically cut short by a broken fingernail. He hopes to resume writing in 2008)



keep on keepin' on...

Diana

Nick Collins (from front page)

...but it seems that this particular bird, or 'Ernie', as he was fondly known by monks at Durham Cathedral, was delayed by an unfortunate combination of unusually inclement weather, and a hyper-sensitive migrational instinct. Biologists at Durham University department believe that any extended period of rainfall may have caused Ernie to fly south immediately, and estimate that, since being dispatched by the bishop in 1997, he could have migrated back to Togo up to 72 times.

Students at Stephenson and John Snow colleges are launching a protest today, demanding an extended police inquiry into Lady Diana's death. Incensed at the press's role in the incident, protest organiser Wayne Thomas said: "This can be no coincidence. This is part of a press conspiracy to generate a sensational story. Or it's that evil Prince Philip trying to get his son's meddlesome ex-wife out of the way. Or some kind of CIA plot about something. It's as clear as daylight."

This incident of delayed news has added weight to demands for the internet to be introduced to Stockton, in the absence of any reliable form of contact with the surrounding world. Stockton lies too far away from civilisation to receive television or radio signals, and national newspapers refuse to deliver to the small rural community due to its treacherous hill passes and laughably low entry requirements. "It's sort of like letting yourself down," commented one delivery driver. "You just think...it's not worth the effort, or the embarrassment of saying you went to Stockton."

However, it seems that the pigeons won't be out of a job just yet. "Most of our students can't tell their arse from their elbow," commented one member of staff. "What's the point of giving them computers? It'll take them a term to get past the basics of minesweeper. Far too much hassle."

Meanwhile, Ernie won't be delivering any more messages for a while. On his arrival in Stockton, he was greeted as a hero, and immediately given an honorary degree and fellowship in philosophy. He now resides in private rooms in John Snow,

Internshit

Siddharth Khajuria

They're offering you chocolate money and exclaiming 'Profitunity!' They'll be thrusting cookies into your hands outside the Students' Union and telling you their summer internship is just the place to be.

Through charm, wit, and chocolate-chip cookie fuelled guile, they're securing your futures and blunting your minds.

Apply, go on, there might still be a spot at Deloitte's Scunthorpe office. All the London spots will already have been taken by the sly buggers who spent their Novembers applying away.

Those online questionnaires, brilliant stuff. No need for your C.V. anymore, they find out what they want to know. Very clever folk, these.

Why, Miss Huntington, do you want to work for Accenture? "Because you gave me a cookie."

Who knows? These things are pretence-filled charades.

They know you're doing an Arts degree your parents are scared of and all you want to do is earn a bit of money so that you can go save Africa with the few spare weeks left in September, when the Sudan is hot, but not too sticky.

Why do you want to work for any of these companies? I dunno, maybe because they pay more than the local Spar, you've got time to fill and are vaguely curious?

If this firm or that firm really, really care about whether or not you want to dedicate your soul to their 18 hour days already, surely you've got to wonder whether they're worth working for?

Well, at least until you're 25 and have figured out that idealistic naiveté lands you under Elvet Bridge with cardboard and soggy, dodgy student newspapers for a pillow.

It's not that people care about money more than anything else; it's that they don't care about anything else more than money...