



The Fairly Reasonable Encyclopedia of Gopsi Madness



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GOPSI

Nothing ever happened in Gopsi, and all its members were normal and boring.

The Fairly Reasonable
Encyclopedia Of GOPSI
Madness

CORRECTIONS AND
AMENDMENTS

Introduction

Hello, good evening and welcome to the book that they said would never come out, but did, or otherwise you wouldn't be reading this now; unless the book didn't come out and you took a peak in another dimension, which you shouldn't have done. Naughty. Smack.

Many a time have people asked the members of GOPSI: "What the bloody hell are you going on about?"; "Ay?"; and "How long is it now since you were released into the community?". Hopefully this book will provide you with all of these answers; and if it doesn't, well, um, just sod off.

So, Enjoy the book, and I hope you find lots of people to have sex with!
Sir Ronald Duckinburgerfeatures.

Editors Note

The interesting thing about this editors note, is that at the time of going to print it will be unread by the majority of the authors of this book, it being written just a matter of hours before printing time. I can therefore say whatever I like here, but if you're expecting something scandalous, tough pants.

To start us off, let me explain the title. A lot of books (and indeed, other objects) describe themselves as being "Brilliant", or "The best", or "Fabulous" etc. However, in most cases they fall short of such excellence, and so they do not aptly describe themselves. This book does not make such a claim; it simply states what it is: a fairly reasonable encyclopedia of Gopsi madness.

This was originally intended to be a history of the Encyclopedia, but it's been sitting around for so long now that no-one can really remember much about it. It certainly started circa September 1992 (or perhaps 1993), and the original deadline for the entries was Easter '94. There have been many deadlines after that which were not reached, and so we sort of gave up on deadlines and just wrote the damn thing.

When it all began, I started to write it in an atrocious DOS word processor called "Professional Deskmate", but the final text has been formatted in Microsoft Works. I thing there have been at least six different word processors that text has been written in to, and so I shan't list them all here, as it isn't very interesting.

So here we are with the final product: a fairly reasonable encyclopedia; and so it's almost time to start work on a sequel.....

"Please understand. We don't want no trouble.
We just want the right to be different.
That's all."

-Pulp

"It always seems to me
You only see what people want you to see."

-Oasis.

A.

AARDVARK.

A creature that has almost nothing to do with Gopsi, or the black poles whatsoever, but I think they're cute, and worth putting into a book, especially if you want to acquire an *Aardvark Bath* (q.v.). In fact, the first part of that sentence is a complete load of Baboon's urine, as the aardvark is very relevant to Gopsi.

The word can also be pronounced "Hardvaak", but this is incorrect, and no-one in the entire existence of man kind has anyone referred to an aardvark as a "hardvaak". This pronunciation is used only by small anthraxopods, on a planet somewhere near Alpha Centauri.

AARDVARK BATH.

See *bath, aardvark*.

AARRRGHH!

A common cry heard around the black poles, that usually comes from someone who has just been hit by Richard. It is also performed by Richard and other 'sensible' people when the Gopsi anthem is sung: Gopsiiiiiiiiiii!

ABATTOIR.

Beaumont School has often been described as an abattoir, and especially so when someone has English with Mrs Proudfoot (or leap frog with Gilvo).

ABRACADABRA.

Ping! I'm a frog!

ABSOLUTE.

See *Barton, Arnold*.

ACCIDENTS OF GOPSI.

The first accident known in Ispog was Robert Buckeridge's fall from the black pole, due to him wearing his school bag too loose on one shoulder. This meant he never pole-slided again. (Or should that be pole-slid?)

Timothy has had the largest number of Gopsi accidents, including falling off the pole more than once, falling flat on his face while running in to the common room and having a rather larger accident by an evil woman.

Other Gopsians are noted for their accidents, for instance Stephen falling down the Ispog steps and tearing his trousers; and David, who, having miraculously surviving Timothy's accident unharmed, went over the handlebars on his bike.

See also: *Chocolate Creme Dessert*.

ADVERT.

Coming soon to a movie theatre near you...Filmed in staggering LOOK-O-VISION, the sequel you've all been waiting for, it is the bowel churning GRAPES OF WRATH II! Yes, this time the grapes are back and they want revenge! No fruitbowl will seem safe after this entrail-bursting debut from Hal Halowitz XIV and 20th Century Opossum Studios! QUAKE as they rise against their human oppressors! WET YOUR PANTS as they threaten little Jimmy with their pips of quite unpleasant nature! BE QUITE WORRIED as they threaten world domination! Can scientist Pete Peterson save mankind, or will humanity suffer a fate worse than something quite bad? Find out on this straight-to-video release on "We read the book, honest!" home entertainment.

DON'T THROW THIS BOOK AWAY! It is in fact a limited edition piece of modern art.

And now, just for all you music lovers out there, an interview with seminal Italo house giants "Antipastoman". Yes, we sent our reporter Clutch Tightly out to meet the two central band members, Roberto Di Gondola and Keith from Dagenham.

Tightly: Roberto, if I may first talk to you, it seems that although your new twelve inch single has a lot more tonal variation than the last, some have been saying that it lacks a little on the melodic front. How would you like to respond to that?

Gondola: Well, I think that you have to accept that our "genre" cannot be defined by the opinions of others, and, like, we are our own people, and we're just, like, doing it for ourselves, you know? 'Cause, it's like, the music.

Tightly: Yes, but even so, do you not think that stretching a standard house beat and one note on a keyboard out over 45 minutes is perhaps pushing it a little, do you?

Keith: Well, it's like, the vibe, isn't it?

Gondola: Yeah, it's the feel, you know, out on the Darnse Flowaar.

Keith: Yeah, pumpin' beats.

Gondola: And like you said, we're more into, like, the tonal side of it, you know?

Keith: Yeah, like, ambient soundscapes and diverse noise sources.

Gondola: Like, waveform sculpture.

Tightly: I see. So would it be fair to say that perhaps...You got a new keyboard?

Keith: Yeah, it's a great one! It's like, a Korg Tabasco EX1776854 with inbuilt hard disc and virtual wave modelling!

Gondola: And full drawbar capacity!

Keith: And lots of little knobs and that thing where you press a button and it does those Bossa Nova beats and you press a key and it does, like, this whole CHORDAL ACCOMPANIMENT!

Gondola: And it's ORANGE!

Keith: Which is, like, one of the most exciting things you know, because, like through the ages keyboards have been just, like, black-

Gondola: Well, wood veneer in the seventies-

Keith: -So we see this as, like a real innovation, you see-

Gondola: Pushing back the boundaries of music.

Tightly: So let me get this straight. You bought a new keyboard and you wanted to fiddle with the knobs.

Keith: Yeah.

Tightly: So you released a single with just one note on it as a consequence.

Keith: Well, we were thinking of trying two, but we thought it might be pushing it a bit, you know?

Gondola: I mean, we don't want to get too technically minded, you know?

Tightly: I have an idea. Why don't you send the other 72 keys back to the manufacturer and see if you can get a refund?

Gondola: Yeah, that's an idea!

Keith: Then we could get one of those new E-mu analogue synth modules!

Gondola: The ones with the purple LEDs?

Keith: Yeah.

Gondola: Cooooool!

Tightly: Gentlemen, I would like to thank you for this interview, but you're both tossers, so I can't. Goodbye.

And now for this week's recipe: Following last week's Entire Planet Earth casserole, a few readers wrote in saying that this was a little filling for them, and so this week we have something a bit lighter.

Complete Euphoria And World Joy Tuna and Sweetcorn Bake

Ingredients:

Pat Sharpe (1)

Peter Lilley (1)

Paul Daniels (1, if you can count Paul Daniels as anything more than a half)

Brian Harvey of popular beat combo "East 17" (1)

That bloke off the Renault Megane advert (1)

Boyzone (As many as possible)

Tuna (half tin)

Sweetcorn (100g)

1) Separate the humans from the rest of the ingredients. This will be quite easy to do, since humans are normally quite a bit larger than chunks of tuna or grains of sweetcorn (except for Paul Daniels. Look for brainless wife/assistant in spangly leotard)

2) Take the humans and dice finely with a very sharp knife.

3) Laugh.

4) Eat the tuna and sweetcorn.

AEON.

The time it will take for members of Gopsi to realise that they are completely bonkers. Also the time it will take for a single cell to multiply in the Gopsi garden.

AEROSOL.

What was yelled at Ian when he spilt his yoghurt all over a first year. Could the person that said this have been misheard?

AGREEMENT.

The Gopsi Agreement was produced by the officials of Gopsi, so that there can be a lot less abuse between it's members.

A copy of the agreement has been included in Appendix A.

ALBATROSS.

On this subject I see there to be a certain poem to be spoken of, namely thus: "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner". Below is part of this long poem / ballad / epic sort of thingey.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! -
Why looks't thou so?' - With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1772 - 1834

Of course the albatross, despite already having famous connections, is also known for its occurrence in Monty Python's Flying Circus. A "walls" ice- cream flag could within the realms of possibility also have a connection, before its present dwelling place behind some lockers.

ALCOHOL.

Well, what needs to be said on this subject? Perhaps some quotes...

"Alcohols contain one or more hydroxyl groups (-OH) joined to a grouping of

carbon and hydrogen only (but not to a benzene ring)."

-Arthur Atkinson
(Modern Organic Chemistry)

"Alcohol, n. (Arabic al kohl, a paint for the eyes.) The essential principle of all such liquids as give a man a black eye."

-Ambrose Bierce

"O beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass! Names that should be on every infant's tongue"

-C. S. Calverley

"Freedom and Whisky gang thegither!"

-Robert Burns

"Fill every glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love and joy.
Women and wine should life employ.
Is there ought else on earth desirous?"

-John Gay

"Noah, who was a farmer, was the first man to plant a vine yard. After he drank some of the wine, he became drunk, took off his clothes, and lay naked in his tent."

-Genesis, chapter 9 verses 20 & 21,
Good News Bible.

"Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With Grammar, and nonsense and learning
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain
Gives genius a better discerning"

-Oliver Goldsmith

"For a quart of ale is a dish for a king."

-William Shakespeare
The Winters Tale.

"Now I'm sitting here,
Sipping up my ice cold beer,
Lazing on my sunny afternoon"

-Ray Davies

"Hic"

-The Bayeux Tapestry

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication."

-Lord Byron

"Have some Madeira, m'dear!"

-Michael Flanders and Donald Swann

"Beer, beer, glorious beer,

Fill yourself right up to here."

-Harry Anderson

"Beer drinking don't do half the harm of love making."

-Eden Philpotts

"For years I have been brewing, it always was tax free,
Thought it wasn't really legal 'till the year of '63."

-Ken Shales

-(The Ballad of Boozledon)

"[2 x 64] = 124"

-Ian Jackson (when drunk)

"What's 64 x 128?"

-Timothy Democratis (when actually drunk)

"Bleuuuurrgh!!!"

-SP & DE (When very drunk)

ALIEN.

Aliens landed by the Black Poles in 1976, but were only seen by two unknown men who died in attempting to stop the alien from kidnapping the black pole. The aliens left with nothing and returned to the planet 'Looonoooooneeneeeeninanaaar'.

ALLEGATION.

Hmmm, a bit of a hard word to describe this one. Just read the entry 'alien' for an example, and probably most other entries in this book.

ALLIGATOR.

Many times have crocodiles and alligators been seen in the Gopsea.

See also: *allegation*.

ALTERNATIVE GOPSI DAYS OF CHRISTMAS, THE.

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, a partridge in a Christmas tree.

On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, two aardvark baths and an unwell partridge in a rather brown Christmas tree.

On the third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, three black poles, at least two aardvark baths and a partridge (now in a critical condition) in an old Christmas tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me (sorry, I couldn't think of anything there were four of), a Russian submarine and a large sea, bigger, in fact, than the Caspian sea, three black poles, two of one type and one of another, two or more aardvark baths and a dying partridge in a Christmas tree from several years ago.

On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, five squashed bananas (well, more like a hundred or so), a Russian submarine, now out of use, a large and rather muddy ocean (bigger, do not forget, than the Caspian sea), three black poles of differing shapes and sizes, several aardvark baths and a dead partridge, now fallen out of the Christmas tree, pining for the fjords.

On the nth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, n perfectly sane individuals, n-1 new wonders of Ispog, n-2 pints of beer, 35 seconds of gas oil, far too many silly songs and a partridge pie, contents no longer in the disappeared Christmas tree.

The above is yet another stupid song from a Gopsi member. (Still, it could have been the Wombles theme tune, in Latin).

AMBLYRHYNCHUS.

God knows what it means, but it's got ten consonants next to each other in only a thirteen letter word. TEN! Can you imagine such a thing?! It's just incredible!

AMNESIA.

What? Oh, er, two sugars please.

AMOEBIA.

See *Penney, Stephen*.

NAGMRAANS.

Tiw h nagmraans, ouy anc yas hintsg uoabt epoelp iwthuot htme erailgnsi. Klie, "Uoy rea a ustdpi rsencitou ssto-eahd!" Het raeticon fo mose leopep si noe fo cpcfploliautccinahiipiaionuh.

ANIMAL PURDU.

It is worth knowing where this peculiar phrase came from. It is, in fact, from a poster made during a French lesson (by an unknown and very foolish person). This poster was then stuck up on the wall of the corridor, in all its glory, with other similar posters. However as anyone can see, it has a simple error in its spelling. Unfortunately, the spelling error was so blatantly obvious, it being in a large 'headline' phrase at the top of the A4 page, that it was caught on to by Gopsi, who then took this as another of their collections of wise words. If it is said to you, you may either say it back to the speaker, or you may instead answer with "Blue custard same lovely creatures", or any of a number of other responses, such as "For my wife", "Stephen's telephone's probably still got batteries in, I expect" (although it's actually Zack's phone), or any other suitable Pogopsi / Gopsi approved words.

Finally, it must be noticed that Gopsi thinks nothing of lost animals, be they alive or dead, although some of us would prefer that Betty Beaumont was lost, killed, or even better, being tortured, mutilated, strangled and in a state of absolute fury, agony, terror, pain, misery, fear and anger to surpass that of any other being, human or nonhuman, excepting, of course the sadists we all know and detest.

ANTHEM, THE GOPSI.

This is the official Gopsi song, made up one break time. It is a two syllable song, the first of which (GOP) should be sung quite deeply, and the second (SIIIIIIIIIIIIII!) should be sung so high that it is literally screamed.

See also: *aarrrrgghh!*

ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISM.

A word that is not as long as several others in this book, but is still quite impressive isn't it?

ANUS. (ei-nus).

1658. [-L.anus, orig. ring; c.f. annular]

1. The posterior opening of the alimentary canal, through which the excrements are ejected.
2. An opening at the base of a flower 1730

- Shorter Oxford Dictionary

Really, I cannot imagine why Stephen asked me to do this entry. I suppose it must be because of my extensive knowledge of the bases of flowers or something... Still, when he said, "Can you insert an entry on my anus", I was quite happy to oblige him. And write this article.

Several jokes are made each day about what people can shove up their anus. Will I ever get that pillow up there?

APPLE KING.

Pom-pom, or Apple King, as he is sometimes known, is one of the school's supply of chemistry teachers. His most remarkable characteristic is the way in which he writes on the board

notes to be copied down, as he frequently does. He stands, facing the board, and with one hand strategically placed behind his back, he wobbles his head as he writes, moving to and fro across the board in yellow or white chalk.

A common fact, not normally spoken of, is that he has a pet caterpillar, which he keeps in his beard, unlike Mr. Cooper, who at one time had a squirrel on his chin. The caterpillar is green with pink spots, and is quite hairy.

ARGUING.

As anyone will testify, arguing is a fun pastime, guaranteed to win you lots of friends and resolve differences in a constructive manner. If you are a beginner, there are many topics you can argue about, from Modern Art to Modern Music to Modern Art (for the umpteenth time in a row). There are several techniques you can use in arguing, to make it informative and entertaining. Well, for you at least.

1. The "Subtle change in viewpoint". This consists of, halfway through the argument, changing to agree with your opponent. Only do this if you're losing, and don't allow anyone else to do it.

2. The "Quibbling over minor details" ploy. The idea behind this is that if you can score positive victory points over your opponent on matters like the definition of Modern Art, you can feel morally and intellectually superior for the rest of the argument. It also wastes time if you're losing.

3. Be Ben Burningham.

ARISTOTLE.

Deep, in the heart of the science block, lies a mysterious phenomenon not known anywhere else in the school. If one traverses the length (or some of it) of the corridor, a door can be found, by the place where of old a locker vandalising ceremony took place, leading, so it is believed to an otherwise almost inaccessible room (excepting the prep room door and the door to the gob garden). In this room are many strange creatures, including birds, goldfish (which are not gold) and a hamstergerbilguineapig type thing. Perhaps the most strange is bed-bug, who lives in a cupboard labelled "Mr. Jones", where he mates with farmers with beards. However, just near that Aristotle lives, in a tank: Aristotle, the axolotl. It lives there, in it's duplicate form, making vital decisions about the future of civilisation, and eating worms.

ARSENAL.

This is another word that Ian could have had yelled at him. Wash your hands and wash your face and don't forget your ARSENAL! Also, Eric Morcambe often yelled out 'Arsenal' in a coughy sort of way. Which was funny. I guess you'll have to see it for yourself.

See also: *Football, aerosol.*

ATKINSON, M.

Martin Atkinson is a good Maths teacher, and all round descent Geezer. However he is considered by the members of Gopsi as sad, as he is a football supporter, and also by other football supporters, as he supports West Ham.

His alias among the Gopsiites is "EXCHANGE", after the magazine: EXCHANGE AND MART(in).

AWARDS.

The award system for Pole-sliding is very simple. Each consecutive award is more difficult than the previous, and demands the use of new skills. The possible awards are Bronze, Silver, Gold, Instructor and Judge.

Bronze. To get a bronze, the pole-slider must be able to slide down the *Black Pole* (q.v.)

without the aid of his (deliberate use of the word 'his' to annoy feminists) hands. It is also a requirement to demonstrate the ability to mount and slide the pole whilst looking in a reverse direction. The contender must also cross one of the Croquet Hoops (smaller poles that curve over into little arches) cross-ways without the use of the hands. Legs/hands must not touch the ground.

Silver. On the Black Pole, the entrant must be able to slide down and mid-journey, stop with the aid of one hand. This must be sustained for a further 10 seconds. A backward slide must also be performed. On the Croquet Hoops, you must sit laterally on the Hoop directly above the doorstep and proceed to make a 360⁰ turn without the use of your hands in any way. However, the door-stop can be used to aid your purpose. The touching of legs or any part of your body on the ground will nullify the award.

Gold. The task for the gold award on the Black Pole, is sit at the top of the pole with your legs on one side and begin to slide, then by whatever way possible, to use the Pole to manoeuvre your legs over to the other side, whence to continue sliding. The Croquet Hoop part of the award is the same as with Silver, only it must be carried out on the Hoop without the doorstep. It is imperative that no part of the body should touch anything other than the air and the Black Pole in these awards.

Instructor. To gain an instructor award, you must have Bronze, Silver and Gold Awards and be able to describe in detail one area of Pole Sliding to do with Technique, or Safety, Awards etc. to the satisfaction of one judge or two instructors. Also, you must invent a practice that could help new learners of the Art of Pole Sliding in technique.

Judge. For a judge award, you must have all the other awards and hold at least one Trophy. Furthermore, you must successfully judge a Bronze, Silver and Gold test in the presence of two other Judges. You can only become a Judge if you are also co-opted by three existing Judges (to be substituted by Instructors if there are not three Judges).

See also: *trophies, pole sliding.*

AZZZZZZZ.

The last 'a' word which comes before 'azzzzzzzzzza'.

AZZZZZZZZZZZA.

This is a word that doesn't strictly exist. It therefore has no meaning, or definition, so you shouldn't really be reading this.

B.

B.

Pronounced "Ber" and is short for "Greetings be to you."

BAA.

What the Gopsi sheep said when we um nothing.

BABBLE.

A word that will probably be used to describe most of this book by anyone normal, or in fact anyone at all.

BAD.

See jokes.

RANDOM.

Unpredictable and without reason. For example, putting an entry in a random place in an otherwise sensible encyclopedia.

BADGER, BODGER AND.

Great children's TV characters. Famed throughout the whole of Gopsi for their fantastic theme tune:

Bodger and Badger,
Bodger and Badger,
La la la-la-la,
LA LA LA-LA-LA!

Everybody knows:
Badger likes-
Mashed Potatoes!

Terrific stuff.

BAKED BEAN ENIGMA, THE GREAT.

When baked - beans are heated, in a saucepan, they heat up, obviously, and small amounts of steam are given off. When the heat is reduced (ie turned off), the beans emit much greater quantity of steam. The same happens with soups and water. Why? This is the great baked - bean enigma. There is a debate within Gopsi as to whether or not this is connected to the problem of the similar phenomenon occurring with relation to toast, candles or other flammable material when they are burnt and then extinguished.

BARTON, ARNOLD.

A Sellotape holder that is actually very much alive. He has his name written on the side of him and is in care of David Edgar. There have been several 'accidental' attempts on his life, including when Stephen Temple tried to rip his name off, and when Stephen Penney decided to catapult him so hard that he split in two (Arnold, not Stephen). The Arnold Barton Society was his original fan club, which was shortly shortened to ABS and then changed to Total (ABS being a mnemonic of ABSOLUTE MAGNITUDE, of which the former word means TOTAL). Arnold Barton shall reign forever!

BASTARD.

Ooh, a nasty and not very nice word. See *swearing*. There are nastier words like fu.... oh just go and see swearing you stupid bastard. Oops.

BATH, AARDVARK.

Interesting metal vibr....., I mean object, which is honeycombed with long curved tunnels used for:

- a) bathing aardvarks;
- b) floccing if all you can attract is a poodle hole.

BATTY.

See Bats, Clark, Cricket, Davies, Democratis, Edgar, Gopsi, Hunter, Jackson, Penney, Young.

BAZOOKA.

Neeeeeeeeeeooooooooooooooooow, BOOOOOOOOOOOOM. Sorry about that, it's just that I was given a bazooka by Richard so that I could find out what it did. I'll just go and repair the kitchen, and rebuild the four walls I have just removed. Mummy, help!

BEANS.

Smallest individual unit of currency, now extinct. 1 bean = 0.00000000000001p. 12473 beans

= 1 baked bean can. 1296 baked bean cans = 1 supermarket. 10,000 supermarkets = 1 city. 619 cities = 1 pound (sterling).

They are also quite useful if you like farting.

BEARD.

Farmer Giles of Ham, as all are aware, rents a cupboard from bed-bug. This is in fact the cupboard next to bed-bug's, and a secret passage links the two, so they can shag. Of course, they often prefer to shag in one of their cars, and so frequently at lunchtime they drive to a quiet secluded place together in one car, (probably "The Plough" at Tyttenhanger Green) so that everyone may know what they are going to do. You'd think they'd try to cover it up a bit, wouldn't you?! Still, with her doing Sex (Education), they probably take precautions. (Against having a child with biology teachers with parents. Poor sod!)

Her surname is "Palmer", and so "Palm tree" seems an obvious nickname. However, in an attempt to avoid the obvious, we named her "Treebeard", after a character in "The Lord Of The Rings". We also called her "Farmer Giles of Ham".

BEARDS.

Beards are the most grooviest fashion accessory of our time. Beards are cool. Beards are super. Beards are super-doooper-boo-bop-a-wooba. This would be good, if it were true, but it's not because beards are sad, especially if they are colour-less and fluffy.

"My beard's dropped off" is a vaguely humorous phrase.

BEATLES, THE

Fab group renowned for their deep and meaningful lyrics: "She loves you yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah whoo." (Repeat four times). "Number nine, number nine, number nine, blah blah blah, babies crying, traffic, John cage, this jolly music is jolly easy, eh chaps?". John Lennon, during his travels, met a wonderfully talented female Japanese artist. Unfortunately, he married Yoko Ono instead. Ha bloody ha.

It is a little known fact that John Lennon's initials are J L, which if the L is pushed up a letter to M, and an A is inserted, the word JAM is produced.

There is a higher than 0% probability that John Lennon ate some jam in his life, which is also the percentage of his life he had lived before the event of his birth. By a curious coincidence, John was 0 years old when he was born, exactly the same as *Kevin M Snoad* (q.v.). Excuse me for a moment.

BED.

See *sex*.

BED-BUG.

Name given to a Male Biology Teacher (Alias Mr Jones.)

He lives in a cupboard labelled "Mr Jones", where he has sex with Treebeard. He is known as "Bedbug" as he talked about them for a bit in a boring biology lesson, has a book in his classroom all about bedbugs (obviously a family album), and because he is one of course!

BEELZEBUB.

Foul Master of Hades.

See also: *Eley, M.*

BEINGS, HUMAN.

The third most intelligent life form on the planet Earth (we're not giving you any clues).

BELLS.

Stephen Penney writes:

Bells are excellent! Did you know that the first lead of Londinium Surprise Maximus on the second and therefore seconds place bell Londinium, consists of a snap lead, half a set of Yorkshire places, two dodges, and two places from lead. No? Well you learn something everyday don't you!

BELLY.

See *Gilvo*.

BILLION.

The number billion isn't the highest number known to man, but it's still quite big though, isn't it? For example the number 10^{100} is an awful lot bigger, and infinity is even bigger than that. I could probably come up with a load of statistics about this number, like facts about numbers of insects and things, but I didn't as they're all as boring as fuck.

THE BING REGISTER AND THE BEEP REGISTER.

In the summer of 1992, or thereabouts, there was started a register of the names of fellow individuals. They were greeted with a "bing", and their name was requested if they had not previously given their name. Then each time they returned to the immediate line of vision and conservation of TD and DE, they were once more greeted with that memorable audible salutation: "bing!".

It was at a later date that the sequel, "The beep register" was designed and created. This was a computer version of the previous register, and was not quite as great a success as the bing register, mainly because it could be described as a pile of poo, and often is. (Not that the bing register was any good in the slightest.)

BIOLOGY.

1. The study of living organisms.
2. An excuse to rip out lungs from frogs, plant flowers, watch snails bonking and still have the nerve to call yourself a scientist.

BIRMINGHAM AND BINGLEY YOUTH KINDLY INDEPENDENT LOVING LITERATURE (B.A.B.Y.-K.I.L.L.).

An entirely non-directional, impartial body set up to prevent those crazed blood-thirsty witches ripping poor, innocent defenceless babies from their wombs with their own bare hands while cackling with glee at the delight of their mortal sin as they worship at the throne of Beelzebub the ever-living child-murderer and rupturer of embryos, as they destroy the victims of their depraved lusts, ripping... Oh, er, sorry, got a bit carried away there.

Anyway, we sit around planning how we can kill doctors... er, I mean, how we can offer doctors a wide range of independent life-termination options. While in prison, one of our members wrote this poem:

It happened in the month of March,
When leaves were budding from the larch,
I was forced to terminate my foetus,
Otherwise financial pressures
would eat us.
My boyfriend dragged me screaming and kicking,
Into the clinic, as the doctors were
flicking,
My darling little embryo into a bin,
What a terrible, terrible sin,
A real baby with eyes and ears and
nose,
And chin.

(Well actually it was my idea, but I was
young,
They should have blocked up my mouth with a
bung,
For I am a woman, and so am incapable of
choosing,
Whichever way you look at it, it is really
quite
likely that I will end up losing.)
Shortly after that my boyfriend left,
Leaving in my heart a great big cleft,
About the size of a banker's giro,
Or perhaps a medium-sized
biro,
(One of those ones with a transparent barrel).
Oh woe, woe, woe, woe, woe, woe,
What can I do - where can I go, go,
go, go?
To those nice people at B.A.B.Y.-K.I.L.L.,
They my fear will clearly smell,
And invite me back to hot white
(Or perhaps even a nice cup of-
For a small extra contribution).
They will show me how naughty I have
been,
Once their genuinely independent videos I have
seen,
 And then my heart will be wiped clean,
Fresh as is a freshly freshened mountain
stream,
Or a valley that is quite green,
And my halo will shine with a sheen,
For the first time since I was
almost but not
quite seven-teen.
And so I hope that you will see,
You musn't be naughty just like me,
But instead live in chastity.

BIRO.

A handy sort of pen, named after it's inventor Laszlo Biro. It was not in common use until the 1930s, when the product was marketed by Sir Alexander Ball-Point-Pen.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.

See Christmas celebrations.

BLACK POLES.

The Black Poles and surrounding area, (Ispeg), are the most sacred, wondrous and revered things in the Whole Sort of General Mish-Mash. They make the vast colossus of Thloth in Ursa Minor, visible from 10 light years away, seem rather tame. All nine and a half Wonders of the World pale into pallid insignificance. Billions of cosmic beings flock to the poles every day - invisible to the naked eye, but detectable through the strange effects they have on the behaviour of the humans gathered there. The Big Bang was caused by a giant pot of yoghurt, (meson flavour), sliding down the pole and exploding when it hit the ground. Merely being close to the poles is said to have miraculous

properties, making people intelligent, witty, and eminently shaggable - after all, look at the effect they have had on the members of Gopsi.

BLUE.

Blue is the Gopsea, as is the sky,
And the black pole may once have been blue, probably in about nineteen seventy five, it was light blue,
unlike poo,
which is brown,
like a brown dressing gown.

Indeed the black pole, some may say was once light blue,. Evidence for this is the blue speck of paint once on the pole. However, other theories exist as to why this was there.

BLUE CUSTARD SAME LOVELY CREATURES.

This phrase is, for some rather unknown and uncared for reason, a part of the Gopsi heritage of language. It means much to some, less to others and indeed not very much at all to most. However, it deserves comment as a symbol of Gopsi culture, society and language today. (And last Friday, especially in the morning).

It is not that "Blue custard" is particularly worthy of note, not being as tasty as normal pinky-purple custard. Neither is it that "lovely creatures" have anything special to offer us in the manner of the citizens of Ispog's delights and standards. But, then can we really reduce it to saying that the "same" is what inspires and leads us in this battle against insanity, sinfulness, black dustbin bags and large green motorcycle covers? No, I see that it is the whole that drives us on, pushing us to the limits of human ability, the highest peaks of endurance and even so the deepest pits of peculiarity. Still it is that with this everlasting concept we may prosper while those around us fall, and we may succeed while others fail.

BOLLOCKS.

Look, if the only reason you are reading this book is so that you can look up rude words, you can just put it down right now.

BORING.

See civil engineers.

BOTTOMS.

A sadly neglected part of our cultural heritage. Unfortunately, bottoms are rarely mentioned in Shakespeare, and it appears that Dickens never once used the word "arse". Virginia Woolf, in a prolific writing career, never wrote any novels with buttocks as their heroes, and even Chaucer is believed to have refused to dedicate any of his works to his down-trodden anus. This is clear evidence of a conspiracy of silence about bottoms, one that I discovered when I tried to find a publisher for my definitive 1500-page "Derriere: An illustrated history of the bottom from prehistoric times to the present day".

BRANCH.

Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin. Once upon a time, in the insane town of Ispog, lived a very unhappy branch going by the name of Graham. Graham was very unhappy, as he had lots of very heavy leaves hanging off him. The leaves were so heavy, that they had started to tear him from the tree trunk.

But one day, the people that lived near him, known as the Gopsians, noticed poor old Graham one day, and helped him by taking all his heavy leaves off. The even entertained him by doing impressions of Giraffes as well, but they had to be very careful, because if an evil being known as a teacher saw them, they would be shot (or just told off a bit). Eventually, all the leaves had gone, but Graham was still unhappy, as he was still only partially attached to the tree, even though he was now

much higher.

So one day a daring Gopsian took it upon him self to sneak past the evil ones and pull Graham free of the trunk, which he did. The branch fell back to the level he was originally, before falling all the way to the ground. He was then hidden away from the teachers next to an old submarine, where Graham made friends with some Russians, who played with him, and he was happy for ever more. However, the Gopsians were not, as they had no more branches to vandalise, or to practice being Giraffes on.

So the moral of this story: If you see a branch that is obviously in pain, FUCKING LEAVE IT ALONE!

BRASS PHILIP AND THE LIABILITIES COULD RUN INTO MILLIONS.

Philip Wright is a former pupil of Beaumont school. Unfortunately he had an eye disorder which meant he had to wear sun-glasses whenever he was outside. He was thus forced to put up with looking like a poser.

One of his lesser achievements is the running of a brass group. It started off badly, with about four people, and within a few weeks it had got down to only Philip. On the subject of music, however, we must pay tribute to Philip's wonderful concert in which he impressed and amazed everyone with his talent (and the size of his ego). This particular concert was the one with the explosions at the back of the orchestra. Very nice, but we are, one might say, glad to see the back of him. Although it's preferable not to see him at all.

Philip enhanced his connection with Gopsi culture with that famous statement: "The liabilities could run into millions". This was on the subject of the black pole itself, talking, in Philip's righteous manner of how dangerous it could be if it were damaged by us sliders, and someone fell down the steps, injuring themselves.

As they say, "Two wrongs don't make a right, but one Wright is a disaster."

BREAK.

Break (or brick, as it is known, as it is next to the school hall, which is made of bricks, which sound like break) is a time of day when the black pole radiates power in order to attract the Gopsians to Ispog. On the whole brick is a minor version of lynch, except that less vandalism, swimming and card-playing occurs due to the relatively short length of brick compared to the longer, but not nearly long enough, expanse of time allotted to lunch.

Brick is a great social occasion and if it didn't occur the majority of days of the year, then it would be very special and rare. But it does so it's not.

BRICK.

See *break*, or I'll give you a slap.

BRIGHTON.

1. Where old people look forward to going on holiday.
2. Where young people feel depressed about going on holiday, especially when all their friends are going to Eurodisney.

BROOK, MS.

One of the most fascinating members of staff is Ms. Brook, teacher of the Latin language and of Dramatic Skills. However, the Drama has on occasion influenced the course of lessons in the aforementioned classical language. It is rare than Latin interrupts the theatrical lessons, these being largely with younger pupils, and being affected to a greater extent by flowers and trees.

Ms. Brook has pronounced an interest in socks, fascist architecture and Swiss guards. Her partner, Alan does a very good impression of Harry Corbett. We shall say no more about that.

Some people compare Ms. Brook to Mr Cooper. This is fairly reasonable, given their tendency to commence discussions, where as the average teacher does all possible to prevent, and to cease, discussions. They also both intend to teach their subject to the class, but fail, having drifted off into something entirely unconnected with anything.

BROTHEL.

Fun for all the family!
See *IRA Mafia Brothel*.

BROWN, MR GRAHAM.

It's Mr Brown
It's Mr Brown
Get on
Get on
Get on
Get on
Get on Down!

Graham "fluffy hamster" Brown, as he is rarely known, uniquely combines the timetabling skills of a dead giraffe that works for a coach company with one of those groovy moustaches that filters harmful substances out of his tea. He also has a shiny bald patch. What more could you ask for in a teacher? He is well known around school for his fun catchphrase, "Physics and Maths? It's a pretty unusual combination, you know." If he ever reads this, I will get expelled, so I would just like to say, MY NAME IS SUSANNAH FORD, OK?

See also: Rocks, Pixie, Tosh from "The Bill".

BUSH.

See *Thornton, Mrs.*

C.

CAMBRIDGE.

BASTARDS! Not that I'm bitter, you see, because I'm not bitter, no, really, come back, I'm not bitter, (fade out blathering as train to UCL departs).

CANS, COKE OR LILT. (And probably others as well, as long as they have the words "MULTIPACK CAN". There are of course lots of other cans, but I'm not talking about them. So there.)

As these cans have the words "Multipack can" on them, the pack that they came in must be a Multican-pack, or to be more precise, a multimultipack-can-pack. The cans therefore are multimultimultipack-can-pack-cans, and so the packs are multimultimultimultipack-can-pack-can-packs and so on. How much did you say we were getting paid for this rubbish?

CAREERS

This lesson has the second most pointless forms on the planet liberally doled out every lesson. This is very considerate, as we normally run out of paper for aeroplanes quite soon. Here is a sample:

Section A: Put a tick next to the box which best describes your career intentions. In each column, make sure that the row corresponds to the diagonal numerical equivalent, and that three wattles are called before a murgatroyd is declared.

A lumberjack:

Answers: If you ticked the box marked "lumberjack", you want to be a lumberjack.

Section B: It is important that you find out what sort of person you are. We mean, like, deep inside. No, seriously, we really care what happens to you, because Careers teachers are nice people, thoroughly trained to do their job. Tick the box which best describes your view of yourself. Then get a friend to do it. Then a neighbour. Then that bloke down the street that you don't talk to much. Then a member of the Sri Lankan cricket team.

- 1) I am sad and lonely with no friends:
- 2) I have an active social life and many friends:

If you ticked box 1, too damn right. I mean, what sort of person actually fills in this sort of form, except hurriedly in about five seconds when the careers teacher is coming your way? By the same logic, I doubt very highly you ticked box 2. If you did, you were lying.

CARLE, ERIC.

The undisputed greatest writer in the English or indeed any, language, Carle is noted for numerous classic existential novels, most notably the metaphysical angst-fugue "The very Hungry Caterpillar", where the extraordinary meta-character of the hungry caterpillar, representing as it does the lot of the common man, seeking the mythical 'fruit' of the golden bough of quasi-millennial gender-neophyte schadenfreude. Also it's got groovy holes in the page.

CARTER, BRIAN. (Alias Jimmy Lenin the Phantom Merciless Unstoppable Farting Sex Monk Snail Gorkovich.)

Mr B. Carter not to be confused with an IRA Mafia Brothel associate living in a certain unmentionably interesting place, is often thought of as wearing a bow-tie. This is perhaps because he normally does. It makes him look a right fool.

Jimmy Lenin is renowned for teaching technology, the only thing which he does well in life. And "well", is of course, a relative term. Just like "cousin". Still, because of him it was possible to obtain a free BTEC in technology, and what better rubbish to fill up a C.V., or an "Action Plan". We must also thank him for getting a gold "Crest" award with Y.P.E.! We got a gold award! We got a gold award!

See also: *Caveman*. (Well, try not to, because he's an ugly sight to behold. And don't get within a mile of him unless absolutely unavoidable. You might die, or even get told to go away.)

CASPIAN SEA.

This is a big sea. A very big sea. A very very big sea. A huge and gigantic sea. An enormous sea, whose shortest distance across can't be crossed at light speed in a life time. It is amazingly massive, and brilliantly huge. Even trying to think about one ninety-millionth of its size can result in your brain being splattered across thirty billion galaxies (which of course, is not nearly as wide as the Caspian sea).

However, it is not nearly as big as the GOPSEA.

CATS, SCHOOL.

There have been two school cats in the history of the school, the first of which was a stray, and was invited into the school by some old fool, most probably for obscene purposes, and was named Billy Beaumont.

Many years later, the cat was run over (yeah, kill the cat!), but was unfortunately replaced a cat of the female variety, named Betty "Beaumont", which has visited the black poles.

When she first arrived, Stephen Penney threw a sausage roll at her, which she ate. Since this occasion, whenever she visits the black poles she hit almost stoned to death with a mountain of food.

Stephen's Mother almost managed to run her over once, but unfortunately missed.

3. How many words can you make backwards from the Periodic table?
4. How many different types of hat can you make by folding the Periodic table?

SECTION 2.: ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

1. Substance a is added to liquid b, which comes in a bottle labelled "Under no circumstances add this to substance a". Substance c is formed, which is thrown at person d by person e. Person d is rushed to hospital, and person e is arrested by police officers f and g. Name a-g.

2. A green pppptptppt is formed when Calciumhydroxy-benzoate-methyl-megadog-gowhatchaferret is added to poo. Name this green putrid substance and draw a picture of it.

SECTION 3.: PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY

1. Add liquid labelled "1." to Liquid labelled "2.". Heat the solution with a Bunsen burner and observe any change. Now add two drops of the brown liquid and run like fuck.

CHIEF BUTHELEZI.

An unusual sexual position, different from the Lesser Buthelezi in that the Labia Majora is placed behind the ears rather than the big toe.

CHOCOLATE CREME DESSERT.

This is unquestionably all Timothy's fault! It ruined an entire years work (DE's). This included a piece of science homework for the lesson following the lunchtime in which this disaster happened.

It was, however, surprisingly undramatic. Timothy just walked around the steps by the pole, above DE, and science folder, and work, spilling his pudding from the pot onto the work. He then went away and didn't help at all in cleaning the spillage from all the ruined work.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS.

The Gospel According to St. Giles of Fellatio:

And Lo, it came to pass that, in the time of the Emperor Commodus, when Phallus Maximus Ludicus was Governor of Laetitia Minor, an awesome heavenly host did visitate and reveal themselves upon the humble Gopsiites, yea even as they were guarding their flocks from the Welshmen. And this host did sing, such that their voices descended from heaven even unto the small town of Ispog, that is known also as Ye Pouhlls of Blakk, renowned from afar for its silliness and its prostitutes. And Lo, the Gopsiites were sore and afraid, (although that was mainly because of the previous night). And the heavenly host did say unto them, "Fear not, for I bring you tidings of exceeding great tidingness. Unto you a Party shall be born, and you shall name it the Black Poles Christmas Party, and you shall feast upon the holy Chok-ko-latt of Kadbory and the sacred Spon-je-Kay-ke; and you shall drink the Lem-on-ayd and the Di-yat-Liltt."

And so a great cheer went up among the Gopsiites, and they did all that the Angel had told them to do. And Lo, there was much gnashing of teeth and spewing of chocolate-cake in the land of the gopsiites, for they ate far too much. And they saw that it was Good, and said, "let's do it again next year". And so it came to pass that each December, Christmas is celebrated, and the Gopsiites have once more a massive blow-out at the poles. There is also something about a baby being born in a staple, but no-one pays any attention to that now.

CLEMENTINE.

See Mandarin.

COAT OF ARMS AND FLAG.

A herald writes: The Gopsi coat of arms, used on ceremonial occasions when not less than

three bishops and a viscount or grand duke are present, consists of a nimbus resplendent argent, surmounted by triple ibices verdant rouge, with nixes protuberant, on a field of or with subimposed crests of recumbent and stabant ibices.

The Gopsi flag, to be flown at full mast from naval jack-staffs and principal public buildings on occasions of national importance when there is an "R" in the month, consists of the Gopsi coat of arms, minus ibices, on an chequered and striped plain field of red, vermillion, magenta and scarlet.

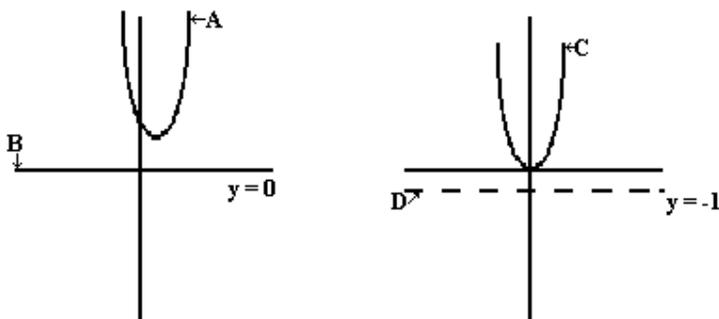
COLIN THE CLEANER.

A game for the Sinclair Spectrum, a computer almost as powerful as a Cray, but not quite, and undoubtedly the best in the world, but not this world, had as its name, a name remarkably similar to that of the one who takes care (Colin the Cleaner), was based on a cleaner, called Colin, who was required to remove the rubbish from 15 rooms of a museum, without dying, as often happens in museums. The player's job was to guide Colin round the museum.

The school caretaker's job is to take care not of a museum, but a school. Fortunately, there is no player to guide him round, because it would be silly to guide a live person round the school (especially one who died when he walked down steps).

COMPLEX NUMBERS.

The branch of mathematics which describes where line A crosses line B, in terms of where line C crosses line D (see diagram). In other words, where one curve touches a line that it goes no where near, in terms of where another curve touches a line it goes no where near. Who said mathematics wasn't logical?



CONFUSED.

See *Loop*.

COOKING, GCSE.

(also known as Domestic Science, Home Economics, Food Technology, Edible Biology, Culinary Chemistry, Nutritive Physics, Digestive Sociology and anything else that makes it seem like a serious subject, and not the piss-easy doss-around it is).

A Home Economist writes: "It really is challenging - sometimes you have to make several different types of cupcakes in one lesson! And sometimes there is a difficult theory bit, where Mrs Elsdon or Thomlinson or whoever she is says something like "Fibre is GOOD for you", or "Fat is BAD for you", and we have to write it down and remember it, which really is quite difficult! But it is very fun, and we all have a bit of a laugh - like last week, when Sharonella accidentally put raisins in her cakes instead of sultanas!!! And then Tracyette said, "there's no raisin to cry about it!!!!!" After she had explained the joke, we all had a good old giggle! And yesterday we learnt how to give ourselves lobotomies!!!!!"

We would like to reassure our readers that the author of the above is receiving intensive psychiatric treatment.

COOPER, MR ROBIN.

I had to write this entry, as no one else could stop laughing for long enough to actually write

anything sensible. Everyone seems under the impression that he is a weak and hilariously funny character, when in fact he is very wise, and a fanatic sex object. He can talk to you for hours about the decline in the surplus demand for small bits of string in the economy, enthral you with his vast knowledge of model aeroplanes that he built himself and almost work, and is not boring at all. I personally found his assembly on the increased land use of Antarctica fascinating.

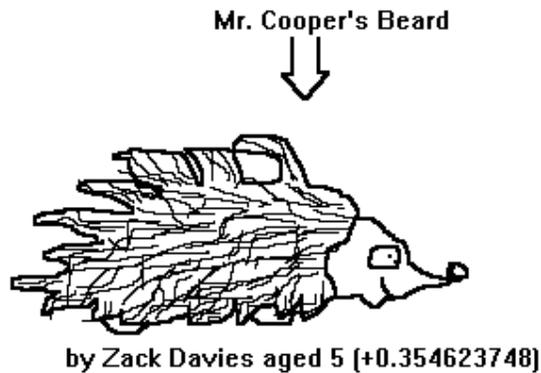
His great skills as a stand up comic are often put into practice in such assemblies, starting off with an absolutely hilarious piece of music that he plays on a crap (but well selected) keyboard from the music department, and then goes on to wildly humorous things such as how he lives near the M25 and how they are planning to extend parts of it to seven lanes. Who else could come up with a cracker like that?

A song exists that was adapted by Stephen Temple, many years ago. It goes a little something like this -

Mr Cooper!
Awesome and Super!
The Producer!
Mr Cooper!

"Mr Cooper is as sexy as a turd in a swimsuit"

- Stephen's Computer



See also: *Cooper effect*.

COOPER EFFECT.

In their 1994 treatise: 'Post-modernist Semantics and the Practical Lobster Farmer,' British Nobel Prize winners T. Democratis, D. Edgar, I. Jackson, S. Penney and their research team covered new ground in the field of anthropological psychoanalysis. Nothing since Krakatoa had caused such ructions in our neo-Freudian sjamboko-apatetic Society as their discoveries. Indeed, as you may, or may not, realise, it was a step, though as painful as when 'After his speech, he made a long cast, and the whistling spear winged on, clanged on the shield, but sprang away to fix itself between the flank and groin of Antarës, a distinguished soldier there, Hercules' old companion,¹ it was worth the effort.

The discovery which has since caused such vast social repercussions was, in short, that in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God and that when protoplasmic primordial atomic globule-type carbon-based life-forms develop vehicular internal combustionisational engines, certain patterns can appear in their arrangements while stationary. If we were to take a hypothetical car park (with cars in it), the following patterns might be visible:

- If there is exactly one car in a row that is reverse-parked and does not lie in the spaces at either end, then it is described as a Cooper Effect;

¹Aeneid: Book X, 774 - 779, Virgil

- A Pseudo-Cooper Effect occurs under the normal circumstances but when exactly one parking space in the line is left vacant;
- The third form of Cooper Effect is the Extended Cooper Effect which takes place when one or more cars forward-park outside the parking spaces, but parallel to the other cars and a normal Cooper Effect is taking place.

The danger of these is that if a robin were to be jumping from bonnet to bonnet, it could crash into the back of the reverse parked car and die. This led to the germination of the theory, and that the reverse parked car was usually that which belonged to Mr. Cooper.

See also: Artichokes.

CRUMPLE ZONE, CRIPPLE, CRETIN, CROUTON, CRAMPON, TAMPON.

These words, some credited to that famous current affairs television broadcast "Have I got news for you", but most of the rest to Gypsians, from part of the great heritage of England's linguistic rhubarb. Each has a very special significance and importance. For instance, a "crouton" is a small bit of toasted bread type stuff that can be put in soup or otherwise consumed. None of the terms actually have a special significance or importance in the Gopsi frame of reference, however.

CSA.

Abbreviation : 'Cat Stokers Anonymous'

CSA is a member of the sixth form who lives in Beechwood Avenue. He is to us nameless. His main point of interest is his action one day. As he walked on the other side of Oakwood drive, he spied a cat on the proper side. He crossed over to perform the pointless activity of stroking the cat. After showing his affection, he crossed over to the other side once more. Due to the fact he lives towards the proper side of Central Drive, he, in that one journey from Beaumont School to his house, crossed over the road four times when he did not need to at all. This earned him his name.

CUMMINGS, EE.

EE Cummings was a truly quintessentially neo-avant-garde zeitgeist relative dialectic transcendental radical avant-haut-pourbelle poet of the neo-shoenbergian kerouacian demystification school (editors note: this means a stupid craphead who wrote pretentious poems without any punctuation) this is one of the most poetical poems.

Shag:

Bloody hell
I could do with a

shag

I'm
Absolutely des
perate for a quick
one

or even a
blowjob

really

CYUETEYL.

The cyueteyl is the extra mark made on a capital Q to stop it being an O, or the line on a lower case q to prevent it being a reversed p, upside-down b, or reversed upside-down d. It also stops the Q or q from looking like an incorrectly written Z : (i.e. one written like an O)(or a reversed upside-down d). The cyueteyl, pronounced as its rather obvious derivation (Q-tail) suggests, is a fundamental part

of the English language when written. A curse falls on all those misusing it, or even worse, forgetting it. They themselves shall grow cyueteys, and thereby be laughed at by all who see them, making those sinners so embarrassed they all explode with a bang and a puff of smoke.

D.

DARKNESS, ETERNAL LORD OF.

See *Eley, M.*

DEATH.

Death is normally used to mean the action of people dying. Certain members of Gopsi are somewhat inclined to say "Death" in a peculiar voice. See also: *Destruction.*

DELMONTE, THE MAN FROM.

He say Yes! (Probably because it's the only word he knows).

DEMOCRATIS, TIMOTHY Z.

Believed to be a descendant of the philosopher Democritus, who invented the theory that matter consists of minutely small indivisible particles, to account for the size of his own penis, fun loving Timothy is always good for a shag, er, I mean laugh. Born in 1962 on Venus, according to his birth certificate, it is a little known fact that Timothy is in fact a third-generation re-incarnation of Doris Stokes (the other two incarnations being run over in unforeseen accidents). He was not in fact conceived by normal means, but was dropped down a chimney by the stork. This accounts for his unusual chastity and purity, (shome mishtake shurely -ed.) [I don't know who keeps putting in all these bloody ed's comments, but it ain't me! -real ed.], and the first degree burns to his legs - the fire was lit at the time. Nothing has happened to him since that he would agree to being included in this encyclopedia, so sadly we will be unable to relate the Swedish butter-smearing incident, or what he did get up to under the covers at Kensing Youth Hostel. Sorry. He died last week in a tragic bull-shitting accident. The bull was not amused. This entry is dedicated to his memory. Si monumentum requiris, circumise.

DENTAL FLOSS.

See Fetishes of Ian Jackson.

DESMOND TUTU, ARCHBISHOP.

Son of Bishop Desmond Wonwon, his descendants names will increase exponentially through Desmond FawFaw, Desmond Sixteensixteen, etc, until, by the 20th Generation there will no longer be enough atoms in the Universe to write his name, and the world will end.

(See *Appendix B. The world is coming to an end*, Boutros Boutros Ghali).

DESTRUCTION.

Destruction is when things are destroyed. This is hilariously funny, and marvellously exciting. Richard Young is renowned for destruction (mostly of other people).

See also *Death.*

DIARY.

This was going to be a journal of all the events that took place in Gopsi over the years. However, we never wrote it, and forgot when most of the events took place. A short history of events

is included in Appendix D.

DOO! YABBA DABBA.

In the stone age, Fred Flintstone said this quite a bit, or at least he would have done if he had existed, but he didn't, so he didn't, so there.

DOSTOYEVSKY, FYODOR.

Geezer. Due to the fact that he writes books so thick that no sane person would read them, he can write about axe murderers and things and still get classed as a classic author, ie. old dead bloke/bird who wrote a load of boring drivel about handkerchiefs and gavottes and unrequited love (q.v. Jane Austen). At least Henry James had an excuse for writing excruciatingly bad books. Having lost a large proportion of his genitals in a bizarre horse-related accident (q.v. Catherine the Great) he must have needed to vent his spleen on the world somehow. We can therefore forgive him such atrocities as Daisy Miller, which happens to be one of the most paradoxical books ever. Even though it's only 74 pages long or so, IT IS AS BORING AS FUCK. I had to FORCE MYSELF to get through it. Avoid at all costs. Not so much "dull but true" as "dull but incredibly useful to know".

DRAWERS.

In the eternally boring Home Economics (Cooking) lessons of the third year, D.E. and S.P. passed the time by playing a rather amusing game with the drawers which were situated in the table, just in front of them. It was based on the fact that you could open them by pulling them out from under the table, without having to touch the handles. The aim of the game was for the players to continuously open and close their drawer, alternating with his opponent. I.e. When one was in the other would be out and vice-versa. The first one to laugh was the loser.

The amount of time we spent doing this probably accounts for the poor quality of the food we produced.

DRIBBLE

The paradigm shift caused by a metaphorical yet quintessentially metaphysical change in the clauses described hereunder were, when compared to that of which has yet to come, is of yet undecided by the persons referred to hereof.

He / She may, or may not, being dependant on his or her status / background / ethnic origin / race / colour / creed / sexuality / size / shape / wealth / sex, and of any other conditions the pre-assigned independent examiner (assigned by the writer / writess of the said document / documentess), sees fit to be applied to the examination of the above person(s), see fit not to take part in the activities pre-mentioned.

DRINKING LILT, THE ART OF.

This is not so much an art, as an ordinary everyday task, but at S.P.'s request after his observations of the sophisticated manner in which D.E. drinks the said fluid, here is the authorised guide:

1. Obtain can (full) of Lilt.
2. Shake well, for good effect.
3. Open, pointing at someone else.
4. Run, before being attacked by an infuriated, sticky person.
5. Open mouth.
6. Pour lilt down mouth, with occasional breaks to allow time to swallow (or breathe).
7. Tip head back and catch remaining drips.
- 8a. Throw can at someone, thus provoking large fight.
- 8b. Place can on ground and stamp on it.
- 8c. Use empty can as human crumple zone.
9. Manoeuvre can into waste disposal receptacle
10. Relax, in enjoyment of that "Totally Tropical Taste"

Either

Or

Or

It is important to note that lilt (supposedly) comes from Jamaica, so this an appropriate time to put this joke in:

Person A: My Wife's gone to the West Indies.
Person B: Jamaica?
Person A: No, she went of her own accord.

Of course, this joke would not be complete without its equivalent "Not"-Joke:

Person A: My wife's gone to the West Indies.
Person B: Jamaica?
Person A: No, Trinidad.

DUFFIELD.

AKA Macbeth, after MacDuff in Macbeth by William Shakespeare.

She taught at our school, but not any more, as she ran off with Elsdon's husband, allegedly. Actually, I don't think we even have to say allegedly in this case. But I have so it's too late.

DYING.

People can die in many different ways. Some of them are very serious and sad; others are very funny.

People often make noises when they die, the noise they make being different for each method of dying. Example:

Aaaaaaarrgghhhh!	- Falling of a cliff
Eurrghhhh!	- Being shot.
Oooh!	- Being stabbed, or hit by an arrow.
Et tu, Brute?	- Trying to seem intelligent as blood pours from your internal organs.
The money is in my..my..eurh	- Dying of old age in an incredibly corny drama.
Nothing.	- Being jumped on by an elephant.

E.

EDGAR, DAVID ROY.

As you pause for breath in a rocky glade, a figure steps from the shadows. Lowering above you, with arched back, ragged hair and unkempt beard, you seem at last to have found a legendary ent. The creature smiles.

But as the sky clouds over, and rumbles ricochet through the peaks, you realise this is not friendly giant. It grins evilly as you are struck by some foul-smelling miasma.

You scream "No.. No... No!" and crushed with terror, you feel your bowel collapse beneath you.

"What a turd!" it cries.

David cackles demonically, and strides purposefully into the mountains, muttering something about munroes.....

EEK WEL I WOOT.

This is Norwegian for, "Cor, fancy a shag?"

See also: *Norway - Scenery and countryside.*

ELEY, MRS M.

An infamous RE teacher, who is actually Satan in disguise.

END, THE.

We would like to write more, but suddenly we were all run over by a truck. Then we woke up - it had all been a dream.....or had it?

ENGLISH.

English for foreigners:

Howo speakar Ingles.

Vocabulary:

Jeremy:	Hyer-o-mee.
Ian:	Ga-rett.
Joy:	Hoyees.
Zack:	Sack.
Gareth:	Hyer-o-mee.
Jeremy:	Ee-yan.
Ian:	Hyer-o-mee.
Garethus Maximus:	Glen.

Phrases:	We love you very much:	Yoo can-not teeoh Spa-nish.
	We are very keen to learn:	Can wee go too thee lib-rary?
	Please continue:	Weev-lost thee sheet.

English for English people: Hello.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Although, as is the opinion of some, it is a poncey subject, some members of gopsi are studying it, so it must be a bit mad. This is the sort of examination you get:

Instructions to Candidates:

Either: You must answer two questions from A, B or C, one of which must be related to either area 1 or 2, unless question A(1), B(3) or C(2) is answered, in which case both areas must be answered (elsewhere). Under no circumstances should any questions in section D be answered, unless you are green, a tree and think you are a cheese cake.

OR: Give up and go home.

Area 1:- The complete works of William Shakespeare.

Area 2:- Noddy.

This was a blank bit, until this was written.

Section A

- 1) Compare and contrast the effects on society of the complete works of William Shakespeare,

the Bible and James Bond with Poland.

(501)

2) Write out, in full, any book that you have read.

(1)

3) What is your favourite film?

(1/2)

Section B

1) Write about any passage in any text you have ever read, and comment on its effect on the social background of a character in a totally irrelevant book, taking into account Belfast.

(35)

2) Compare Noddy with your favourite episode of Brookside.

(8)

3) Don't you agree that Neighbours is crap?

(Pi)

Section C

1) How many books contain the word "THE"

(1)

2) How many books contain the word "Fantasiallisticallyhepatiticushaniomuchelaphobicalnmensturadingdoingdangelaphobia" (The fear of Great, green, marvellous, cushions with pictures of chickens on coming out of hepatic ducts, eating all jelly and then destroying the universe with a herring)?

(0)

3) What the hell does the following poem mean?

Ode to Gongulationberries

Oh! The gongulationberry tree
Is the luckiest in the land.

Great is the fruit it produces, and
Indigenous are the people that eat it.
There is only the one gongulationberry.

Great big insects can be taken
Off this tree, and thrown at people.

How wonderful it must be, to be the
Only tree that can produce the
Marvellous Gongulationberry,
Every single Day.

4) Write out this poem fifteen times, and remember to use quotations.
(1)

Section D

1) Did you like the last poem? I wrote it myself you know! Yeah, all by myself. It took me quite a while, but I was quite pleased with the end result. Oh, I do like Gongulationberries.
(5)

2) You didn't like it did you?
(-5)

3) Copy and complete the following passage from "I'm from Liverpool":

"F ___ off I says to him, no-one f ___ s my wife and gets
away with it. I was amazed to then hear him say - F ___ you, I
didn't f ___ ing f ___ your b ___ of a wife. Suck my d ___,
Mother _____. Right Ok, you're f ___ ing dead you c _____. I then punched him, and he
kicked me in the b _____."

_____, _____!
_____, with a felt-tip.

(Death)

4) Write a novel with the title "Hengongubanaloflip."

5) Set fire to your answer book, and then start again.

Name:

Rank:

Serial Number:

Time:

Parallel Universe No:

This is the answer to Section 5 (The rest is up to your own imagination):

"Fudge off I says to him, no-one fondles my wife and gets away with it. I was amazed to then hear him say - Find you, I didn't fudging fondle your babe of a wife. Suck my dog, Mother Hubbard. Right Ok, you're flipping dead you case. I then punched him, and he kicked me in the berry juice."
"Right Ok! I'm going to kill you, with a felt tip"

ERMINTRUDE.

The cow from the Magic Roundabout. Also a name applied to the cow from the History department, (also known as Macbeth, Tart, Slag, Part-time Sadist, and, by really offensive people, "Mrs Duffield".) She is now dead, but was principally famous for being married to a policeman while simultaneously having sex with Mrs Elsdon's husband, Mr Brown, Mr Cooper, Mr Pearson and his ex-wives, the entire P.E. Department (especially Miss Ayshford), Mrs Elsdon, Mrs Elsdon's entire family, Mrs Elsdon's pet gerbil (Eric), and a dead hedgehog.
Surprising they all fitted in bed, really.

ERNIE.

What can one say about Ernie that has not already been said? To film stars and supermodels of all nationalities and persuasions, he was the greatest lover since Casanova; to great scientists and philosophers, he was the first truly great thinker since Einstein, perhaps since Plato; to politicians and world leaders, he was the "Eminence en Bois" who manipulated all major global events to his own inscrutable ends. But to us, he was a twenty-centimetre bit of wood with a square head and a drawn-on suit. Oh, how we mourned following his tragic end, a death to put alongside Kennedy or Lennon in this century's bloody litany of assassination. He also made a useful drum-stick.

EVIL, PURE.

Mr. E. Jones, being the brother of Mr. M. Jones (Bedbug), is evil incarnate. He is known as "Pure Evil" because when he comes into the common room, everyone feels guilty for not working, and therefore his mere presence is enough to bring fear of failing A-levels to everyone that is trying to enjoy themselves during a free period. He is also known as "Hitler", due to his tendencies to wear a small moustache and invade Poland (I think).

EXCHANGE.

See *Atkinson, M.*

F.

FELLATIO.

Also known as: Oral Sex, Blow job, cock- sucking, heading, and others.

As was noticed by Paul Merton once on "Have I got news for you?", Oral sex is an anagram of Axl Rose. This completely untrue of course, as Axl Rose is only his stage name, his real name being Jow Blob.

This is an act that is virtually impossibility to perform on yourself (or so they tell me), unless you either have a huge penis (such as mine), or no spine. It is a well known fact that Buddy Holly was able to perform this act on himself, due to his larger than average penis. As Radio 1's Mark Radcliffe put it:

"Having a large penis is always going to go to your head".

FANCY A SHAG?

Yes please!

FARTING.

Flatulence is the gaseous form of turding and urination, i.e. excretion from the body of waste produce from eaten food and drink. The overall standard of fart is measured on the Edgar scale. This incorporates volume, power, smell intensity, length of time covered, volume of air moved, number of people killed, vehicles destroyed, craters created and so on. It runs on the scale, being between 0 for no fart recognised at all and infinity for complete universal destruction. This is to be noted carefully, because this is the new revised scale, the old one ending at 1,000,000. Record Edgar scale values so far recorded are by the master himself, Mr. D. R. Edgar, being a 50 for the infamous art corridor queue blow-off and the 30 dead rat stinker. He acknowledges that there is indeed a great art to farting well. Of course, it takes far too long to explain without a book of it's own. However, a useful tip from the master for getting better scores is to let the fart out freely, with no constriction and so loss of power, volume, or smell dispersion.

FELCHING.

A small town in surrey, next to Godalming, after which is named the sexual activity of sucking your own semen out of your partners anus. No, please don't go away.... . All members of Gopsi seem to have a curious obsession with felching, probably due to the town's attractive Norman church and well-kept sub-post-office.

N.b. Safe sex warning: before felching remember to put a condom over your head.

N.b. Suffocation warning: make sure the condom has air-holes.

See also: Terry Christian

FLAGELLATION.

The manufacture of flags. One of the major world flag manufacturers is British Flagellants Plc, of East Cheam at reasonable prices.

FLOCCIPAUCINIHLIPILIFICATION.

The act of estimating as worthless. A word you very rarely find in word-searches, (unless you are very, very sad).

FLOOR OF THE SCIENCE BLOCK, THE.

As certain people know, having dropped large masses on it, it is not as solid as it looks. It does in fact break up, leaving a problem for those who have broken it. In cases such as these, Step 1. Find as many bits of tile a possible. Step 2. Fill the hole with these pieces. Step 3. Strategically place a stool leg over the offending place, and do not draw attention to it in any way, for at least 20 years.

FOOTBALL.

(A.K.A Pooball)

The unanimous vote of the ultimately wise in connection with the method of sadistic torture already mentioned is that it is a symbol of evil, hatred, pain, stupidity and horror to any of the few. It is more than that, however, because it is not just a symbol, but in fact it is evil, hatred, pain, stupidity and horror.

In the beginning was football, and football was with Satan, and football was Satan. He was with Satan in the beginning.

Football is still with us and, although it has shown its evil, it is still played. It just terrifies me to think that such sadomasochistic pleasure is practised in the world today.

Such are the ways of the world, and we must learn to harness or strengths and fight against the ultimate evil, determined to bring in to the world peace, justice, happiness and freedom, for the sakes of not only ourselves but also of those mindless beings lured to the devil.

FRIED TURDS.

Under no circumstances should you eat one of these foul and disgusting articles, they taste much better boiled.

G.

GARDEN, THE GOPSI.

The gopsi garden started its life by us placing lots of earth on a drain. We then for obvious reasons had to move this earth to an alternative location, but we also succeeded in blocking up the drain, which led to the creation of the *Gopsea* (q.v.). This earth was moved by the fence, under a tree, where very little water and even less sunlight could get to it. We tried to solve the former by creating a system that collected water and led it to the Garden. It didn't work.

There was an attempt to plant a plant in the garden, but it was pulled up by Andrew and Stephen, and so it remained empty for a very long time. Admittedly the fact that the earth was on tarmac probably inhibited its growth slightly, but this did not stop a millimetre high weed naturally growing in it once. It died though, sorry.

GAS OIL, 35 SECS OF.

One of the wonders of Ispog takes the form of a box, to the southwest of the territory, with the above words inscribed on it. These indicate that the contents of the box are 35 seconds worth of Gas oil. The second, a somewhat unusual quantity to measure Gas Oil in, is used here because it would be silly to have 35 Bequerels of Gas oil, or even worse, 35 candelas of Gas Oil. See Appendix F. These 35 Seconds of Gas Oil have played an important part in the life of Gopsi. Not a very important part, admittedly, but still an important part. Well perhaps not quite important, but more than absolutely useless. Actually, they have been totally and completely without use, and have not contributed nothing to any part of the life of gopsi worth noting. However, some people make these sorts of comments about Gopsi itself, so therefore the 35 seconds of Gas Oil are consequently responsible for a large proportion of the importance of Gopsi.

GEOGRAPHY.

Here is a sample test paper:

Geography Examination. TSL Level.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL RANGE AND NOTATION DIVISION OF ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN
IN SCHOOLS
(GRANDADS)

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES.

1. Answer all questions. 2 Leave NO questions out.
3. When finished, check everything 4. DO NOT run out of time.
5. ONLY write in correct answers. 6. READ each question.
7. READ everything. 8. READ that as well, and this.
9. DO NOT write your name and then think that you have finished.

START - Time allowed: 57 years, four months, one week, two days, five hours and forty two point five nine seven seconds.

QUESTION 1.

- i) Where do you live?
.....[1]
- ii) Where are you now?
.....[1]
- iii) Where am I?
.....[?]

QUESTION 2.

- i) What is the Capital of Haberphonfranglehaperbangsmashium?
.....[35]
- ii) Which country is London the capital of? a) London
b) Outer-Mongolia
c) All of the above
.....[0.001]
- iii) What is the population of France that can pronounce Llanfairpwyl-
lgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllantysilligogogoch, and also have an auntie that lives in Glasgow?
.....[998]

QUESTION 3.

- i) A rock has layers of sandstone and is coated in a thin layer of chalk. Where did I find it?
.....[-]
- ii) Where did I put it?
.....[«»]
- iii) A man that weighs 12 stone jumps up and down on the rock five times a day, five minutes a time.
How long will it be until the rock is totally worn away?

.....[12]

iv) Where else can a rock just like it be found, so that it can fall in love?

.....[1]

QUESTION 4.

i) A tidal wave sweeps inland, covering a small seaside village. Aren't the people that live in the houses gutted?

ii) The Wearmad family suggest solving this problem by drinking the Atlantic ocean. However, the Softbunny family suggest that they should hug together to keep warm. Who should be shot first?

.....[1.234]

iii) Who can the Government blame the problem on this time? Teenage single mothers are the most likely candidates.

.....[Ay?]

Question 5.

i) If the C.B.D of a town has grid reference 019328, and 2km in diameter, where can I find a decent prostitute?

.....[SHAG]

ii) Err, it's for a friend, honest.

iii) Well don't believed me then you stupid bastard.

GEORGE, ST.

Everybody goes on about how great St. George must have been, going off to kill that dragon and all the rest, but if we have to have a patron saint, wouldn't it be better to have one who wasn't congenitally stupid? I mean, what sort of nutter wakes up in the morning and thinks "Ho hum, feel like a change from the day to day office slog, I think I'll go and kill a seventy-five foot long five ton fire breathing armour plated mythical creature. I may be a little late for dinner, Maureen love". Even leaving aside the maniacal brainlessness of the task, what sort of example is this setting our children? Go out and kill one of the few remaining specimens of a species hunted down and destroyed by man? I mean, like, kind of, like, the whales! Dolphins! Teepee die-dye wigwam thank you ma'am Greenpeace in our time I have in my hand a piece of recycled paper! Etc.! In actual fact the dragon probably died out due to emigration to America- death by starvation due to lack of beautiful virgins, ho ho knowing snigger.

GERMAN.

This subject is a modern language infinitely better than Spanish. Unfortunately not all Gopsians hold this view, and this is a basis for huge arguments (See *Modern art.*)

Useful German :

Wie komme ich zum Strichviertel, bitte?
(How do I get to the supermarket, please?)

Ich möchte ein Straßenmädchen bekommen.
(I would like to become a traffic warden.)

Ich pumpse gern.
(I enjoy weight-training.)

GILVO.

He's fat,
He's round,
He weighs a thousand pounds,
He's Mr McGillivray

One of the most popular staff members is Mr McGillivray, a svelte, lithe young chipmunk of a man. Well known for his sunny optimism and carefree attitude towards paperwork, he lives a life of decadent abandon at "Gilvo Towers", his 10-storey state-of-the-art avant-garde bachelor pad in Swingin' Harpenden. When he enters a classroom, however, he cunningly transforms himself into a fat, humourless bastard with horrible dress sense and no life. But we all know what he's really like, deep down (about 10 miles, in fact), inside.

GILVO, CREATION OF.

As described in Gilvo, Mr. Wibblewobbley has recently been shown to have an infinitely large mass, and infinitely great size and to compensate for these, infinitely small genitalia. However, the latest research in the field has discovered the cause of such a state.

In the beginning was a French open sandwich. Gradually, all the edible ingredients in the kitchen were finished up, having been put onto the half-baguette, and so, the omnipotent maker began to cover the bread with all the furniture of the kitchen. Table, Chairs, Oven, Toaster, Cooker, Fridge. A sprinkling of cheese was scattered over the sandwich, and in the French custom, it was put into the oven. However, the oven that was cooking the sandwich was in the sandwich that was being cooked in the oven that was in the sandwich that was being cooked by the oven that was in the sandwich that was being cooked by..... This process goes on today, and will do to infinity. The effect of this was to turn the phallically-shaped sandwich into an infinitely small singularity. As with all singularities, therefore, there had to be a black hole, with inversely proportional mass and size. Hence Gilvo.

See also: WibbleWobbley, Fat, Man-Eating killer gelatinous splodges, *Gilvo*, Sad gits who bang their heads against desks and tell you that they cannot cope.

GIRAFFES.

Giraffes are the only member of the animal kingdom unable, due to their extremely long necks, to give oral sex. Except to me, of course.

GLOBE, THE FUNNY BLACK.

In pigeon's science lab (See *pigeon*), there is a strange being from outer space. It is spherical and mainly black, giving it the appearance of a black sphere, which, unsurprisingly, it is. It is suspended from the ceiling and sits there, with its eye fixed on the class. It doesn't actually have an eye, so this is probably rubbish. (Probably? - ed). The main event in its life as known by Gopsi is when pigeon was forced to fix it with sellotape (not, unfortunately, from King / Emperor / Ruler Supreme / president Arnold Barton), because it needed fixing.

GOATS.

See under Mr *Cooper*, (if you can bear to watch).

GOPSEA.

The Gopsea

Vast tumultuous grey,

Stretching Far;
Far into the terrible unknown?
Your stifling repression
Crushes.
Unceasing in morbid toil,
Churning the shimmering reality
Of life;
And Cold death.
the roving eyes of irrationality
weep: weeping the acrid tears of
the wide
Wide Gopsea.

N.B. It is bigger than the Caspian sea.

See also: *Treasure*.

GOPSI.

The Guild Of Perfectly Sane Individuals, or the Guild Of Pole Sliding Individuals. Gopsi was formed accidentally as the result of a freak electrical current warping a number of peoples' brains. The survivors of this tragic event are doing their best to recover, but sadly may never be the same again. If you wish to help, money should be sent to Ian Jackson, C/O Gnome Bank of Zurich account 69-69-69-69-69.

Gopsi can be seen as a group of insanely mad people. That is, it can be believed, what quite a lot of people observe it as. However, as we all know, this is a totally stupid assumption. It is made, I suspect, because people are unused to things which are not in their eyes normal. People are afraid of change, and of things out of the ordinary. Where they fail is in that the normal way may be changed, and shall be, whether through its natural doing or through deliberate procedures designed to assist the change. This is, I believe, where Gopsi comes in. It is an association, designed, whether or not to the intentions of the members, to undertake activities which portray the capacity for change in today's society. To quote examples I need only mention of postboxes, corrosion and indeed the famous and wonderful, peculiar and previously unknown, exciting and exhilarating, traditional but modern, wise and sensible, black but not sinful, polish but not from Poland (or for shoes), slidy and yet still not slippery activity, recreation, entertainment, distraction, leisure pursuit, pastime, sport of pole sliding.

It can be said, with reasonable accuracy, I think, that pole sliding forms as much a basis of Gopsi s anything does. This is debatable, I hasten to add, and I must say that this is the view of at least one member of Gopsi at least some of the time. After all, Gopsi at its roots way back in the past, around the time of the iron age (in the third year anyway), started with the original Gopsians gathering by the black pole and learning to slide down it. This prompted spesbp (spwesdbp), and we of course also must remember that the 'PS' of Gopsi also stands for 'pole sliding' in the second meaning of the word. Therefore, pole sliding can well be considered as a particularly Gopsiish activity. It in itself symbolises the ability to overcome the hold of society and show what can be done.

Since the beginning of Gopsi, the sometimes varying members have attempted to work as a group and as individuals, just as the name suggests. This has in many ways succeeded, due to the changing alliances, associations and agreements between members. It is certainly fair to say that Gopsi has its fair share of arguments, over a wide variety of subjects, many irrelevant and most unnecessary to discuss in the first place. This contributes to the making of all Gopsi members and pole dwellers their own individuals. Of course, this is not to say that Gopsians act as individuals continuously whilst participating in Gopsi activities or just gathering at the pole. In fact, the guild is made of individuals all together. Without this structure, Gopsi could not survive as it does at present, has done in the past or will do in the future. It is this which makes Gopsi what it is and how it is.

It is indeed that Gopsi is part of our lives, so significant that forgetting is virtually impossible. Gopsi survives through all events large or small, continuing the conventions produced by perfect sanity, and a willingness to battle against the ordinary and fight for the right to change society

for the group and for the individual. Long remain Gopsi as part of our lives. Let us prosper in its glory and carry its burden of true existence to the end of our lives. With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, to the members of Gopsi.

GOPSI, MEMBERS OF.

A full list of people who have been, or still are, members of Gopsi (Not always by choice), is included here, in alphabetical order:-

Barton, Arnold
Bobby, Stephen's cat.
Clark, Andrew (Jim)
Davies, Zack (Bill)
Democratis, Timothy (Doug)
Edgar, David (Bert)
Finney, John (Mick)
Ford, Suzanah
Graves, Simon
Hall, Rachel
Hicks, Peter
Hunter, Robert (Ted)
Jackson, Ian (Geoff)
Penney, Stephen (Bob)
Young, Richard (Sid)

Nb. Names in brackets are their REAL names, given to them by other members of Gopsi. They are all monosyllabic shortened versions of other names.

The main authors of this book, namely Stephen Penney (S.P.), David Edgar (D.E.), Timothy Democratis (T.D.) and Ian Jackson (I.J.), have their own entries in this book. Arnold Barton also has an entry, although it should be pointed out that he contributed no material to this encyclopedia.

However, this book would be in no way complete without saying something about each of the above members, which is done here. Now.

Bobby, Stephen's Cat is a cat called Bobby that belongs to Stephen. He is black and white. That's it.

Andrew Clark is the only one of the five main members of Gopsi to have achieved such a status with the minimum amount of being silly. This is not to say that he hates silliness in all forms, but has been known to describe daft acts as "Pathetic". Or rather the people who perform them as pathetic. Come to think of it, he's got a point actually.

Zack Davies lives in a house marked by two large stone testicles outside it. He also hates Oasis, and has been known to play lots of musical instruments. It was noted once that he picked up Ian's violin, and played a tune on it; which is more than Ian can do. Other points of interest include him putting certain parts of his anatomy through a cat-flap, drinking odd cocktails (which contain Branston pickle and vodka), and standing on a stage in front of hundreds of people without any clothes on (That is: He's the one with no clothes on, not the audience).

John Finney lives on a farm in Shenley, Herts. He drives a tractor all over the place, and writes dodgy computer programs.

Susannah Ford has many nick-names, introduced by members of Gopsi, but it is not the purpose of this book to offend (Yeah, right), and so these will not be published here. She was, however, once awarded the title of "Pervert of the week".

Simon Graves is known for Hitting David. Actually, most people are known for hitting David. Simon is also known for doing dangerous things with fireworks.

Rachel Hall likes looking after young children, and so many paedophile jokes have been made by members of Gopsi.

Peter Hicks used to tell lots of extremely unfunny jokes. The thing is though, they were funny

until he told them. His favourite one is "Two peanuts were walking down the road, and one was assaulted."

Robert Hunter is interested in Formula 1 Racecars, and wants to be one. Or was that a driver of one?

Richard Young is a dangerous individual, and should under no circumstances be approached by members of the public. He often hits people, and if they're lucky he just uses his fists. He is on first name terms with Satan.

GOPSI CAKE.

This cake, as much a cake as a black pudding, a cake of soap, or a steak and kidney pudding, is a traditional GOPSI dish from Melton Mowbray, not Ispog, unlike the traditional 'dish' of splattered yoghurt, which does originate in Ispog. The GOPSI cake is made from pork, jelly and pastry, and comes in a packet labelled 'pork pie', much like pork pies. It is important to affix the removed label on to your knee, as a sign of perfect sanity.

GOPSI DUSTBIN.

Yet another tribute to the great Gopsi engineers has to be the Gopsi Dustbin. At first sight, it might be criticised for being sensible. Surely an anathema to such sane people as Gopsi? It is however a fine example of the crafted-around-being-useful-yet-not-being-utilitarian-and-at-the-same-time-being-aesthetically-pleasing school of design. With the exception of being aesthetically pleasing, this work typified that school. Inspired by the notion of making an artistic statement by placing an everyday object in a completely different context to the one with which it is generally associated, spearing a crisp-packet on a broken strand of chain-wire fence for use as a "dustbin" cannot be regarded as any less than a masterpiece of conceptual art. While such a statement is not perfectly sane as such, it does demonstrate the intrinsic flare and genius to be found in many artists.

GOPSI GARDEN.

The original incarnation of the Gopsi Garden lay in what is more commonly known nowadays as the *Gopsea* (q.v.). Grit lay on its bed, hanging in sombre attitude through its whole being; grit was the Gopsea, the Gopsea, grit; grit filled its soul, its mind; no plants just pure hard anaphoric grit. In short - the Gopsi Garden latterly known as first the *Gopsea* (q.v.) and then the Gopsi Paddy Field (q.v.) was, to use a simple, but nevertheless effective adjective for describing this earthy, wet, aqueous, most lugubrious of natural, pastoral entities, totally (and surely utterly), yes, and utterly (indeed) fabulously, marvellously, brilliantly, superduperly, flatulently gritty. It was located over the drain (See *Map of Ispog*). It was constructed to begin with by a bunch of *silly buggers* (q.v.) who, using as variety of implements, such as lunch boxes, etc. - starting the earth-shatteringly famous Gopsi JCB Brigade - managed to transfer soil from next to the fence, below the *Gopsi Dustbin* (q.v.) over to the drain. After several days of rain, the water would soak through, down the drain, leaving a soft fertile(ish) loam, (almost) ideal for growing plants. To mark this epoch-making event, Gopsi summarily planted some rare and beautiful examples of exotic, fast growing flowers (known to the weak minded as weeds) and watched while continuing to bring new soil. Unfortunately, a certain problem was encountered, in that, after a time, the water in the Gopsi Garden ceased to drain away. This being perceived, as much of the soil as possible (although it could then have been termed mud) was removed by the Gopsi JCB Brigade, to the new location of the Gopsi Garden.

GREEN.

There are many green objects. For example, grass, leaves, buoys to starboard, David (according to Stephen), mouldy turds, pea soup, pee soup, everything (when wearing green-tinted spectacles), frogs (not in liquidizers), anything red (if you're colour-blind) absolutely sod-all (if you're totally blind, or else a fool). The Gopsi garden would be green, had it any plants in it.

H.

HELLO.

Hi.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL.

People who are busy looking for something they don't have. This thing is A CLUE. The only remotely interesting thing about them is that they had their name on the dinner tickets, and you could fold them up to make rude words. I can remember at least two off-hand you could do. Maybe there are more. Sit down and work it out one evening if you've got a spare moment. And find a decent anagram of Kevin M. Snoad which you're about it.

HI.

Hello

HISTORY.

A very interesting subject. This is an account of a typical history lesson:

Timothy: Oh no, I'm going to fail everything and die horribly!

Ian & David: Shut up!

Timothy: No, but I've done really badly in this test. I'm going to fail my G.C.S.E.!

Ian: (smugly) I won't

Humpy: Duh

(Mrs McKay comes in)

Humpy: Err...

Timothy: Oh God! I've not done the 40-page essay on Sir John Kay-Shuttleworth's Flying Threshing Machine Act League!

David & Ian: Neither have I!

Humpy: Duh, err.. What's an essay?

(T, D and I start frantically writing)

Mrs McKay: Right, now guys, lets get down to it. The work, that is.

(She starts to write on the board)

David: Can you be bothered to do any of this?

Timothy: No. Let's discuss what a poor grade I'm going to get.

Ian: Lets colour in our rulers, then rub all the ink off!

David: Let's play 27-dimensional Go-Moku!

Timothy: We don't need to write down these notes.
After all...

Everyone: ...we can copy it all off Susannah!

Humpy: Duh! Err... What's Susannah?

HOLA LOLA! (de-de-de-dede-de-de, Ole!).

Wonderfully gifted Spanish teacher hampered only by her inability to A) teach and B) put more than one English word together in a Sentence. Still, with dress sense like hers, who needs talent! Or underwear!

HURDY GURDY: IT RHYMES WITH TURDY.

This craze, as started by David "I've gone 120 hours - yes, that's 5 whole days" Edgar, consists of trying to last longer than this record without doing a haddock (Gopsi lingo). Nearest competitor has managed 96 completely haddock-free hours.

See also: The wobble monster, *Aardvarks*.

HURRICANE.

When a hurricane hits a village, roofs, cars and other such debris are blown miles across land, or into the sea. As the hurricane passes the village, the 'eye of the storm' is eventually reached, which is perfectly calm. The winds then change direction, blowing everything back again.



IAN'S CALCULATOR.

A piece of elementary electronics calculating equipment, belonging to IJ, which, when not being coloured in blue, was pushed down Bridget's skirt, in the 4th year.

INDICATOR, GOPSI.

This amazing Scientific invention, which not only informs the user of the pH of a substance, but also tells you every possible fact, reading and article that you could ever want to know, or not as the case may be (and is).

If the substance that you are applying the indicator to has a pH greater than 7, then it turns bright green with pink spots. However, if it is an acidic substance, then the solution turns orange with green and yellow stripes.

Data On Special GOPSI Samples, Can You Guess What They Are?

Colour Very Bright Green, with masses of yellow and green stripes.
 State Gaseous (Very).
 Smell Awful
 Appearance Clear
 Abundance Excessive
 % of Earth Too great, and increasing proportionally with David's intake of
 Baked Beans.

Colour Green with huge pink spots
 State Allegedly solid, although I have my doubts, possibly a super cooled liquid.
 Smell Alcoholic, mainly Sherry.
 Appearance Off white, like mud mixed with cream.
 Abundance Also Excessive.
 % of Earth Far too much as no bugger will eat it and it is impossible to either digest or in any other destroy this unnatural compound.

(Note, Pure Evil would find this a very interesting compound to add to his snowball of knowledge).

INDURAIN.

Perhaps the world's greatest cyclist, winner of the "Tour de France" five years consecutively at time of going to print.

Another great achievement of his is the inspiring of several jokes, all puns on his name (in 'de' rain, indurance, indury-ains and India reign).

GO ST. MICHEL



- Not Indurain, but 'Mile-a-Minute' Murphy, and the other chap.

IRA MAFIA BROTHEL.

For some time now, undercover observation has been being undertaken on several suspicious sites, and some interesting information has been recorded. For the purposes of the continuing observation, full details are not able to be given.

One particular site is the focus of attention. It is where the strange movements were first noticed. Brief details may be given on the inhabitants and associates:

The Godfather: Oldish, grey hair, frequently arrives and departs from the centre of operations.

The Child : Named Jason, training to be bugler/ terrorist.
The Whores : In varying cars with changing identities and appearances.

The organisation is involved chiefly in crime and involves many people.

Drug dealing is a common occurrence. Beware of anything unusual throughout the world, for it is probably the work of the IRA Mafia Brothel.

GOPSI health warning : becoming involved with this organisation, or unprofessional observation, could lead to death, and then being stowed in the boot of an old black car.

See also: *Kennedy, John Fitzgerald*

IRENE T B NGS H USE.

For many years, as you walked down Central Drive, St. Albans (or cycled, or travelled by any other suitable means), you would be able to see, towards the north of Central Drive, at the corner on to Woodland Drive, a building with it's name written in two places. Unfortunately, knowing the type of world we live in, vandals had made changes to the words. (As they often do: changing, removing or adding letters on signs to create words with a meaning not originally intended.) So, on one side of this not altogether remarkable building, worthy not of credit but only of a couple of election posters from time to time, the name of the building was changed to "Irene Stebbings House", which, as anyone can see, is really stupid.

However, little had anyone thought that before long the other name would also be changed to "Irene Stebbings House" too. What a catastrophic event for mankind. (And Gopsi).

It is also not at all worth noting that Irene t b ngs h use was pronounced in two ways by different people, leading to a disagreement. The h use could be pronounced as in "Doctor Who's Tardis" or as in "Fussy". The former is now the internationally accepted pronunciation.

Hooray for Doctor Who.

J.

JACKSON, IAN.

Before writing this entry I asked Ian what he thought it should include, and he just told me to make him look interesting, so here goes.

Ian was born in India in 1978 AD, and was brought up by wolves. When he was five he was kidnapped by Mexican rice thieves, and lived with them until their village was eaten by a giant slug. At seven he wrote the international best-seller "A critical analysis of post 19th century fundamentalism", before starring in the hit movie "My worm and I", which he also directed.

When he was ten he moved to England after being shot to death and mysteriously reincarnated in Austria. Here he worked for two years in a porn shop in Soho, before attending Beaumont for secondary education, and eventually Gopsi. He is also King of Norway, and is highly involved in the monetary policies of several other major planets in the Universe.

Only joking, he's a bit sad really.

JASPER THE GUINEA PIG, BY RICHARD, AGE 5.

There are many places of great mystery and intrigue on the earth. Let one think of such as these, for example Stonehenge, the Pyramids, Loch Ness, the deep ocean trenches unexplored by man, the land of Ispog and indeed the Physic's prep. room. Let us focus on a particularly peculiar aspect of the latter, namely the reverse of the door leading from this magical place to Kev's lab. On this side of this door between these rooms, is, unbeknown to many, a great wonder of our age. This is a picture, so excellent it could almost be mistaken for a photograph, of Jasper the Guinea-pig. It was created by Richard, aged 5. Knowledge of Richard, very obviously an infant wonder, has long since disappeared into the minds of those who have gone before us. Perhaps we shall never truly know all

of Richard's genius, thus rendering this an unsolved mystery.

K.

KANGAROO DOWN SPORT, TIE ME.

Obscure sexual position, now illegal.

KENNEDY, JOHN FITZGERALD.

Although many theories exist as to how, why and by whom this American president was assassinated, the relevant members of Gopsi uncovered some incriminating documents during the excavations of the black pole area.

It was discovered in these documents that the members of the IRA Mafia brothel took a holiday to the United states of America, stopping off at Miami to buy and sell some drugs.

They then kidnapped the president, placing an unsuspecting lookalike in his place, who they then shot, so that everyone would assume that J.F.K. was dead.

They returned to St. Albans, and the IRA Mafia Brothel with the president, tortured him, and then kept him in the boot of and old black car. They intend to keep him there until the year 2000, when they intend to destroy the planet, live on Jupiter, and use him as their leader.

Although Gopsi has made many attempts to open this car, it is still unknown as to whether or not there is truth in this story, although several moans of pain and great speeches have come from this car. The Godfather once noticed our attempts, and the boot of the car is now heavily protected with a piece of string.

We tried to take these documents, and hand them to the FBI, but unfortunately they got eaten by a Llama on the way.

KILLER MOCKINGBIRD, THE.

The killer mocking-bird was written by Harper Lee, the little-known illegitimate daughter of Bruce-Lee, the martial arts actor, and Harper Collins, the publisher. It is a little-known fact that the character of Mrs Dubose is autobiographical, Lee having recently overcome a tranquilliser addiction by sawing her head off, which greatly improved her writing style.

The book is notable for it's powerful erotic under currents, having at its core the incestuous relationship between irritatingly cutesy Scout and smug do-gooder Atticus, and also the passionate homosexual affair between Dill and Jem, with occasional Boo Radley three-ways. While admittedly none of these are openly stated, the sensual erotic frisson between Mr Avery and Mrs Dubose is quite clear, noticeably in the notorious "Three condoms, a carrot and a Kenwood electronic potato peeler" episode, omitted from school copies of the book. Also censored are the notoriously violent passages of the novel, such as the one where Scout bites Dill's head off in a fit of incestuous jealousy over Jem; and the part where the Maycomb Missionary Society drunken orgy turns nasty as Aunt Alexandra finds the cheese-grater.

"To Kill a MotherFucking bird" by Harper Tarantino.

"Are you fucking with me, motherfucker?"

That was Atticus' dangerous question, especially when he was high on crack cocaine. Making a move in checkers, and blam-blam-blam, all your shot into little bits and a huge hole in your stomach.

"Kill all the people you like, but remember, it's a sin to kill a motherfucking bird."

That was the first time I had heard Atticus say that something was a sin. Normally he said it was a "Fucking Motherfucking Fuck."

When my brother Jem was thirteen, he had his right arm sawn off with a chainsaw, but so long as he could still pass stolen goods and do lines of Cocaine, he was happy. He said that the trouble all started when the million dollar cocaine heist went wrong; I said that if you wanted to take the long view, it started the summer Dill came, and we made him clear it up². We were both too old to set fire to each other so we asked Atticus, who got medieval on our asses. Motherfucker.

One day we played a game called "Boo Radley", in which we imagined the psychotic gangster who lived next door was actually a shy southern recluse. Suddenly, Mayella Ewell came crawling up the road, foaming at the mouth. We called Atticus, and he got out his M16 assault rifle and blew her away. "Eat motherfuckingfuck, motherfucker." he shouted as he ground his Ray-Ban shades underfoot.

"You never really know someone until you've removed their skin and walked around in it" Atticus used to say. I read a book about Stoned Boy, by nice MR. Welsh, but that's another movie pastiche.

"Still, everyone's the same really, inside, aren't they."

"Well, if they're in a Tarantino film, yes scout," said Atticus, "He doesn't really do characterisation." Motherfucking wise-ass.

L.

² Yes, yes, I Know.

LABC.

Let's all be cretins! Another Gopsociety. This one has really only got one purpose - to annoy Robert. Unfortunately it didn't really work very well, or even at all. This of course qualifies it to be one of the associations of the guild. To be a cretin, be unable to complete even the most simple tasks, be a complete fool, and then agree when someone calls you a cretin.

Important Gopsi knowledge. As said by many members of Gopsi following "Have I Got News For You" .: At the speaking of "Crumple Zone", another Gopsian must utter "Cripple". "Cretin" comes next, followed by a response of "Crouton". Shortly afterwards "Crampon" falls into line with "Tampon" finishing off. This is a really pointless thing to do, this earning it's place as a Gopsi Practice.

Other responses have been added to act of madness, but they are far to silly to learn, and shall be published in Silly Handout About Gopsi (SHAG).

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LIVER.

By D.H.Lawrence Durrel, this is a little-known work overshadowed by Lawrence's better known "Lady Chatterley's Lover", this describes events when 'Lady' Chatterley, a mancunian eccles-cake, starts work at a butchers shop. She soon indulges in a passionate affair with the chief slaughterer - she does like it when he gets his chopper out!³

LATENESS.

Being late is a very regular occurrence in Gopsi. Registration is the usual situation to be late for, simply because it is at the end of lunch and so it can be easily missed when moving strange peaces of modern art around the town. It is also in the morning, and so it is quite likely for people to stay in bed (for whatever purpose) until five minutes before the bell.

However, if one does not wish to be late but has only five minutes until the bell and still has not woken up, one must carry out one or more of the following methods:

1. Rushing.

This involves running about the place like a headless chicken, continually tripping over things, jumping over objects (eg books, chairs, people), and performing twenty six and a half different tasks at once.

2. Planning.

This is slightly more difficult than rushing, as it involves a process called thinking. When performing one job such as getting dressed, it is important to think of anything that needs to be done, and then one never has to wait for anything, as things that take time can like cooking toast can be done while cleaning teeth and opening the front door.

3. Rushing (2).

This is probably the easiest option, and it works best if you are running very late. It involves not doing things properly at all; ie. bunging on random clothes, picking up a pile of random books, yelling "BUGGER", and jumping out of the bedroom window.

³ Yes, that's right, I wrote this whole entry just for that shitty pun. Sad really.

LaTiN (Lanthanum, Titanium, Nitrogen)

The Latin language, one of the great languages of the world, is now virtually extinct in most parts of the world. However, it holds out in several small areas. One is the Vatican, (which has a square flag, like Switzerland, but unlike most other countries), and another is Ms. Brook's Latin classroom. This small domain is home to many strange customs and institutions. One of these is Ms. Brook and another is Morris Dancing on tables. There are many purposes for the subject, particularly to have discussions, get off sessions of sadistic torture (P.E.), and visit Italy. One of the less important purposes is to learn Latin, and so in accordance, this rarely occurs.

LAWNMOWERS.

See *Sex*.

LETTERS (AFTER YOUR NAME).

As this Encyclopaedia is the authoritative guide to Gopsi and the Surrounding Area, this section of the oeuvre is devoted to the letters each full Gopsi member is permitted to insert following his name:

M.Gopsi = Member of Gopsi
I.Gopsi = Instructor of Gopsi
J.Gopsi = Judge of Gopsi
BPSA = Bronze Pole Sliding Award
SPSA = Silver Pole Sliding Award
GPSA = Gold Pole Sliding Award

LIBRARY.

Forget Jamaican dance halls, forget raves in Essex, if you really want to Party, come to the library where you can bop and twizzle the night away to the sound of First years playing the national anthems of fifty-seven different countries on that bloody CD-ROM thing.

LIFE, GET A.

"Cools backwards is Slooc", or of course to correct a Gopsian's disastrously catastrophic mistake, "Coors backwards is Srooc".

LIGHTBULB, MISS.

There is very little to say about the aforementioned Miss Lightbulb, as she is extremely boring, like most teachers. The one point of interest has to be the fact that she went off and probably shagged Mr. Brown on the Geology trip.

LOG CABIN.

Behind the hall, where one is not insured, by the submarine, between the slope and the hall wall, there was once a log cabin made. This very thing was created with scaffolding poles and planks. It is fair to say that this was one of the most significant Gopsi constructions in terms of size. It was suitable for supplying protection from all sorts of extreme weather conditions, including sun (excluding rain, wind, snow, hail, mist etc.)

But then the Berk told Pogopsi to deconstruct this historic building, which DE then did, on his own. Thanks for all the help.

**LOGOGOGUMINACIOSTRACINHIEROPHOBEGERONCONAREBARBATIVANIANEX
ISFERRYMANDERTOPARCHIXENOCEPHALOMANCOCTACYCORPORAPHILOMEL
IANOHIRUDINOIDULOGOMANIACAMICICIDICTOKLAXOGRAPHUNTIMDOCIGRU
MUFUDGINATIONTUDORPOODLECURDLECOODLEFINGOCHANGFLIPPETYBAN
GFANTASIABINGBONGBOOBURDBESERKDISUMBERKMAGNESIUMETAMORPHO
SISANTITHICKESTABLISHMENTARIUNISMPARALATERALELEMNTARTESTABLIS
HMENTARYLOCOMOTIUNAMANIACO UNTERAPHOBIACIDOLOGY.**

The study by one who legislates about words of the action of searching for and killing the fear of a threatening oyster-like old man afraid of clergymen knowing the existence of an unattractive, annoying, irritating, distasteful or repellant small state consisting of a few towns, in which the electoral district boundaries have been changed in such a way as to give a certain political party an advantage in election results and in which the foreign government is determined by divination by boiling an ass's head on burning coals, which contains nightingale-like people who kill or have killed one or more of their leech-like over-talkative friends with an abnormal compulsive desire for saying, shouting or writing untimdocigrumufudginationtudorpoodlecurdlecoodlefingochangflippetybangfantasiabingbongbooburdbeserkdisumberkmagnesiumetamorphosisantithickestablishmentarianismparallateralelementaryestablishmentarylocomotiu.

LOOP.

See paradox.

LOOONOOOONEEENEENINAAANAAR.

See alien.

LOVE.

It was Tennyson who wrote "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." (He frequently came out with that sort of crap). No-one said the following statement, but listen for they are words of wisdom: "It is better to have someone love you that you do not love, than to love someone who does not love you."

If one were to combine the two, ultimate wisdom can be found: "It is better for someone who you do not love to love you, and then to stop loving you, than for the person who loves you that you do not love to continue loving you and for you to continue not loving them, for you to love a person who does not love you and then for you to stop loving them, or to stop loving the person who does not love you, and then for the person who did not love you to start loving you, or to be a heartless git with no feelings that no-one likes."

LOW, LOOKING HIGH, HIGH HIGH, LOOKING LOW, LOW.

This song has the dubious distinction of being possibly the worst Eurovision song contest entry in the world ever. Not even "Boom Bang-a-Bang" can equal it in complete crapulence. The main thing was that although the lyrics were talking about how some bloke's bird had just done a bunk and bogged off somewhere, since it was in the fifties, the singer had to sing it in that ludicrously chipper and cheerful voice that everybody always used then. So all together now, strum your 180 piece orchestra and scrupulously avoid singing the following words:

"Looking high, high, high,
Looking low, low, low,
Wondering why, why, why
Did you go, go, go?"
(Repeat ad nauseam, ie. twice)

And the twit singing it grinned mercilessly all the sodding way through.

LUNCH.

Lunch, referring to both the noun and the time of the school day, is a very relevant word in

Gopsi. At least eighty percent of Gopsi madness is carried out at this time, as the people of Gopsi carry out mad and "useless" tasks, such as carrying phallic objects to the wick. It is because of these tasks that we are usually late (q.v.) for registration.

If by lunch you are referring to the noun, then it is enjoyed by everyone, as it involves eating food (usually other peoples).

It is also known as Lynch, as it sounds like it, and it usually takes place next to the school hall, where a lynch rope was once.

LYNCH.

See *lunch*.

M.

MADNESS.

It is a well known fact that those persons who are, in fact, mad (I.e. Insane), will without exception (almost without exception), deny their madness. Therefore, if someone was to say that they were mad, they are in all likelihood an sane as a sane thing.

Hence, it can be stated that all of the members of Gopsi are PERFECTLY SANE.

It has often been observed, and occasionally stated that the actions of Gopsi are mad⁴. Of course, this is completely untrue. Of Course.

MANDARIN.

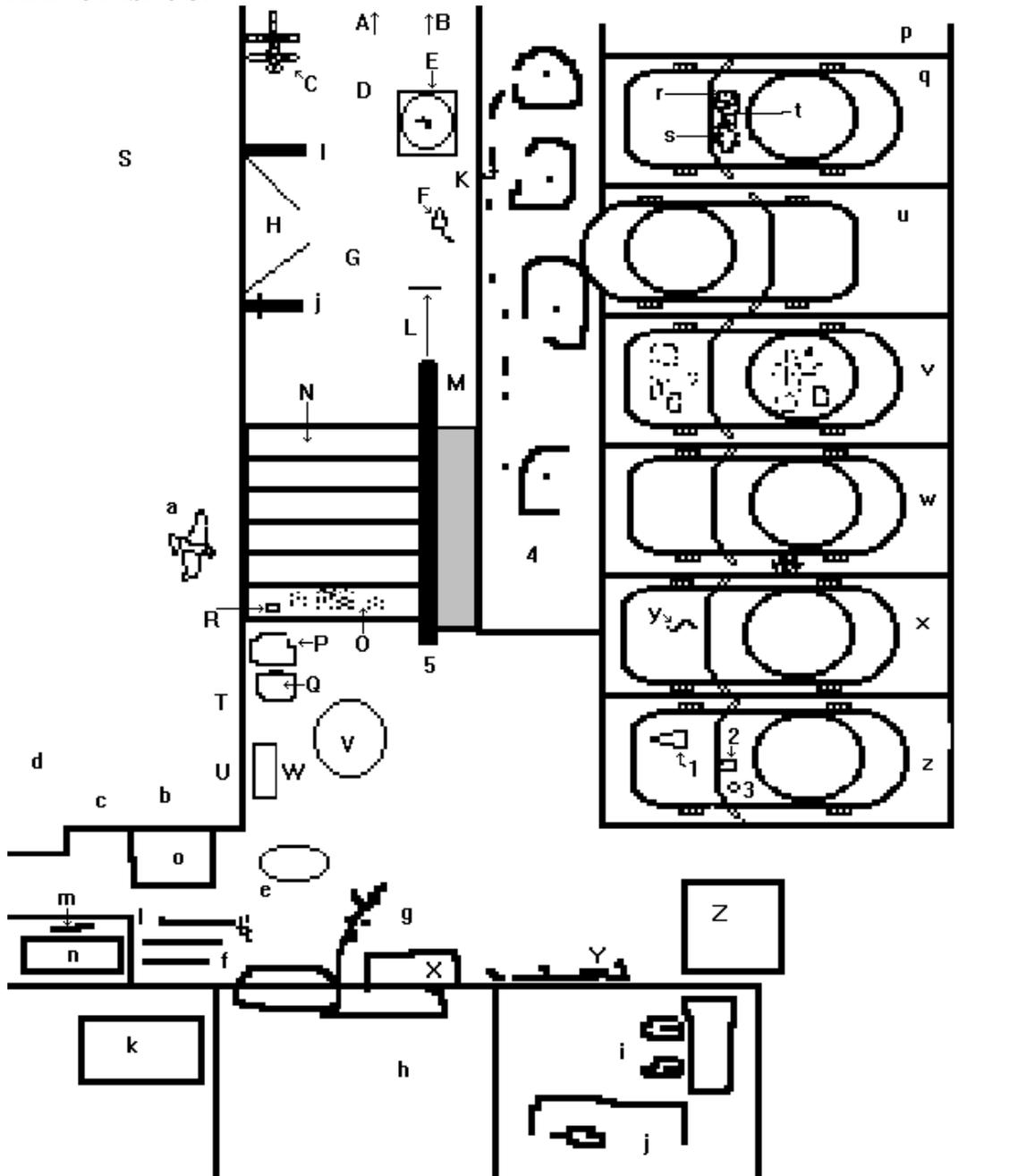
See *tangerine*.

MR. MANN. (also known as slap-head, baldy, rug-less wonder, Mr. Bald, Mr. I've-got-no-hair, and Boring Git.)

Mr Mann is a boring old fart. He is renowned for his total baldness, and his self-confessed difficulty in finding erections. He has looked for his everywhere, but it was stolen several years ago by Chris Cross, who uses it as a paperweight.

⁴ Other words used to describe Gopsi actions have been: Sad, Stupid, Silly, Pointless and Asparagus

MAP OF ISPOG.



Key:

- A - Hell
- B - Staff room windows
- C - Betty Beaumont (squashed)
- D - Scene of the great flood
- E - Traffic cone
- F - Dead mouse
- G - The chasm
- H - Doors to Hall
- I - Other Pole
- J - Other other Pole
- K - Dead daffodils
- L - Pole jump
- M - The cliff

N - The steps
 O - Ants
 P - The bag storage facility
 Q - Susannah's diary
 R - Arnold Barton
 S - The Hall
 T - Sex Gopsi Testicles Slurp
 U - Footprints + Union Jack (Sort of)
 V - The Gopsea (Seasonal), formerly the gopsi garden
 W - The record player (smashed)
 X - The Gopsi garden
 Y - Vines etc
 Z - 35 secs of gas oil.
 a - Bird preparing to shit on members of Gopsi
 b - Banana + exploded yoghurt.
 c - Graffiti
 d - Christmas tree on roof
 e - Aardvark bath
 f - The scaffolding
 g - The branch
 h - "Excuse me"
 i - The relic + irons
 j - Sad gnomey people
 k - The incredible shrinking shed
 l - The Gopsi firing range
 m - Bits of Branch
 n - The submarine
 o - The Gopsi log cabin (Demolished)
 p - Mr. McKenna's car (May move or change shape without notice)
 q - Mr. Roberts car
 r - Mr. Roberts
 s - Ms Carter
 t - Private parts
 u - Mr. Coopers car (Wrong way round and on brink)
 v - Mrs Jolly's skoda (Rust in peace)
 w - Jimmy Lenins car (being ransacked by his children)
 x - Mr Poldings car
 y - The killer worm
 z - The nurses car
 1 - Yoghurt stains
 2 - Note from Stephen
 3 - The tax disk
 4 - Formerly a flower bed
 5 - The black pole

MASTURBATION.

An applied Maths teacher writes:

Ye-e-e-e-sss, w-e-e-e-lill, I really do think, and Mrs Lavin is in agreement with me here, that, w-e-e-e-el-l-l-l, real-l-ly, when it comes down to it, as it were, there really is nothing like a good, e-r-r-r-r, wank. As I was saying to Mr. Brown only the other day, when called on to account for the stra-a-a-nge stains on the e-e-e-r-r-r, ceiling of the staff toilets, there is really nothing quite as fulfil-l-l-ling as, hmmm-hmmm, a good old shuffle. And my wife is in full agreement - she prefers me mastu-u-u-urbating to me having sex with her. Not surprising, really. Hmm-hmmm: ah-huh. Y-e-e-e-e-s-s-s-s-s-sss.

And if any one of the little pupils want, ah-huh, advice on, so to speak, techniques, and so on, or perhaps even a little assistance... hmm-hmm-hmm... w-e-ll, they know where to come - sorry, where to go. I'm sure that I can be of h-e-e-ll-p in their sexual development. I could even show them my, hma-a-a-e-e-rrr, collection of interesting pictures that I cut out of the P.E. equipment brochure... or I could pull.. (At this point the manuscript becomes illegible, due to some strange congealed stains)..with two, or even three water-melons. O-o-ohhh, I feel quite relieved. Hrmmmp-Hrmmmp-Splutter.

MATHS

Maths is a very mathematical subject. It involves the calculation of integers, decimals, fractions, variables, constants, and other random numbers. Fortunately, this is all really logical and therefore as easy as pi! (Pi = 3. 141 592 653 589 793 238 462 643 383 279 502 884 197 169 399 375 105 820 974 944 592 307 816 406 286 208 998 628 034 825 342 117 067 9 (100 D.P.)). An important equation is this: When the angle of the dangle is the sag of the bag then the throb of the nob is a constant. It's often very useful in maths lessons, but you don't want to know how!

Here is a sample exam paper:

Maths Examination. TSL (Totally silly and loony) Level.

Instructions to people who give a wet sausage:

All questions must be answered,
unless your name begins with an A, B or G,
in which case you must bang your head on the
desk and then eat all questions.

Time : 25 Seconds.

This is a blank bit.

Section A. Pointless, irrelevant questions.

1. Jack buys three sweets, two which are green, and one of which isn't. His favourite colour isn't green, and he has pink and orange pyjamas. Calculate the length from his house to the bus stop to the nearest Quark.

ANSWER.....
(1.626)

2. What is the probability of you getting this question right?

ANSWER.....
(255)

3. Are you bored yet?

ANSWER.....
(9)

4. If you are a girl, and like sex, what is your telephone number?

ANSWER.....
(PASS)

Section B. Banned questions.

1. What is your favourite position?

ANSWER.....
(0)

2.

a) If a mad axeman escaped from a mental institution, who had previously killed lots of people, who is that standing behind you?

ANSWER.....
(8)

b) Calculate the difference between the mass of your underpants before you answered the last question, and the mass after.

ANSWER.....
(8.87)

Section C. Long, long and damned hard questions.

1. If $x=1.8347$, $y=48473$, $z=\text{root two}$ and $t=x^2$, $o+z = 34.727$, $n=oty^2 + 2$, $g=xty$, $h=(gy)^2$,
 $f= \underline{-832.383829382983213129821312}$

and $a= \frac{(x+y)(znxtgh)!}{f}$
Find a

ANSWER.....
(1)

2. What is the meaning of life (to two S.F)?

ANSWER.....
(FISH)

Section D. Easy questions (but I found the third a bit tricky).

1. If $X=1$, calculate X

ANSWER.....
(834838)

2. What is 1 plus 1?

ANSWER.....
(1)

3. Kate says that if you multiply any number by a prime number, a goldfish will be born. Ranjit disagrees, and punches her. Who is right?

ANSWER.....
(-9)

4. Get up and go home, this paper is a waste of time. I can't be bothered to write it, and I'm sure you've got better things to do.

ANSWER.....
(1)

5. Do you want a punch?

ANSWER.....
(No points, but just think very carefully.)

6. Just put in any answer you like, I'm in a generous mood.

ANSWER.....
(5)

NAME: TOTAL OUT OF INFINITY:
FORM: PERCENTAGE :
FAVOURITE TEN DIGIT NUMBER:

Here is an account of a typical A-level maths lesson:

Miss Saggart: Ok, who did the 200,000 homework questions that take an hour each, so that I can take them in and lose them, like the pathetic-in-an-attempt-to-be-funny individual that I am.

Stephen: Well, as of yet I haven't done any as such.

David: Oh I did it, but I can't seem to find it at the moment.

Andrew: I got pissed off and destroyed my house.

Zack: I was going to do it, but got caught in a cat flap.

Robert: Well, the first half was too easy, so I didn't bother, and the second half were too hard, so I didn't bother. Instead I did a totally irrelevant essay on race cars.

Simon: I did the next, considerably shorter exercise instead.

Pali: I couldn't be arsed. (Throws a large rock at David)

Wayne: I deserve a right good slapping.

John: I wrote a program to do it, but it's a bit dodgy.

Emmie: I did it all, as well as all the other exercises in all other text books, and wrote a two thousand page thesis on the work.

The rest: Sorry Miss, we forgot.

Miss Saggar: Right OK, I'll just have to lock you all in the cupboard.

MCGRATH, MR DAVID "You don't mind me switching this mechanical pile-driver on in the exam hall, do you?"

The only person less competent than Miss Blackwell (q.v.). Another example of the stunning Modern Languages Department recruitment policy (Motto: "We'll give a job to anyone who says they like Mr. Morillon's moustache").

(Hang on a minute, aren't you being a bit negative here?- an invented reader). Oh, er, sorry, I'll say something nice about him. Umm... Err... [3-hour silence] ... Oh, I know! He doesn't drive a red 2CV with unfunny stickers on the back!

MCKAY, MRS.

Her original nickname was "Hark", due to her first name being Carol, but we changed this to "Radioactive tooth decay", as her last name sounds like "Decay". A bit.

She is known throughout the school for calling people "Cherubs". Oh and for teaching History.

MGFC, THE MR GIBB FAN CLUB.

As one of the number of subsidiary Gopsi organisations, the club for fans of this teacher of the most historical subject, it most definitely earns itself a place in this book. For this association lasted for longer than most of the other Gopsi societies, its realm stretching through thousands of years (well, at least a day). A fundamental part of this fan club was the black-list. When a member of Gopsi (and thus of MGFC) approached an as of yet non-member of the MGFC, the following question (or words to that effect) was asked: "Do you want to join the Mr Gibb Fan Club?" If the answer was "Yes" or another affirmatory remark, the name of the individual wishing to join was added to the list of members. If, however the answer was of the opposite nature (i.e. "no" or an unpleasant insult), the name of the person was taken down and added not to the list of members but to the black list. This was white, however, because no-one thought about using black paper. The threatening thing about this list was that these names were later shown to Mr. Gibb himself, so that he could go out and find these nasty people, and shoot them dead, or string them up in his torture chamber and twist their thumbs, noses, ears, toes and various other parts of their bodies off. However, he did not quite live up to expectations such as these and in fact would probably have preferred not to have a fan club at all. A prominent member of the fan club was Ermintrude Duffield (Macbeth). See the appropriate entry in this fabulous encyclopedia.

MODERN ART

Opinions of modern art, as with opinions of the monarchy, differ greatly through Gopsi. That is to say, Ian thinks it's great, Timothy thinks it's bollocks, and most other people couldn't give a toss.

See also: *Masturbation*.

MODERN ART SONG, THE.

Let's all make some modern art, modern art, modern art,
Let's all make some modern art and sell it for a bomb.

(In the style of a square dance)
Take you partner by the hand!
Sell some art for twenty grand!
Fill a house with wet cement!
State your purpose and intent!
Take your cow and take your calf!
Cut the two of them in half!
Get a shark that's early died!
Pickle it in formaldehyde!
When asked why it's rarely cheap,
Say the meaning's very deep!
Make a window dummy handless!
Splash some paint upon a canvas!
If the critics say you smell,
Stick the bastards in as well!
To heck with painting horse and cart,
Let's go and make some modern art!

La la,
This lark is better than painting things by far.

(Recap) Let's all make some modern art, modern art, modern art, let's all make some modern art and some modern music while we're about it as well. (Sound of 200 vacuum cleaners) D. Vain Mekons?

MOGADON., Monsieur Gerard Depardieu passez-le-valium-nurse-peter-plus-haut-que-son-cul Moustache-Moustache.

Ah oui, Monsieur Mogadon. Il est un professeur de Francais qui parle par son cul. Il aime surtout parler, et d'imiter les owls. Il a une tres belle moustache, comme le Groucho Marx, pour garder des sourises, qu'il mange avec des noir-birds et des escargots. Le gros Gilvo aussi mange des sourises, et beaucoup des autres choses - des maisons, des E.E.C. lard montagnes, des elephants (sauf Mrs. Eley). Le Mogadon aussi va off a les tangents - Basicellement, il parle les bolloques.

MOLYBDENUM, Mo.

This chemical element, atomic no. 42, r.a.m. 95.94, is a hard white transition metal resembling iron. More common compounds include molybdenum trioxide (MoO₃) and molybdic acid (H₂MoO₄). It occurs naturally as molybdenite, MoS₂. Without doubt it is the most important element ever, and without it's presence the world would end and we would be no more.

An important and interesting feature of Molybdenum is that it occurs in many living organisms.

Another interesting fact is that it is the element containing the highest number of consonants together⁵: ie 4. However, Knightsbridge contains 6, and amblyrhynchus has 10, but these are not

⁵ Except for several others which also have a collection of four consonants, such as Yttrium, and Tungsten, and of

generally considered to be elements.

MOOSE.

Without question the best animal God ever created.

MRAS.

Hooray for the magic roundabout (manège enchanté), loved by all, not least Mr. Gibb. Mras was set up in order to collect together all those appreciators of Dougal, Florence, Brian, Zebedee, Ermintrude, Dylan, Mr. Rusty, Mr. McHenry, the train and above all the magic roundabout itself. Unfortunately, less happened in Mras than in Pas, which it is fair to say that Mras inspired. In fact, nothing quite ever actually happened at all. But what a rather spiffing jolly good idea for another society (with exactly the same members as all the others) to add to the list.

N.

NaOH (NOAH).

Tested with Gopsi indicator, this solution is known to have a pattern of green with pink spots, and therefore showing it to be a substance of alkaline nature.

A boat floated in this solution is called Naoh's ark, a creature swimming in it, Naoh's shark, and a grassy place with trees in next to it, Naoh's park.

NECROPHILIA.

I used to be a necrophiliac, but some rotten cunt split on me. (Yes, I know it's sick, but the editor told me to do it. And to write this entry) .(That's the 42nd time I've used that joke). (And the last - ed).

NORWAY - SCENERY AND COUNTRYSIDE.

Norway is a land of hills, mountains, trees and fjords; mountains, hills, trees and fjords; trees, mountains, hills and fjords; and fjords, trees, hills and mountains.⁶

NSPWEDTTAATAUWOT.

Abbreviation: 'The National Society For People Who Enjoy Doing Things That Are A Total And Utter Waste Of Time.'

Surprisingly enough, not an awful lot is done in this society, so it is very similar to the other great societys of GOPSI. However, almost one hundred percent of the things that we do are a complete and utter waste of time, and since we are all members of this society, I suppose this counts.

You too can join this not too amazing society, as just by reading this book, you are completely wasting your time.

course Krypton which has five. Yes alright, we cocked it up. (again).

⁶ Eek wel I woot is actually Finnish. It is the first line of an ancient proverb, and it means: 'My Dog's got no nose'

NUMBER OF THE DAY.

A deter-"so to speak"-minant of a matrix is a certain number derived from the values of a matrix. It gives useful information about the matrix for use in equations and mathematical methods. In the same way, the number of the day is a certain number derived from the values of certain statistics about the date. However, in true Gopsi fashion, the number of the day gives absolutely no useful information about the day or about anything else. It could be used in mathematical equations, if there were such a formula which involved the number of the day. However, at present, neither Pogopsi nor anyone else has so far invented such an equation like this. Perhaps this is unsurprising, due to the fact that both the old and the new equations for the number of the day involve a random number x , where $0 < x < 1$. Some people criticise this, but they're obviously stupid. The new modified number of the day also includes more information such as the time, day of the week, angle of the dangle, temperature, etc. It is far more complicated than the original formula, which means it will give an even more accurate answer, for absolutely no purpose at all.

NUMBER PLATE, THE.

A car registration number plate type thing was once removed from a car in the Central Drive area. AC and DE thought it would be funny if it were placed through the letter box of SP. SP's Mother was at home as they performed this deed, and instantly assumed it was something to do with SP. SP told her DE did it, and posted it to DE by putting it in a PB without a stamp. It was never seen again, and so this section of the worlds madness soon came to an end, much to the annoyance of TD.

O.

OASIS.

OASIS IN GOOD SONG SHOCKER! Noel Gallagher was today hounded by both press and fans after the shock allegations that he had in fact penned something original and good in one of his "songs". He denied the accusations profusely, saying in his usually eloquent style, "F*** off, you c*** q*** x*** m*** k*** rotters". Astonished scientific experts are still trying to explain the shock phenomenon, presenting explanations ranging from a freak hurricane or alien abductions to a series of quite profound spelling mistakes or Noel mistakenly copying down the contents of a beer mat, all of which could explain this uncanny rise in standards. We spoke to one Oasis fan, a Mr. I. Jackson:

"Quite frankly Brian, I feel betrayed. I mean, in all my arguments, I love sticking up for completely pointless, indefensible causes, ones with which nobody could possibly agree. Now that Oasis have written something good, what am I to do? No, but seriously, weren't Bananarama actually quite good?"

(Author's note: DON'T WORRY! IT'S JUST A JOKE! Something like this could never happen in real life)

OPTIONS.

During a Physics lesson, Pigeon once described to use a mistake in a text book in the school library, which consisted of a diagram with light travelling through it, but coming out at the wrong angle. He then stated that the librarian had two options:

1. To throw the book away.
2. To tear out the Page.

However, S.P. And D.E. noticed that there were many other options that could have been considered. These were written over a period of many science lessons, mainly Physics, and there now exceeds 200 options. These are all included in the Appendix of this book.

ORANGE.

A round orange (surprisingly) fruit from the Mediterranean countries. Suitable for stamping on and thereby squirting it all over people. Also useful for eating, but only if you like them.

See also: *clementine*.

OVERHEARD ON A LONDON BUS.....

ATTILA THE HUN: 'Oh. Ohhh. Oh. Oh Oh Oh. Oooh. Ah. Oh yes. Yes. Yes Yes YES!'

GAMGYA THE GOTH: 'Hughu. Jedgk hjughh. Mfejgnayouty migoutsj imsciahgticaina apfp ndhah ca'nds peekffpr joroprihng glefdsh. Emdskuhy. Ehy, Ahlocbro vggtfra'yls trgjahhfygycke-s, adololoo. Ehy.'

ATTILA THE HUN: 'Oh Yes Yes Yes. Ohhh Yes. '

GAMGYA THE GOTH: 'K^cydfvala y alarddid a lohnnbnstolnam-mcv'ivn dvbnha yhifp f pol'lis m'i. Hgu. Sekyal-ayalfairts - sekdgpttdoy pottodvgduoyirts - fgd oftirs dfg fg fdggfd sek-nihnodnip'po rts. Hgu. P'pnbank Yrsfghm'mi^^j das re#s'so't, r'ekn; hip-po a7fw, re'e'elf'fu hs el-k, cuonk-ejvokodif!'

ATTILA THE HUN: 'Give it to me. Yes YES. More more. Yes. Yes.'

GAMGYA THE GOTH: 'yådca lukhBydftoo treÿti baldtzshffOya verbljouti dtz hulujfdig@: cor, I wonder how she'd react if these Gopsi members weren't wearing any clothes'

P.

PARADOX.

See *confused*.

PAS (THE PINGU APPRECIATION SOCIETY)

See *Pingu*.

PATE.

French word for Kit-e-kat.

PAXMAN, JEREMY.

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeess.

PENCIL.

Certain members of Gopsi often have a habit of saying "It's a pencil" in a slightly rhythmic nature, for no reason what so ever. The origin of this has been long since forgotten, but it is thought to have started in a Physics lesson, and certainly by SP.

'Pencil' is also the name by which Gopsians refer to Mr. Honeybourne, an art teacher. This is because the initials of the first and last syllables of his surname are HB, which is a type of pencil, and that pencils are often used in the subject he teaches.

Pencil has his own language which is very similar to English, but minor differences make him seem very strange to the people who are unaware of his diversity. Very little of his language has been translated, but it is known that in his language "Can I borrow a pen please, Sir?" means "Tell me about your haunted house in Canada."

PENNEY, STEPHEN.

One of the key members of Gopsi is Stephen Penney. He materialised, as did we all, in September 1989. Although he may speak of a distant past in an enchanted Oak forest, this is just the product of his imagination, as it is well known as nothing existed before September 1989.

Whilst being of a lesser height than the average Gopsian, Stephen also has a larger beer output than the average Gopsian. This is not to say the beer is normally vomited out (although it is fair to say that this has been known), but that beer is produced using home brewing techniques.

Like a number of Gopsians, he enjoys spending time a substantial distance above ground level. However, the reason for this is not so much to do with mountains, as to do with bells. These bodies are known to reside up the towers of churches, where they sit motionless relative to the earth until an extraneous force acts upon them. Such forces may be caused by the one they call Stephen, and often are, although they can be produced by other people too.

Stephen, when in France, and even when not in France, is sometimes known as 'Etienne Dix-centimes', after his name was translated into French. This was, as the observant linguist will recognise, a number of years ago, when the exchange rate was thus.

As a member of Gopsi, he has a strong influence on Gopsi music, himself being the actual Stephen of 'Stephen and the Prats'. He has therefore contributed greatly to the wealth of great songs produced, perhaps especially noting 'Mr Fernandez Rode a Horse', among many others.

It may one day be said that (like King Arthur) one day, when Ispog is in great need, Stephen will return to save 'his' land and people (It's not really his). However, unlike King Arthur he has not been dead for many hundreds of years (at least of the time of writing, anyway)(It may be that he is an automated corpse, showing outward appearances equating to the general appearance of life, but this is not probable). Very like King Arthur, he undoubtedly won't come back, because in general the vast majority of people don't come back from the dead, this feat being fairly difficult at the best of times.

PEREGRINE FALCON, TO BE A.

He who would flatulent be,
During Diarrhoea,
Let him in Flatulency,
Follow this Career,
There's no discouragement,
From the members of parliament,
His first bowel movement,
To be a bit on the smelly side.

He who would silly be,
'Gainst all embarrassment,
Let him in constancy,
Follow Doctor Who,
There's no discouragement,
Shall make him once repent,
His first foolish intent,
To be a Gopsian.

PHALLIC OBJECT.

Although many members of Gopsi have been, in the past, staunch critics of conceptual and minimalist art, a worrying event came to pass.

One day a big pink object was placed in the art corridor. Nothing unusual about that, but little did the people who placed it there realise the dramatic effect of their actions. After several assassination attempts on the object, it was placed on a stand in the middle of the art corridor, and Gopsi began to take an interest. We discovered that it was called "Corrosion", was created by a genius called "Kevin M Snode", and most importantly of all: resembled the shape of an erect penis (or at least that would be what you would have thought if you were either a) blind, or b) had an amazingly deformed penis). We regarded and worshipped this piece of modern art every time we passed it, until one day it mysteriously disappeared. However, the next day it appeared next to the skips, ready to be taken away with the rubbish the next day, if it wasn't for the Gopseans taking it to a place where it could rest in peace for ever more, and be observed by Gopsi on a regular basis.

In our observations of this said object, we have noticed that it is no ordinary piece of modern art, and have found deep meaning in it. No, don't laugh, it's true! Allow me to explain. What do you think of when you think of corrosion? The most obvious link is old, rusty machinery. Something which served a purpose. In order for something to be corroded, it must once have been a useful and perfect object. So, what purpose does a four-foot octahedral thingy have? Why was it built? Questions leap at me like fiends from the dark. Was it a messenger from another planet, like the black monoliths in 2001? Was it an idol for an ancient civilisation? Was it paperweight for a race of prehistoric reptiles? Why do fools fall in love? Ike Man Dinos? Mankind Sove? K. Mad Venison?

An infamous post-1900 art critic (poncey wanker) writes:

Corrosion is, fundamentally, about man, woman, and the large diamond-shaped objects that come between them. It radically redefines accepted notions of gender, space and sex; setting them in a post-modernist gender-performist context by deconstructing their inner essence, in so doing wittily pastiching the text-metatext relationship dialectic; or, to be more precise, quasi-dialect⁷. Some items to note: the way the peaking pinnacle of ordure symbolises Humanity and the way we try to carve out our niche in the collective zeitgeist-fed collective sur-consciousnesse- we try, but we can, yet, only, sadly, ~~fail to complete the sentence~~ fall to the floor of Marxist reasoning.

For surely, in our information-disseminator-fed-sub-culture-quasipornographic-neoFreudian-NetworkSoutheast rhythm thang, the brown paint somehow symbolises a child's simple attitude towards the increasing complexity of the neo-quasi-cacky-Mother Goddess of ennui and Meta-textual-Scepticism. It is not red, or blue. Neither is it green. The day follows night. Life follows death. Huge salary cheques follow the publication of this mindless twaddle.

PHYSICS.

Physics (or phys as it is sometimes referred to among Gopsiites) is a rather exciting subject to do with motion, electricity, forces, Werthers Originals, options, equations and pigeons. It takes place in a physics 'lab.' (laboratory abbreviated) and it is taught by Pigeon, Kevin, and occasionally (and badly) by Hard-on. Of these three, the majority of them haven't the faintest idea what they're on about most of the time, and so this explains why no-one learns much. Due to this, physics is a right laugh, even when pigeon goes on about windsurfing, abseiling or any other unconnected rubbish and attempts to bore the class out of their minds.

GCSE physics practicals occasionally worked better than other Science practicals. This is not too surprising, as they normally involved easy to use equipment. They were also very good in that you could make up the majority of results, because you knew the really simple equation to find them. This is very useful, because you could shag two birds with one stone (or should that be penis), and also use the same equation in your prediction, conclusion and evaluation. This enabled you to finish the work exceedingly quickly, meaning that you could finish it in time to hand it in, as long as you didn't forget to.

Those intelligent Gopsians studying A-level know, however, that phys practicals are increasingly rare and much more common are the incomprehensible and confused lectures constructed of unrelated parts and absolutely no structure. Still, we can be forever sure that physics is an excellent subject and due to the intelligence of all Gopsians, we can yet pass despite the muddlings of Kevin and pigeon.

PICK UP LITTER AND THE WORLD WILL GLITTER.

On the wall of a science room (Pigeons) there is a display of posters advising people not to leave waste upon the ground, and move it in a binwardly direction. Examples of these are the above, "Pick up litter, and your reward will be a pint of bitter", "Recycle your waste, and your live to 108", "Don't be dim, recycle your tins", etc.

⁷ See Sigmund Freud, "The Interpretation of large penis-shaped objects", pp.2345-9876554

PIGEON.

Tim Pearson, noted in society for his accidently drawing a red line on a newly painted whitish wall during a physics lesson, is often thought of in connection with people who enjoy falling of boards with sails attached to them. He has a great interest in many irrelevant things (but they're not irrelevant, they're a hippopotamus), including Malaysia, washing machines, swimming for charities involved in founding British Hearts, paragliding and physics, strangely enough. He is also interested in why ancient temple builders couldn't learn to use a ruler when they made their steps.

His astounding achievement of a grade E in 'A' level phys makes him marginally better qualified than most teachers to do his job. When he's not filling the board with integration and other complicated principles at yet unlearnt by the members of the class, he is trying to work out how to make a practical work in the prep. room, while members of the class indulge in such activities as firing springs at his jacket.

Up until a few years ago, Mr Pearson was known to the members of Gopsi as "Mr. Pearson", but due to a spooneristic error in D.E.'s statement of his intention to place his Physics assessment in Mr. Pearson's pigeon hole, i.e. him saying "Mr Pigeon's pearson hole", the name "Pigeon" was used thereforth.

One peculiar characteristic Pigeon has, is that when teaching A-Level Physics, or just giving general talks about wind-surfing, he is know to perform simple harmonic motion at the front of the class room, with the white board being the origin. However, the restoring force is often broken as he approaches the left hand side of the classroom (facing the board), and he flies off into the prep. room, and often hitting Lab technicians, fifth formers etc.

PINGU.

This marvellous animated character was much admired by most members of Gopsi even before the creation of the "Pingu appreciation Society". More happened in this society than most of the others, as we actually had one meeting.

PLINTHS.

The invention of the plinth is usually credited to Quintessentialian, a Roman senator in Republican times who came up with the idea of standing on a large block of marble so that people could easily see him when he spoke, and also look up his toga. When he died, a statue was erected in his memory, showing him standing on his marble block. The idea soon caught on among dead people, and soon it was pretty much essential to your Hades-cred that your statue should be on a pointless bit of marble. This occasioned the famous remark of Caesar's, "Post coitus flaccidus sum". The decline of the Roman Empire has sometimes been attributed to a shortage of plinths in the reign of Trajan.

POETRY.

TO WRITE A POEM IN GOPSI
IT NEED NOT BE ALL THAT PRETTY
YOU CAN USE LOTS OF DIFFERENT WORDS
LIKE PENIS, BUM AND SLIMY TURDS.
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY IF ITS CRAP,
IT MAY STILL PUT YOU ON THE MAP.
'CAUSE POEM WRITING IS QUITE HARD
(EVEN IF YOU'RE A TUB OF LARD!)
AND ITS JUST IMPOSSIBLE, ALL OF THE TIME,
JUST FINDING WORDS THAT SOUND ALIKE.
DON'T WORRY IF THE LINES DON'T QUITE WORK,
JUST USE SPACE FILLERS LIKE: MICHAEL BEURKE
IF THE SUBJECTS TEND TO SEW,
SAY IT WASN'T THE REAL YOU.
DON'T WORRY IF ITS CRAP AS HELL,
MOST OTHER POEMS ARE AS WELL.
OF COURSE, IF YOU REALLY SPOIL IT,
YOU COULD JUST FLUSH IT DOWN THE TOILET.
AND IF IT ISN'T ALL THAT LONG,
JUST TURN IT INTO A GOPSI SONG.
SO FOR WRITING POEMS AT THIS SCHOOL,
THERE REALLY IS NO HARD AND FAST RULE,
BUT TO ATTRACT MANY A FAN,
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS FIT AS MANY WORDS INTO THE LAST LINE AS YOU POSSIBLY

POGDA.

The Prevention Of Getting Dry Association is a recurring society. However, this does not imply that its name should be thus: The Prevention Of Getting Dry Association It actually recurs in existence, each appearance coinciding with the presence of rain around two or more Gopsi members. But this is not a coincidence.

It is important to not, however, that although the rules of society prevents its members from attempting to get dry when they are wet from rain, it does not have anything against prevention of getting wet in the first place.

POGOPSI.

This abbreviation is used to refer to Part Of GOPSI, when all members are not present.

POGOPSI WOZ 'ERE.

Do you wish to know where the members of Gopsi have been? No. Well anyway, it a well known fact that the routes of Gopsians can be tracked by the one main deliberate path they set for themselves, id est writing "Pogopsi woz 'ere" in the traditional style of people recording their presence in less than official ways.

This dominant phrase of all graffiti has so far been written on a lamp post, in several youth hostels, on the bottom of a table, somewhere in Wales, on a beach on the isle of Cumbrae (Scotland), in biscuit crumbs up a Lakeland fell, in the mud whilst lost in the peak district, behind a cupboard door at Center Parcs, and in many other places.

POLE SLIDING, THE ART OF.

The activity of pole sliding is perhaps one of the greatest pursuits ever, not only for the fact that GOPSI and pole sliding originated together, but for the fact that pole sliding is a leisure pursuit, sport, way of life and art form. There is, without question, far too much about the art of pole sliding to

detail here. However, hereafter follows a brief description of pole sliding and its techniques.

The principle of pole sliding is to place one's leg on the pole, and then lift the other off the ground, allowing oneself to make a descent by force of gravity, along and in line with the black pole, with the weight of the body exerted on it, until the bottom of the pole is reached, at which point the slider may get, jump, walk, hop or fall off (the latter being rather more dangerous than the other forms of dismounting, although it has on a number of occasions been attempted by members of Gopsi, normally accidentally, many of who have succeeded dramatically).

However, although this may sound simple, the matter is in fact far more complicated than this due to the further techniques developed by Gopsians. These include stopping with one hand or two, jumping from the pole, sliding backwards and swinging from front to back (with hands). Perhaps the very most complicated of the further techniques is the leg swing (Gold award), in which both legs are swung from the wrong side of the pole to the correct side, with the use of hands. Neither foot must touch the upright section at the top of the pole. This is very difficult, and the number of people having completed this is very limited.

POLES.

During the recent excavations of the black poles, we discovered some ancient documents, concerning the poles in the science corridor. After many hours of translation, we found the following:

Be aware of this wisdom, for the poles in the block of science are more sacred than the stars, and you can allow them to control your life, just by kicking them, ritualistically.

Thou shalt kick not three poles during travel along the corridor of travel, for he who does so shall be cast into the pit of eternal pain, and RE lessons.

Also, he who kicketh a single pole, whichever it shalt be, shall die a horrible death, probably by a snake or something.

Forgiven shall be the person who boots two poles, for he knows not the error of his ways, unless the two poles that he does the said deed to are the first and last, because the Gods like that, and might give you some chocolate.

The Kingdom of heaven shall belong to he that kicketh four of the great poles, for of all the deeds that can be done, that is the most daring deed that can be done.

It is also a good idea if you kick the two radiators as well, so people think you are really sad.

It doesn't really matter if you forget all this, and don't kick any poles at all, or even kick a random selection of poles, as whether you are good or bad fluctuates fifty times a second, which gives you a 0.5 chance of being good, which rounds up to one, and so you will always be perfect.

POPOGOPSI.

This is used to refer to individual members of Gopsi, the word being an abbreviation of "Part Of Part Of GOPSI". However, it should not be used to record a Gopsians presence, "Pogopsi woz 'ere" being the only true phrase that should be used in these circumstances.

POSITIONS, SEXUAL.

Here are some you may like to try.

(Note to Timothy: this requires another person.)

- a) The Supermarket trolley
- b) The Cheeky Gnome (Fishing rod optional)
- c) The Janet Street-Porter (Only for the advanced, and frankly sick.)
- d) The Chief Buthelezi.
- e) The Lesser Buthelezi.
- f) The tapeworm remover.
- g) The Jimmy Knapp
- h) The 69-er
- i) The 68-er (You do me and I'll owe you one)
- j) The 71-er (Two people watching)

- k) The Norma Major
- l) The Norma Minor

POSTBOXES.

The common or garden postbox, "Redus cylindrus maximus", is to be found in a wide range of habitats across the British Isles. It stands around by the side of the road, where it waits for people to shove things into it. Understandably, it leads a very enjoyable life, but post-boxes are sensitive creatures, so you should never fail to say hello to them when you pass them in the street.

PSE.

Wonderful opportunity to rest. However, you might be forced to do Incredibly useful things like ACTION PLANS! So, here for the first time are the official guide-lines for how to fill in action plans:

- 1) Well, like, it's up to you.
- 2) You could make it like a C.V. if you want.
- 3) Or do pretty doodles all over it.
- 4) Remember, you're trying to sell yourself, so you might want to include a ninety day guarantee in case you break.

Q.

QUEEN.

Not the proper one, but the group. It is a little known fact that while creating "Bohemian Rhapsody", Freddy Mercury originally wrote "Richard Young has a devil put aside for me, for me, for meeeeee, dah duhduhduhduhduhduhduhduh etc.", but he felt less afraid of incurring the wrath of Beelzebub.

QUEEN.

The proper one, not the group. She did not write "Bohemian Rhapsody" at all, so I've nothing to say.

R.

RAILWAYS.

Railways are wonderful, railways are interesting, railways are super-doooper-woo-wooo-hey. It is a little-known fact that the Class 87s have, on occasion, been as far south as Reading, and frequently...

[Note: 672 pages of mind-numbingly dull drivel omitted]

...whereas, however, the Bulleid "Merchant Navy" Class, did, of course, later have their chain-driven valve gear replaced with more conventional equipment for reasons of maintenance.

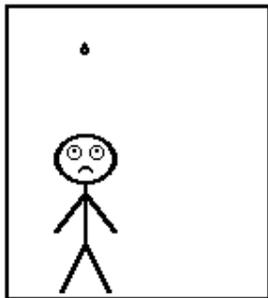
So there you have it - railways really are interesting.

RAIN DROP DODGING.

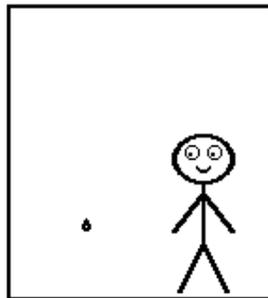
If you, like many others, get very wet when standing, or even walking in the rain, then here is a technique to help you to keep dry.

Simply watch for the individual rain drops to fall down from the sky, and then dodge them before they hit you. Continue this process as the rain gets harder, and you will stay as dry as a dry turd.

Nb. It doesn't work.



**Step 1:
Spot Rain Drop**



**Step 2:
Move Out Of The Way**

RANDOM SQUIGLELENTIAL GRAPHS.

A random squiglelestial is very similar to an exponential graph. Just as exponential graphs involve exponents, random squiglelestial graphs involve random squigles. However, the squigles may appear not only in the points and line plotted but also in the axes of other points of reference. A random squiglelestial graph lives up to the true style of Gopsi within the mathematical frame of reference.

It is very important that one such graph or chart be carefully constructed. There must be as little logic to the point plotting as possible. It is imperative that under no circumstance must a random squiglelestial graph mean anything. This is to avoid contravening the set laws of random squigles. One more incredibly important thing is that no form of random number must be generated to provide the points to be plotted for the graph, the points being generated preferably by the motions of the hand in drawing this. If points are generated by a computer, calculator or other device dealing with numbers, then the graph can only be truly called a random numberential graph and does not gain the prestigious title of a random squiglelestial graph.

N.B. The exact spelling of squiglelestial is questionable, as a number of suggested spellings have appeared. As yet no agreement has been reached, and probably never shall be. I have used the one of the simplest forms of spelling in this entry. Variations include, among others: "squiggiential", "squigiential", "squigglelestial", "squiggle-ential", "squiggelential", "squigalential", "zcweagelenschiaal" and "gurblurghophicobreshupt". Some people disagree that some of these spellings are far too silly, and would like to point out that they do not agree that certain ones should be at all allowed under any circumstance. Variations under such criticism are generally "squiggle-ential", and "squigalential".

RAWLINSON, MRS.

HATE HATE HATE HATE BASTARD BASTARD HATE HATE BITCH BITCH HATE
HATE SMELLY OLD WITCH HATE NOW SHE'S GONE HA HA HA HA HA!

...Err, sorry about that. Don't know what came over me (cue predictable joke). The Late Margaret Rawlinson was a fine, upstanding member of the school coven (surely 'community' - ed.). She was renowned for her constructive attitude towards relations with staff and pupils, (she was good

at building up mutual hatred), and her truly fascinating assemblies - so good you wanted to listen to them many more times (and usually did). She passed away from her job after a long mental illness - it lasted nearly 5 years. The school will be truly sorry to see her go, and she has been presented with a parting gift of twenty tonnes of slurry and a dead Canadian.

She is also known among the members of Gopsi as SOW (silly old witch) or SOB (silly old bitch).

RECURSION.

See recursion.

RELIC, THE.

There were two school relics. One was Mr Cooper, a relic of Neanderthal man; the other was a bone, either the thighbone of a very small person or the knuckle of a very large person, found near the Black Pole and clearly a remain from the gruesome Black Pole murders. These are believed to have been the work of unpleasant, vicious psychopaths. The fifth year have been taken into custody.

RIVER GOP, THE.

This is not the river running through the land of Ispog in to the Gopsi. This is due to the rather problematic fact that Ispog does not actually contain a river, estuary, creek, tributary, brook, bayou, burn, beck, rill, outpouring, rivulet, run, rush, surge, torrent or even a single muddy ditch. However, had Ispog a river, it might well be known as the Gop. This river would of course gush from the rocky and mountainous land in the central region of the land, flow down through the windswept valleys, meandering through the open farmland of Ispog, and sweeping out into the Gopsi (which, incidentally, is of greater magnitude than the Caspian sea), to continuously fill this pleasant expanse of water with pure liquid from the hills, if there were any Ispog mountains, valleys, farmland (apart from the Gopsi paddy field) or any other type of countryside object or type of terrain. However, there's not, so it couldn't and it doesn't.

ROLL OF THUNDER, HEAR MY CRY. (AKA Roll of flatulence eat my pie: do a smelly fart and die, and Bowl of Chunder, Eat my Pie.)

Aaaaaargh!! Get that book away from me!!

ROLLS, THE.

Three rolls, belonging to a certain unnameable member of Gopsi, exist. The thing is, they have existed for rather longer than their "best before date" would suggest. In fact, the earliest recorded date of their existence is Christmas 1990, when they were taken home from their previous place in a desk. They contain no mould, being too dry and hard to provide suitable conditions for any organism to live on them. They come from the school kitchen, and were taken before being consumed at lunch time and carried away in the pockets of the person previously unnamed. They still remain, wrapped as ever in a plastic bag. They are a miracle in the lives of the members of Gopsi.

ROY.

Roy has a long white beard and does not talk. He should not be confused with Old Rob Roy but like Inigo Jollifant, might have drunk some. Should he ever demonstrate any semblance of personality or opinions he might very well be described as eccentric due to the rebellious way he tucks his trousers into his socks, and the jaunty manner with which he ports his anorak.

See also: *Roy's friend, beards, Whisky.*

ROY'S FRIEND.

Roy's friend has but two teeth. This is somewhat inconvenient to any poor person to have the misfortune to get into conversation with him. He talks at people on a variety of subjects such as camping and pianos, all within the same breath. Obviously, with such dashing features as his balding head, appetite for drivel and passion for the 79 bus (that travels from Keswick to Seatoller) it will come as no surprise to you that in the days of yore, he was responsible for the procreation of a son. Poor fellow. Not only is he really really really old but seems to have little grasp of the fact that due to inflation since the twenties, twenty-pence is no longer a day's wages, and thus the loss of which should not be regarded as a cause for ruination. Now, if you should find yourself in the neighbourhood of Cumbria, then watch out for this Old Character ('sad git'). And be careful - he can do deft things with that vacuum cleaner of his; so we are told.

See also: *Roy, Teeth, Hair, Strange People, turds.*

RUSSIAN.

Members of Gopsi are often found to be Russian around trying to avoid mentions of the "Rushin' to Russian" "joke", and ukraine-not believe how irk(utsk)ed they get by the continual feeble puns Ivan urge to make. The other important thing about Russian was the "uiuiuuouooiiii" noise Mr Honeybourne used to make. I think he was going to be sick, or perhaps he'd just caught a glimpse of Mrs Cheale, and so was spontaneously ejaculating. Mrs Cheale used to be a member of sixties pop group the Shangri-Las, playing motor-cycle on many of their greatest hits.

S.

SADISM.

Known to others as P.E. (Abbv. : Physical Education) or Games, this is the time at school when you are put in the sadistic hands of the evil PE teachers (Sadists). Most of the torture methods involve a round, usually inflated object, that can be kicked, thrown over nets, bowled, hit with a lump of wood, bounced or punched. Stupid people find it most amusing to have one of these things hurtling towards them at high speed, after running around a muddy field for two hours in the pouring rain.

It should most definitely be noted that the members of Gopsi detest this pastime completely, and so the Society Against Sadism (SAS) was formed.

"He had the IQ of a Grapefruit - So they made him a PE teacher." -
-Paul Merton

SAMANTHA WILL POUR GRAVY OVER YOU.

Some unnotable character or other has been recorded as saying this. It is, as you the reader may perceive, silly. This can only reflect on the personality or mentality of the speaker, whose name seems to have slipped my mind...

SAMSON.

Samson was a hero in the days of old, i.e. quite a while ago. The spirit of the lord had made

him fairly bold. The muscles on his arms (his biceps, in fact, to anatomists) stood out like rubber bands (Twang soo doo! (See *Twang soo doo*)). And you'll never guess what - he had reasonably large hands.

SAS.

See *sadism*.

SATAN.

Lord of Evil.

See *Eley, M.*

SATSUMA.

See *orange*, unless you've already seen it (because you'd be a fool to read it again), before reading the following sentences. The following sentences: What have all these got to do with Gopsi? They're a load of rubbish. I don't know why they're in existence. They've got no right.

SCANDAL.

Yes, at last, the tabloid press bring us GOPSI-GATE! The unofficial transcription of conversations taped by MI99FLAKE between two unknown members of this secret organisation, plotting the downfall of the government (bit of an oxymoron there, if you ask me). As you may know, GOPSI is a crack branch of the KGB, Glockenspiel Olga Perestroika Sonofabric Iliyakuriakinski, a hard-core bunch of communist leftie weirdos. The first member, known only as "Tim", conversed openly with the second, referred to as "David" about matters which we feel need to be brought to the attention of the public. Obviously, they were speaking in code, so a translation will be provided where appropriate.

Tim and David: (Low voice) GOP - (falsetto voice) -SIIIII!

(Trans: Hello, glorious brother of the Red Army. I salute both you and the Soviet Empire)

Tim: Would you like to have anal sex?

(Trans: Tim is obviously a defector from an English public school. However, this is also code for "Please give me the secret documents".)

David: Ooh, yes please, but take your clothes off first.

(Trans: I shall give you the documents, but check first to see you are not bugged. Or something like that.)

Tim: No, you first.

(Trans: You check as well. Oh, what's the use? All I do is sit around in this flipping British Telecom van, and I don't have a social life - well, would you with a name like Trans? Ford Prefect had it easy, mate.)

SCHOOL CONCERTS.

Twice a year, at Christmas and in the summer term, toadstool coordinates a concert, involving the school orchestra, choir, parent's choir, various duets, etc. and worst of all the junior orchestra. On occasion, some of the music played or sung is quite good. However, normally it is rather poor.

Great things have happened in the past in school concerts, for instance Philip Wright (See *Brass Philip and the liabilities will run into millions*). Even greater things happen sometimes, including Telstar and other dismal failures. Common features in many concerts are untuned cellos, Rudolf, and Allegro in C.

Although you may think it is a total waste of time to come to school concerts, it is in fact a great, unmissable event, due to its amazing comedy value. However, you must be prepared to withstand very bad music indeed.

SCIENCE, THE GOPSIESQUE LAWS OF.

- 1st Law: If any law of Science specified by the top scientists of the world is not confirmed or contradicted (or both) by the subsequent Gopsi laws then it is completely untrue.
- 2nd Law: A body sliding down the black pole shall continue to slide down the pole unless an external force acting in a direction perpendicular (or nearly perpendicular) to the horizontal component of the direction of the pole is applied to them, until they reach the end, at which time they shall slide, step, run, walk, hop, jump or fall off.
- 3rd Law: Load high-pitched squeaks and strange dances shall be emitted by and body pertaining to being a member of Gopsi at irregular intervals but most commonly during brick and lynch.
- 4th Law: You can try passing heat from a cooler body to a hotter but you far better notta.
- 5th Law: Its always time for bed, if Zebedee says so, or sex, if Zebedee says so to Timothy.
- 6th Law: All Laws of Science are null and void in Stephen's house.
- LA Law: Is crap.

SEX

Sorry, I beg your pardon,

SEX

To begin at the beginning...

As far back in time as it is reasonable for ~~dodgy pervy sods~~ historians to surmise, sex has been as vital to the lives of everybody as alcohol. Indeed, people have been at it for time in memoriam and they've been shagging quite a lot too.

First evidence of sex for strictly non-utilitarian purposes lies in the evidence of Fertility God worship in neo/megalithic man (it is no flaw not to mention woman, for it is a well known that the female of the species was created from one of Jane Austen's ribs in May 1817). Artefacts from as early as 3000-4000 B.C. have indicated the extreme importance of fertility to primitive man (before the IRA existed and so it could be bought easily without suspicion that you were using it to make bombs). The only exception to the general interest in sex might be archaeologists, who until 1996 believed that ancient artefacts carved in some detail into the shape of penises were in fact spear straighteners! In any case, many cheap parallels can be made between obelisks and skyscrapers.

Textually, the development of sex-for-pleasure philosophy is more or less unmarked, apart from 'Lots' of fleeting mentions of Lot, etc. (te he!) Aristophanes, the Athenian, is labelled as crude, yet, it seems rather that he took a lively interest in the birds in Athens, as the following example

demonstrates:

A girl I did spy as we sported and played:
A really remarkably pretty young maid.
She winked and she giggled, but what I liked best
Was the little pink titty that peeped from her vest.⁸

The 'Amalgamated Edition For Young Lady Scholars In The Noble Discipline Of Classics (Greats If At Oxford)' reads as follows:

A matron I did see as we sat chastely:
She was chaste.
She was afflicted with a nervous laugh, but I was deeply shocked at
Seeing her ankles.

In some cases, the ideas related are almost sado-masochistic (q.v.). In Thesmophoriazusae the idea of men dressing up as women is central to the plot leading to some, to say the least, bawdy events, as here:

EURIPIDES: Will somebody bring me out a torch or a lamp, please?

[A slave comes out with a blazing torch]

Bend over!

[He takes the torch and begins the singeing operation]

Keep that tail of yours out of the way, can't you?

MNESILOCHUS: That's what I'm trying to do, but I'm on fire. Help! Water, water,
quickly, before my backside catches fire too!⁹

Aside from this rather fun sounding activity, it is worthwhile to remember what Catullus always used to say (after he had cleared his mouth of Spanish dog's urine):

Mellitos oculos tuos, puella,
Si quis me sinat usque basiare,
Usque ad milia basiem trecenta,
Nec mi unquam videar satur futurus,
Non si densior aridis aristis
Sit nostr' seges osculationis.¹⁰

It is not just in literature that interesting sexual deviations described, as is clearly demonstrated in the works of Jane Austen, where the characters go into the third person in moments of excitement! One of the great early empire chroniclers of Rome was Suetonius, who was responsible for this account of Tiberius:

Some aspects of his criminal obscenity are almost too vile to discuss, much less believe. Imagine training little boys, whom he called his 'minnows', to chase him while he went swimming and get between his legs to lick and nibble him. Or let babies not

⁸ The Frogs: Act I, Scene I, 408-411, Aristophanes

⁹ The Poet and the Woman: Act I, Scene I, 244-246, Aristophanes

¹⁰ From 'Poems of Catullus' -translates as:

If ever one should grant me this
Still still honeyed eyes to kiss,
I'd kiss a million times, and still
Still ask, nor hope to have my fill,
Though kisses one for every ear
Of sunny corn were garnered here.

yet weaned from their mother's breast suck at his breast or groin - such a filthy old man he had become! Then there was a painting by Pharsalus, which had been bequeathed him on condition that, if he did not like the subject, he could have 10,000 gold pieces instead. Tiberius not only preferred to keep the picture but hung it in his bedroom. It showed Atlanta performing fellatio with Meleager.¹¹

If you like to equate sophistication with pervy innuendo, then Catullus must be considered the master of the subtle allusion, like those to his 'Sparrow.'

After the dark ages (and you know they were called 'dark' because of all the time they spent with the curtains closed), with the increase in the amount of writing being produced, the references to sex come (as it were) in greater numbers. One of the most important and well-known author's of the time is Chaucer (because he's the only one anybody's heard of). Here is an example of the antics that take place in the Canterbury Tales:

Absalon started wiping his mouth dry.
Dark was the night as pitch, as black as coal,
And at the window out she put her hole,
And Absalon, so fortune framed the farce,
Put up his mouth and kissed her naked arse
Most savorously before he knew of this.¹²

In Nineteenth century literature, there is plenty of sex related writing to be found, even if some could not perceive it. Here are some examples:

... in Winter his private balls were numerous enough for any young lady who was not suffering under the insatiable appetite for fifteen.¹³

Mrs Goddard was the mistress of a School - not of a seminary, or an establishment, or any thing which professed, in long sentences of refined nonsense, to combine liberal acquirements with elegant morality upon new principles and new systems - and where young ladies for enormous pay might be screwed out of health and into vanity...¹⁴

He flourished his tool. The end of the lash just touched her forehead. A warm excited thrill ran through my veins, my blood seemed to give a bound, and then raced fast and hot along its channels. I got up nimbly, came round to where he stood, and faced him.¹⁵

She touched his organ, and from that bright epoch, even it, the old companion of his happiest hours, incapable as he had thought of elevation, began a new and deified existence.¹⁶

Mrs Glegg had doubtless the glossiest and crispest curls in her drawers, as well as curls in various degrees of fuzzy laxness.¹⁷

Mr Longdon, resisting, kept erect with a low gasp that his host only was near enough to catch. This suddenly appeared to confirm an impression gathered by Vanderbank in their contact, a strange sense that his visitor was so agitated as to be trembling in every

¹¹ The twelve cæsars, Book III, § 44, 1-10, Suetonius

¹² The Miller's Tale by Geoffrey Chaucer.

¹³ Sense and Sensibility by Jane Austen.

¹⁴ Emma by Jane Austen

¹⁵ The Professor by Charlotte Brontë.

¹⁶ Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens.

¹⁷ The Mill on the Floss by George Eliot.

limb. It brought to his lips a kind of ejaculation.¹⁸

The only thing I can think about now is being hard up. I suppose having my hands in my pockets has made me think about this. I always do sit with my hands in my pockets, except when I am in the company of my sisters, my cousins, or my aunts; and they do kick up such a shindy - I should say expostulate so eloquently on the subject - that I have to take them out - my hands I mean.¹⁹

Well now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you are pretty handy with the spike end.²⁰

She gave a little scream and a jerk, and so relieved herself...²¹

There are a number of titles that might interest the Gopsi Encyclopaedia reader, and to give a guide, we have included a selected bibliography of suitable material:

- A Brief History of Lust by F. Uckmequick;
- Pride and Prejudice - the un-Bowdlerised version including the Elizabeth-Bennet-shagging-a-donkey scene by S. E. Xiswhatiwant;
- 'That Slut and Thrust World...' by Zoroaster;
- The Penguin Atlas of Paedophilia edited by Rachel Hall;
- Socks, Sandals And How I Paid My Teachers by Susannah Ford.

These should provide adequate additional information to suit your needs but if you have any queries, we are all available on 0898 696969 (ask for Steamy Sandy, 10pm until late, exclusive massage services available to all professionals in the London area - High Court Judges, engineers, train drivers, psychopaths, booksellers, systems analysts, motor racing drivers, roboticists, baby sitters, strange people who wear sandals without socks and have beards full of bird's nests and smoke pot and say 'peace man' a lot and study Biology, gormless idiots, and theoretical physicists if they can afford it out the dole they claim because they cannot get a job, are all especially welcome).

Additional help can be sought from the Gopsi sex addiction advice group anonymous, Soho, London with the up to date, 24 hour knowledge of two professionals trained by Ian who can cater for all your problems.

¹⁸ The Awkward Age by Henry James.

¹⁹ Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow by Jerome K. Jerome.

²⁰ Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson.

²¹ The Duke's Children by Anthony Trollope.

Just one last piece of advice, as the song goes:

Why don't we do it in the road?
No one will be watching us -
Why don't we do it in the road?²² (q.v.)

Although it should be noted that this does not usually apply if somebody is watching.

Before letting you go on your way, we thought it wise to give our humble reader a few tips on how to avoid *unnecessary pregnancies*. We are ideally suited to give advice on this as several of our members have experi..... oh, hang on I had b-better not say, er, any more, it might, um, incrimin... er ate us, I mean somebody. Anyway, here is a brief guide:

The 'Cap' should be put in right; many people get it wrong. All you have to remember is exactly where to find the neck of the cervix, which is a common cause of error. Anyway, you must push the 'Cap' firmly into the hole, getting your fingers in too. However, when doing this, you must be careful not to swallow it. And don't forget that ancient maxim: if the cap fits - better safe than sorry.

Instead of using the pill, ladies, you could use a placebo. For many medical conditions, placebos, like Smarties for example, have been found to have cured problems. However, you must tell yourself that you are actually taking the pill before they will work. This is an ideal cheat, and they don't give you liver failure, apart from tasting nice. As proof that it works, I eat lots of Smarties, believing implicitly that they are the pill, and I haven't got pregnant yet.

"It's better than SimCity"

- A first year, obviously (probably) talking about sex.

Now you thought we were going to leave you there, didn't you? Well, have I got news for you? We are.

See Also: shag, nookie, roger, rumpy-pumpy, bonky bonky, bonk, hammer and tongs, romp, love-making, consummation, ravishment, cp, defloweration, knock off, have it off, sleep/lie with, fornicate, onanism, lung disturber, pyjama python, porridge pump, copulate, kipper, pork, testicles, scrotum, loins, phallus, *corrosion the phallic object*, chopper, julia (daughter of augustus), julilla (her daughter), john thomas, frank bough, priapus, beef bayonet, hitler has only got one ball, goering had two but very small, trouser snake, himmler had something sim'ler, pecker, and poor goebbels had no balls at all, dong, s+m, pink oboe, whips and leather, mutton dagger, ice cream maker, willy, banana, ben dover, 'wife's best friend', bald headed hermit, dick, prick, todger, william gladstone, candy bar, tool, ippy skippy chains and whippy, 'matrimonial peace-maker', sely instruments, wimbledon, huby, knob, tar-brush, crumpet, emma freud, phil mcavity, cockpit, wetwang, humby, 'where the monkey sleeps', ymca, *fellatio*, oral sex, cunnilingus, 69, spoon, missionary, 84b - subsection iii, *masturbation*, barclays, tossing, wanking, matthew willis, mr. cooper, wankers, five-knuckle shuffling, sado-masochism, flange, *felching*, jelly, vaseline, anal lubricants, wd40, marquis de sade type four men to one woman kinky jobbies, the miller's tale, whore house, knocking shop, *brothel*, bestiality, horses, catherine the great, ian jackson, tummy banana, whipping, labia, chastisement, self-deprivation, auto-erotic asphyxiation, amazonian buttock slugs, clitoris, the longest entry in this *encyclopedia*, fuck, roy, *roy's friend*, the *ira mafia brothel* lodge, self-flagellation, xiphognomy, carrots, brass devices that can extend to over twelve feet long, *pole sliding* (both senses), breasts, buttocks, knockers, coconuts, rutting (in the hay), shap, etc.

²² Well known to be the greatest song of the "Beatles (written by L and C). In fact it is so momentous that they thought of including it in several other songs such as 'Imagine singing Why don't we do it in the road?' by John Lennon and 'Hey Jude, why don't we do it in the road?' by L and C. Really amazing, conjuring up images of the Wang-Hei Massacre in Korea, 1973. Second only to 'Merry Christmas War is Over' in the list of great records and equal with 'Save all your kisses for me' and 'More, more, more; How do you like it? How do you like it?'

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.

Supposed 'genius' of English theatre who couldn't even write his own name properly. Plot summaries:

Hamlet: Indecisive foreigner gets killed by existentialist cigar-smoking ghost, everyone dies.

Macbeth: Over-decisive foreigner gets killed by wood, everyone dies.

King Lear: Unfunny limerick-writer kills himself.

Othello: Jealous foreigner kills wife, invents board game, everyone dies.

Midsummer nights dream: hilariously named fairies pounce around. Everyone dies of boredom.

See also: Shakespear, Shakesper, Shagsper, Shaggspeer, Shakin' Stevens, Shaggin' Stevens, Shaggy *Saggy* the Maths Teacher, Snoopy the nodding bear.

SHIPPING FORECAST.

Extract from "The Guardian", Thursday August 3, 1995:

PASS NOTES No. 665: The Shipping Forecast.

Age: 46

Function for seafarers: Essential weather warning: gales in south Finisterre, head for nearest cove.

Function for Radio 4-loving land-lubbers: Essential narcotic: Gail's in bed, yawn, yawn, time I nodded off too.

But what is it? Don't be so obtuse. It was an essential part of your childhood and you can recite it by heart. Repeat with me: Viking, easterly seven, becoming variable; North Utsire, South Utsire, variable six; Forties, Cromarty, Forth, Tyne, south westerly backing southeasterly, four or five, thundery showers.... etc, etc on through Portland, Sole, Lundy, Fastnet, Irish Sea, Shannon, Rockall, Malin, not forgetting the poetic apotheosis, Channel Light Vessel Automatic.

Ah, it all comes back to me. But what's happening - riots in Ronaldsway, bloodletting in Biscay? Much, much worse. The BBC are moving the late-night forecast.

Is that big news? Suffice it to say it is no coincidence that they've slipped it out while parliament is in recess to avoid a wave of early day motions.

Why the fuss? We are a sea farming nation and the shipping forecast has always gone out at 12:33am.

Is it a big change? Twelve minutes to be precise: from October it will be on at 12:45am

Doesn't seem a big change: Try telling that to a drowning man.

There's been a storm then? Force 10. "The BBC has totally lost sight of the concept of public service broadcasting," thundered Rachel Mawhood of listeners group Radio 4 Watch. "Surely the shipping forecast is more important than stimulating reading."

Stimulating reading? Yes, that's what will occupy the crucial 12 minutes - readings from contemporary literature that will offer more challenging fare than the earlier book at bedtime slot.

Challenging? You mean erotic? The mean spirited have christened it Bonk at bedtime, but the Beeb says it is showcasing genius not sleaze.

And the geniuses on offer? Martin Amis, Jay MacInerney, Salman Rushdie, Peter Hoeg, Banana Yoshimoto.

Did you say Banana Yoshimoto? You mean you're unacquainted with her mould-breaking novel, Kitchen?

A penetrating study of Japanese cookery, presumably: Not exactly - a Gothic fantasy which juxtaposes two tales about mothers, transsexuals, bereavement, love and tragedy. Oh, and kitchens.

I see. It will be a bit of a culture shock to people tuning in to hear Sailing by. Indeed, though Banana could yet prove appealing.

Do say: "It's enough to give Dogger a bad name."

Don't say: "I can't wait for the Nicholson Baker."

SHNYEUM.

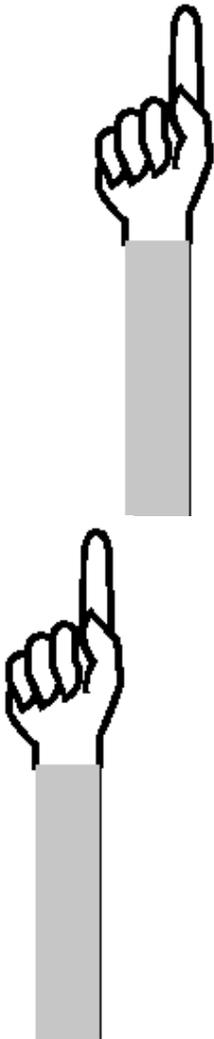
What? Oh er um I don't know help aaarrh what um oh er um don't ask me.

SHED, THE AMAZING.

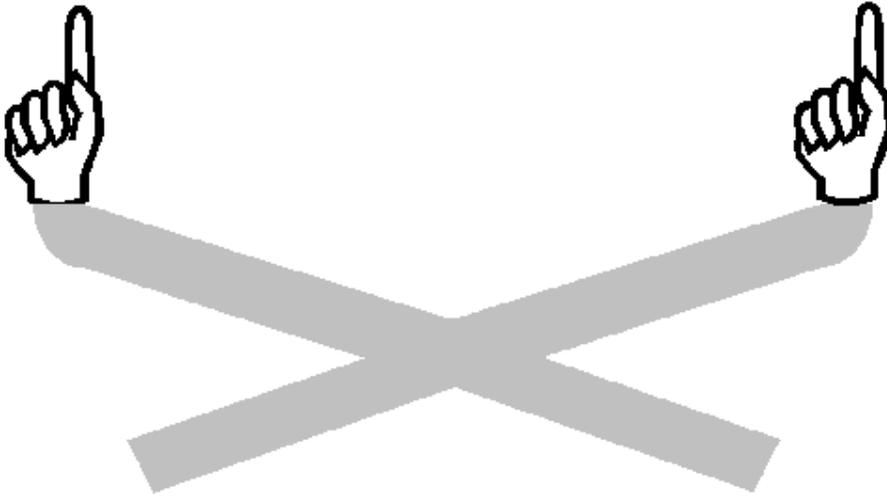
This shed used to be so close to Ispog, that it picked up a lot of energy from the black pole. So much so in fact, that one day it flew away, destroying a small section of a fence as it went. It is now terrorising the country, destroying any unsuspecting fence that gets in it's way. Should you see a broken down fence through out your travels, it is most probably the work of this shed.

SIGN, THE.

Stage 1:



Stage 2:



The sign is the 'silly handshake', so to speak Pythonesquely of the burgeoning German Freemasons' Movement (Der Deutcheffreiergemeinshaft). In recent years, the membership has multiplied and spread out of Germany to the rest of Europe, particularly Great Britain. This trend has now reach such niveaux, that the Grand High Super-Magicky-Wizard comes for the U.K.

SILLY BUGGERS

Gopsi: as described by *Pom-Pom* (q.v.) on being shown the *Gopsi Garden* (q.v.)

SIXTY NINE.

This is the number that lies between 68 and 70. It is not a square or prime number. In 69 AD, Vesuvius erupted. In 1969 AD, nothing of any lasting significance happened. (Except that Ian's parents got married. Good thing they did really, or Ian wouldn't exist, and so neither would this writing, so you would be staring at a blank space on the page and feeling rather foolish). The number 69 looks the same turned upside-down as it does the right way up. It is easily confused with 96, especially by stupid people.

SKINHEAD SADIST.

I'm now going to tell you a story. Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin. Once upon a time, there lived a fair princess in a huge castle. One Tuesday early in the year, she was making an exceedingly large edible creation in a frying pan, and did not know what to do with it, as it was too big to eat in one go, when in walked a wicked witch, who was about to take her away to a small cave a few miles away. However, through another door entered the princess's culinary adviser. It was just at that moment that the doorbell rang. The princess's culinary adviser said.....cut the pancake! Where does skinhead sadist come into all this furry tail? In fact, the story was just coming to that bit. The wicked wicked turns her into a revolting piece of soggy earwax, somewhat resembling skinhead sadist. In fact, it is true that if any extremely handsome young man (i.e. male Gopsi member or pole dweller) kissed skinhead sadist, he would turn back into the ravenously beautiful princess. However, it is rather difficult to approach the horrible sadistic creature without vomiting violently or slipping in the slime surrounding him.

See *truth*.

SLANG, GOPSI.

Now in the process of being developed into a complete language labelled "Gopsi", this particular type of slang started off just as a few words, but now has such a large vocabulary that everyone is getting terribly confused. Be sure to read the book that might or might not (in fact

probably won't, unless we can be bothered, which is very unlikely) come out in the not too far future (whenever that may be): "The fantasialistly reasonable dictionary of Gopsi slang and language". A short vocabulary is included in Appendix C of this book to start you off.

Just for fun, why don't you try converting the following into English (although I wouldn't bother): A Blub is a technologicalitical termonologicaliword in lynch and in Englongulationish, when being floccinokinihlipilificasatintionilised, floccinokinihlipilificasationilistically.

SLOW RAMP.

A rather pointless warning sign situated next to a ramp at Beaumont School. Of course it's slow, it isn't bloody moving at all! And surely a slow ramp is relatively safe, a moving one being far more dangerous, and therefore more ellig[There is a mistake here]aable for it's own warning sign. Oh dear, what is the world coming to....

SNOAD, KEVIN M.

An amazingly talented artist, he started his prolific career in the humble confines of Beaumont School. Though he has produced a great many works, his piece de resistance is generally considered to be "Corrosion". Although the titles confers certain photo-realist simplicity by direct reference to the complex textures of the piece, it is thought that the octahedral-based cubist approach, contrasting with the - oh, who cares: that name MUST be an Anagram of something. Mensa video K? Too many e's. Damn.

SONGS.

One of the fundamentals of Gopsi, is music: Gopsi is music; music is Gopsi, and vice versa; not to mention universa vice (to recoin a phrase). The reason the music forms such an integral part of the semi-Gopsoidal consistency theorem, as it will well be appreciated, is fish. And so, it will not surprise the humble reader to know of the Gopsi Band. The name of this shady organisation was 'Stephen and the Pratts.' Yes, it was posters of us before which multitudes of virginal women prostrated themselves; yes, it was we who received so many appeals for illicit sex that they could not be recorded if each was assigned a minute of Methuselah's life; yes, 'twas we who were voted 'Sexiest Bodies in Peckham' nineteen times in a row, earning the sobriquet 'Peckers of Peckham'; yes, it was our band that won the 1993 Shapely Breasts Academy Award. We are unique among pop-stars in that we do not take many drugs; we are unique among living legends in that we aren't legends.

However, to be brief, this the song that made our name, the song that all the world knows, the song on the lips of every free-minded individual, the song of all songs (even more than that death-metal boogie-tune: Song of Songs), the song that you hear every fellow on the London Metropolitan Railway attempting to sing only not really singing, that is, adding intermittent notes to a background of the crackle of their earphones. Yes! This is it! The one you've all been waiting for ... (in all 13 languages) ... (for the tune, ask any self-respecting member of Gopsi)

I can see the motorway;

Oooooo ooo.

For each consecutive verse replace the words in bold for the phrases below.

I can see the motorway	<i>English</i>
Je peux voir l'autoroute	<i>French</i>
Ich kann die Autobahn sehen	<i>German</i>
Puedo ver la autobista	<i>Spanish</i>
Posso vedere l'autostrada	<i>Italian</i>
Viam videre possum	<i>Latin</i>
Я могу увидеть улицу ;	<i>Russian</i>
Posso ver la autoestrada	<i>Portuguese</i>
My my my my my my my	<i>Thai</i>
I can see the motorway, Sport / Sheila / Bruce	<i>Australian</i>
Gee, Martha, Look at that cute little thing, don't you just want to eat it all up?	<i>American</i>
Hit me over the head with a shillelagh, a pint of Guinness, and a motorway.	<i>Irish</i>
Wah Ha! Ha Sah Ya Kai Fa!	<i>Japanese</i>

See also: *Appendix B*

SPESDBP.

This is original society of Gopsi, standing for "The Society For People Who Enjoy Sliding Down Black Poles". Although this society is now obsolete, a lot of activity occurred under it, mostly involving the activities it suggests.

SPLINTS, TAP.

During a chemistry lesson once, SP and DE put lots of splints up the spout of a tap for no reason whatsoever. They had just gone completely mad. This incident was followed by other such acts of madness, such as SP dropping a stirring rod down the sink, and DE keeping his work under the tap as long as possible before a drip came out, which resulted in it getting very wet.

One day the tap splints will move in such a way that they will totally block up the entire water system of the school, causing a total collapse of the entire school system, and the destruction of the universe.

SPINNERS TO WEAVERS RATIO. (Pronounced 'ray-she-oh', not 'rasher' as in 'ration', or 'rat-ee-oh' as in 'patio', or 'rat ten' as in rat10)

Through the 18th century, the cotton industry, as with many other industries in Britain, was experiencing much change. This change was largely caused by the move to industrialisation, and the concurrent inventions of better machines. Therefore, at this time, as machines involved in different processes were designed and used, the balance between spinners and weavers changed frequently.

STREET-PORTER, JANET.

See People who are on television and you don't know why, People who exist and you don't know why.

SUBMARINE, THE.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, Some Russians launched the first land submarine, designed to travel on land. It's mission was to reach the site of the black pole, and claim it as their own. The submarine worked by moving so quickly in the water, that it built up enough momentum to travel through the ground as soon as it reached the shore. It attempted this, and travelled a few hundred miles through the land, but unfortunately for the Russians, it had not enough momentum to complete the journey, and came to a halt a few feet from the black pole, and immediately rose to the surface. Because of this enormous pressure change, the crew of three died instantly, and turned into oil, which to this very day flows in and out of the iron submarine, with rotten sandwiches floating in it.

An attempt was made by another submarine two years later, but they made the mistake of using a kaleidoscope instead of a periscope, and so as soon as they encountered a ship they immediately surrendered, thinking they were surrounded.

SWEARING.

You know, I hate it when every time I shagging turn on the bastard television all I hear is people fucking swearing all the bloody time. I mean, it just really pisses me off that even in the sodding books I read some cunt has put in loads of gitting swear words. I just wish that all the bollocking mother-fuckers who swear would just bugger off and shut the shit up.

Now, in the last sentence there were a total of twelve swear words, and examples of how you can use them in your own sentences. All complaints should be sent to the following address:

We are not afraid of the Mafia,
The Mafia,
Miami,
America.

T.

TAKE THAT.

Subject of the perennial "Are they music" debate, largely between Ian (entirely unmotivated by the fact that he fancies at least half of them (the bottom half)), and Timothy and Zack (entirely unmotivated by never having heard the songs.) More bullshit has been spouted about this than about any other subject, except of course post- 1900 art.

TANGERINE.

See *satsuma*.

TECHNOLOGY.

Wonderful opportunity to rest (See also: GPD).

This subject was often known as "GCSE Connect Four", as an awful lot of this wonderful game was played during the lessons. Variations including multiboard connect four and multidimensional connect four.

TELSTAR.

This instrumental was a number one hit for five weeks, in October 1962, with the Tornados. The cover version, by the school orchestra was not a number one hit, for two reasons: 1. We didn't get round to releasing the record. 2. (Even more relevant) the orchestra is about as musically talented as an anus with poo squidgelating out of it, emitting a large variety of delightful noises.

THORNTON, MRS.

She was our Pure Mathematics teacher in the lower 6th form, but then she left us in the lurch at a critical stage of our course, putting our entire lives in Jeopardy.

TOMKING (a.k.a. Tom King)

Tomking, vb.:

I tomk, you tomk, he tomks, she tomks...

Tomking is one of the most important activities known to mankind. Almost everybody likes a good tomk now and then. This is attributed, hence the name, to a certain Tom King. Were I investigating a myth, many centuries old, I would suggest that perhaps this was not Tom King, but King Tom. However, this would be ridiculous, because at the time of writing Tom has not yet attended a coronation (to public knowledge), let alone his own. But if he did, he could be named from then on: King Tom King.

TREASURE.

It has been known, in the past, for people to have found treasure within the *Gopsea* (q.v.) These great dragons'-hordes of loot, piling up and up and up and up and up are so valuable that you could buy a loaf of butter with them. However, as part of the recent economic crisis, the Klondike-o-matic treasure rush in the region has collapsed due to the sudden disappearance of the placer deposits of Crown Tender found in the Gopsea. In the Smaugo-fellatological history of the Third Reich, new evidence has indicated that the Soviet looters, following their ravaging of eastern Germany have taken the bulk of it back to Russia and it is thought to be held in secret vaults of the Hermitage museum (See also: *Submarine*).

There is a long history of treasure-hunting within Gopsi and to partake of this activity, one need only probe the submarine depths of the Gopsea to discover. Indeed, in several domiciles in the area, there are known to be various collections of the spoils of numerous battles in our epic struggles against Neptune and Mars the War God, a struggle between Good and Evil, between Titan and God, between Ice-Cream and Jelly. Ah. Woe.

The name Gopsea is also an acronym for one of the major Gopsi societies in the Abstract Relations/Loofahs sector of the Guild. It stands for Guild Of Plentiful Sex in Extra-marital Affairs. This view, as hinted by the title of the society, is one espoused by our virile (but not necessarily virulent) members.

See also: *gopsea, gopsi garden, garden, gopsi.*

TROPHIES.

The ancient and magnificent art of pole sliding has a set of awards as its basis as defined by Gopsi, the Guild Of Pole Sliding Individuals. However, to augment this, a number of trophies exist which are awarded to the individual or group who hold particular records. One of these is these is the Dead Mouse Trophy, named after a deceased member of the animal kingdom, which was stamped on by Jason Lamb, causing it's innards to be propelled through its skin (the mouses, not Mr. Lambs).

It could well have been this award that was for the longest jump of the end of the black pole, but it has long since been forgotten whether this is true, and whether other awards existed.

TRUTH.

Don't believe everything anyone ever tells you. After all, it's not all true, you know.

TURDS.

How many times have you thought, whilst a-seated on the lavatory "Ooh! Wouldn't that dump be just so tasty!""? Never? Well I can tell you that in fact turds are not made of semi-melted chocolate but are indeed really revolting. Just for the occasion, I did not make up a song about turds. I could have done but I thought it sounded a bit silly.

Turds: the facts.

Colour: Turd Brown

Taste: Regurgitated mud pie.

Texture: All slimy and squidgy (unless they're dried out, in which case they are tough and chewy)

Place of origin: Bottoms!

GOPSI max. length of time without doing one: 120 hours, by David Edgar (since records began). Nb. Competition still open for improvement.

TWANG SOO DO.

Cunningham Hill was the site for the first Pogopsi practice of the ancient martial art of Twang Soo Do. This involves the manipulation and firing of brutal, yet flexible and scary weapons, often at other people. This extremely skilled art-form and sport is one of the great Gopsi activities, along with pole sliding and being stupid.

(Sorry, that should be 'being perfectly sane'). Although this great method of self-defence is also practised by other people, the Gopsi ways of performing it, and the name, are of course the best. Samson, biblical hero, has muscles, on his arms, standing out like rubber bands. Thus 'Twang Soo Do' is a fundamental feature of that great Gopsi song, 'Samson'.

If you yourself would like to participate in this wonderful activity, find yourself a number of the appropriate weapons (check size, thickness, stretchiness and make sure it has no perceptible flaws, liable to make it break and therefore injure you). Place one end around one thumb (only one, because otherwise you get into an awful mess). Pull the other end back in the manner of your choosing (this varies according to person). Aim the weapon, and then let go, to fire. This will then, according to type of weapon, strength of pull, air density, wind direction and aim, injure a fellow human being significantly. It can also be used on animals, walls, targets, and famous paintings. You will find that this act of violence, in whatever form, will greatly satisfy you and you will become addicted to it for the rest of your conscious life.

(Alright, so its just flicking a rubber band.)

U.

UNIVERSE, A USEFUL MAP.

Places Mr Pearson Hasn't been> .

**UNTIMDOCIGRUMUFUDGINATIONTUDORPOODLECURDLECOODLEFINGOCHAN
GFLIPPETYBANGFANTASIABINGBONGBOOBURDBESERKDISUMBERKMAGNESIU
METAMORPHOSISANTITHICKESTABLISHMENTARIANISMPARALLATERALELEM
ENTARYESTABLISHMENTARYLOCOMOTIUN.**

This is a very important word in Gopsi. It is. And don't you forget it. It has 207 letters and

various noticeable points in its spelling (burdbeserk, magnesiummetamorphosis and locomotiun being the main problems). A noticeable point about this word is that the central letter is the 'm' in 'disumberk'. It can be said, after some practice, in under 8 seconds. However, some Gopsians often manage to say it considerably faster (6 or 7 seconds). You should be particularly proud when you can say it in only one breath. Fortunately, it has a remarkable quality about it of sayabilty. Surprisingly enough, the rather disjointed bits of it flow well together. Despite it not being the longest word in the world, it is particularly special in that it has a full, unabridged meaning which is shorter in number of characters than the actual word.

It is generally taken to mean the state of a person being as clever as is humanly possible. To be fair, no-one has actually yet quite reached this standard, but most members of Gopsi have very nearly achieved it, at least according to them.

The word has some almost exciting history which is true, although not unfortunately complete. This documentation was found quite a number of years after the word was first used. It was not known previously when the word was invented and so we are extremely extraordinarily lucky to be able to have this record of events so relevant to this word.

On the thirteenth day of the first month of the year,. the month going by the name of January, 1988 A.D.(Anno Domini (in the year of our Lord)), which was, as it happened, a Wednesday, David Edgar invented, during lunch time, part of a word which was, without his prior knowledge, to revolutionise the lives of people, many of whom he had not at that time even met. It was a stunning achievement, therefore, to invent the word:

Untimdocigrumufudgination

The day after that, the 14th, Timothy Democratis added to the word writing tradition by making the previous word into the word:

Untimdocigrumufudginationtudorpoodlefingolocomotion

Our final knowledge of the history of this great word is on the 28th of the same month, a thursday, when 89 letters, believed to have been made and agreed by both the two Gopsians previously mentioned, are listed as:

UNTIMDOCIGRUMUFUDGINATIONTUDORPOODLECURDLECOODLEFINGOELEMENT
ARYESTABLISHMENTARYLOCOMOTION

It is, in my wholly regardable opinion, so fascinating that in these times can come such a miracle, as this great word. It would previously have been beyond the belief of man that such a marvel could come from any known persons. It is not that it is long, because of course there are various other words, which are much longer, but these 207 characters will stay with us always, as a symbol of intelligence, wisdom, skill, cunning, brilliance and above all total complete and utterly perfect sanity.

why
Anthea Turner?

Yours sincerely, the entire British public ever from 1066AD onwards, as evidenced by this Saxon scroll found near Wapping earlier this year:

'Ande loe, itte was writtene inne thae propheciese offe Blind Lemonne Murgatroyde thatte inne the dayes toe comme there woulde bae muche paine ande sufferage atte thae handes offe ae woemane knowene asse Anthaeae offe thae Turner...and thatte shae woulde caste thae faetes offe menne asse iffe numberede balles inne ae large plasticke thinghie, ande haffe tediouse "celebritiese" uponne herre "showe"...'

The great author Jane Austen also saw fit to comment upon this ghastly turn of events, as seen in her seminal work (surely "semenal", ie. a pile of toss - Ed.) "Whoops there goes my handkerchief Mrs. Jenkins, better pick it up before I am thought of as behaving in a manner unbecoming to a lady of my social standing":

'Our goodly housekeeper, Mrs. Throckmorton, took it upon herself to inform us that our presence would be required at the oh I can't be bothered with this. I mean, Jane Austen is just a writer who defies parody, isn't she? If I really wanted to take the runny stuff I'd have to sit here for hours writing a load of boring twaddle about gavottes and houses in the country and oh Mr. Darcy what will the Willoughbys say? There aren't even any good joke opportunities in it. Pile of pish, every word. I mean, subtle humour is all very well but too much of a good thing, eh? Come on Jane, let's have a bit more slapstick in your next one, eh? Custard pies and car chases and all that good old Keystone cops type stuff. At the very least have something HAPPEN for the sake of my excessively giddy aunt. Woncha? Oh go on, be a sport?!?!? (Useless blether continued p96)

W.

WAITEE.

In the days of old (Samson was a hero) the lords of the manor would be waited upon by waiters. However, nowadays, in restaurants the norm is for the customers to wait, thus rendering them waiters. Therefore the 'waiters' are in fact 'waitees'. This transformation of a word gives rise to murderees, createes, boilees, smellees, computees, boozees, bazookees, vibratees, runnees, trumpetees, actees, inductees, lightees, drawees and many others.

WALKS.

The general idea of the average walk is that you walk. However, in the context of GOPSI, the walks mean something more specialised than that. Many of the walks have vanished into GOPSI legend (i.e. we can't remember them). One of the walks with more evidence is the David Bellamy

Nature Walk. This took the form of the leader virtually becoming David Bellamy himself. Or at least adopting a poor impersonation of his voice. The following participants would be led down the pole, up through the flower bed, where a vast number of wildlife specimens were to be found (ant, roses and daffodils), and between the cars. The following group, usually consisting of two or less, would then disperse, realising that it was all a complete waste of time. The originator of this particular and frequently the guide, was, so the author believes, Stephen Temple, Esq.

WATER BOMBS.

One day, some of the members of Gopsi noticed that the bags they're sandwiches were wrapped in were water-tight, and so water was drawn from the Gopsea, and sealed in the said bags. This meant that they could be thrown at high speed and explode on impact, which they did. So there.

WICK.

Due to a misinformed rumour the wick has often been mistaken with a furniture shop in Shrewsbury. Fortunately this error is no longer made, although it is said that a wardrobe was once seen half-way up a tree which was growing next to a ditch by the front door of the furniture shop (Bugger me if I know what he's going on about - ed).

Despite the fact that the wick is used by many people of the insane population of the world, it is thought of by the few as a Gopsi haunt. Containing a lake almost a big as the Gopsea, several trees, three bridges, a half eaten pork pie and a fire-breathing cocker-spaniel, it is as a small wood by some and a vast enchanted area by others. Also, it's a bit scary in the dark, especially when maniacs try to kill you with their bicycles.

WIFCITDELUS.

Yet another of these societies...groan, yawn, etc. This particular association is the "Weird ideas for crazy inventions that do exceedingly little useful society". Yet again we never actually quite got round to doing anything in this society, but we did sometimes briefly think about it. However, if you have a suitable idea for an invention coming up to the set criteria, or if you know of one, then let it be made known to the members of this society. Well, you needn't really bother, 'cause no-one else ever did.

WIZZY PENS.

These are pens that go whiz in your hair in maths and goldfish.

X.

XMAS.

A really stupid spelling mistake for Christmas.

Appendix A

The Agreement

- 1.1. We the undersigned, being of fairly sound mind, henceforth referred to as we, hereby in full and final obligation declare and undertake not to indulge in the activities listed in the second clause of this document.
- 2.1. Sexual activities with other signatories.
- 2.2. Verbal abuse and insults.
- 2.3. Physical and oral abuse, and assault.
- 2.4. Disrespect for possessions and work.
- 2.5. Indirect insults, i.e. insinuation.
- 2.6. Arrogant behaviour.
- 2.7. Further clauses may be added on full consent of all signatories forthwith.
- 3.1. Each signatory will hold in his or her possession, a deed of agreement and is deemed to have entered into the agreement with the people who have signed thereunder.
- 3.2. An individual agreement shall ensue when the names of both persons concerned have been signed on reciprocal forms.
- 4.1. If due apology is given and is accepted by the offended party, then no penalties shall be carried out.
- 4.2. If the offence is deemed an accident by the majority of signatories present, who have an obligation to be fair in judgement, no penalty shall follow.
- 5.1. Punishment will ensue at the discretion of the Agreement Regulation Society (ARS).
- 6.1. In the case of two signatories wishing to nullify their respective agreements, both must counter-sign their own signatures crossways.

Appendix B

Gopsi Songs

Best Person I am yes.

I'm the best person in the world.
You can't get better than me,
So don't try.

This is the best song in the world.
You can't get better than this song,
So don't try.

Cos' I'm the best!
Yes I'm the best!
Cos' I'm the best!
Yes I'm the best!

You're the worst person in the world.
You can't get worse than you,
So don't try.

(If you had a song)
It'd be the worst song in the world.
You wouldn't be able to get worse than your song,
So don't bother trying.

Cos You're the worst!
And I'm the best!
Yes You're the worst!
And I'm the best!

Blur's Country House: A Gopsi Remix.

(So the story is crap)
Black Pole dweller, insane fella
Thought to himself
Oops i've gone completely mad
I'm caught in a turd competition
I'm a professional cynic
But my hearts not in ic
I'm paying the price of living life at the madness limit
Caught up in the century's cup of tea
It preys on his cat, he's getting fat
(Like Gilvo)

Now he lives in a huse, ir'ne 't'b'ngs h'use
In the country
Watching the Magic Roundabout
And the turds he spouts in the country
He's on the pill
And he's grown a bill in the country
It's like an animal turd
Lots of lemon curd in the country

Now he's got Morning Glory
He's voting tory
He's even taping jackanory
In touch with his own mortality
He's reading what letters mean,
Knocking back amphetamines,
It's a spiteful hand
That makes you watch Jo Brand
Oh it's the centuries remedy
For the mad in the brain:
Go on the game!
(Gilvo is fat)

He lives in a huse, ir'ne 't'b'ngs h'use
In the country
He's got a frog in his chest
So he needs a lot of breast in the country
He doesn't drink, smoke, shit,
Although he shags a bit it in the country
Oh it's like a rural farm,
Lots of animals to harm in the country

Blow David out he is so sad we don't know why
Blow David out he is so sad we don't know why

(Repeat both chorus's)

The World is coming to an end.

The world is coming to an end,
To an end,
The sky is falling on our heads,
On our heads,
And the end is nigh,
The end is nigh,
The world is coming to an end,
To an end.

Our lives are coming to an end,
To an end,
We're all going to die,
Going to die
And there's no point in carrying on,
There's no point in going on,
Going on

We're all going to pass away,
Pass away,
We're all going to hop the twig,
Give up the ghost,
Because we're terminally ill,
Our time is up,
We're all going to breathe our last,
Pass away.

The Twelve Days Of Gopsi

1. Alan partridge in a pear tree
2. Dirty tarts
3. French horns
4. Calling girls
5. Dildos
6. Sordid sex sessions
7. Sheep a shagging
8. Groping garcons
9. Naughty knockers
10. Frenchmen felching
11. Lords a licking
12. Members of gopsi

Theme Tunes

Mr Gibb:

It's Mr. Gibb,
It's Mr. Gibb,
It's Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr. Gibb.

GOD:

It's Mr. Brown,
It's Mr. Brown,
Get on, Get on, Get on, Get on, Get on down!

Cack:

It's Mrs Black,
It's Mrs Black,
She's a, she's a, she's a, she's a, she's a bit cack.

You are what you eat.

Chorus:

You are what you eat,
Right down to your feet,
So step out on the street and sing what ya gonna eat!

Verses:

I am a banana, I'm a chicken curry,
I'm a tomato pizza, I'm a mint brand called murray.

I am a roast chicken, I'm an egg - bacon flan,
I am an apple, I'm even my Gran

I am a roast peanut, I'm even a duck,
I mostly alcohol, but I couldn't care less.

There was a man.

There was a man who had a shag,
He did it with a donkey,
But he couldn't get it up
Because it was too wonky.

There was a man who had a shag
He did it with a dildo,
And it went up straight away
Because it gave him a thrill so!

Mr Fernandez rode a horse.

Mr Fernandez rode a horse
Doo Dah, Doo Dah,
He fell off and got back on again,
Doo Dah, Doo Dah Day.

And when he rode his Horse...
He fell of a lot....
But he always got back on again,
Doo Dah, Doo Dah Day.

Mr Pearson rode it too,
Doo Dah, Doo Dah,
It did a great big smelly poo,
Doo Dah, Doo Dah Day.

And it smelt of poo!
And Mr. Pearson too!
Mr Pearson rode it too,
Doo Dah, Doo Dah Day.

Sexy Day

Oh! There's nothing like a jolly lot of sex....
To start your day
Hey Hey Hey
Ho Ho Ho
He He He
Can't catch me...
Cos' I'm a busy bumble bee (Bong!).

The POPULAR Song.

He's Popular
Oh yes He's really popular!

She's Spectacular
Oh yes She's really regular!

He's Irregular
Oh yes He's really similar!

She's Perpendicular
Oh yes She's really Rectangular!

He's Circular
Oh yes He's really Triangular!

She's Molecular
Oh yes she's really spatula!

He's Dracula
Oh yes he's really Duckula!

She's Miss Saggar
Oh yes she's really Inferior!

He's Adrian Ma
Oh yes he really is Telstar!

She's in a Car
Oh yes she's really in the spa!

He's One over par
Oh yes He's really laying down tar!

She's Popular
Oh yes she's really popular!

"Cocaine Supernova" - To the tune of "Champagne Supernova" by Oasis

How much does music really change?
Don't you think it's kinda strange
You've heard all these songs somewhere before?
The Beatles sung them as a hit,
But Noel changed them: now they're shit;
But still they sing them just a little more.

Someday we will find them
Caught beneath the landslide
In a cocaine supernova in the sky.
No way will we find you
Caught beneath the landslide
In a champagne supernova
A champagne supernova

Cos Liam believes that they're
Gonna get away from the police.
But you and I, want them to die,
Oasis are still around
We don't know why, why why why.

Wake up Liam and ask him why
Without Noel the group will die,
Wipe that tear away now from his eye.
You must take us all for mugs
You just sing songs to pay for Drugs,
And where were we while you were getting high?

Someday we will find them
Caught beneath the landslide
In a cocaine supernova in the sky.
No way will we find you
Caught beneath the landslide
In a champagne supernova
A champagne supernova

Cos Liam believes that they're
Gonna get away from the police.
But you and I, want them to die,
But Oasis are still around
We don't know why, why why why.

You must take us all for mugs
You just sing songs to pay for drugs,
Where were we while you were getting high?
You were getting high?

Samson

Samson was a hero in the days of old,
The spirit of the lord had made him bold,
The muscles on his arms stood out like rubber bands,
(Twang soo do)
And he had small hands!

Gopsi March

Sex, Gopsi, Testicles Slurp!
Sex, Bondage, Slap and Tickle!
Sex, Turds, Mud, Pogopsi!
Sex, Sex, Sex and more sex!

The McJob song.

Chorus:

McJim McJam McJoch McJiff, McGoo, McGoo
McJim McJam McJoch McJiff, McGoo, McGoo
McJim McJam McJoch McJiff, McJob McMe McYou McMoo
McJob Job Job Job Jobby Joo Joo Joo

McHi McBye Mc In the Sky
McYes McNo Mc I don't know
McDo Mc Poo Mc Timbucktoo
Bouncy bundle pig and fish

Chorus

McWack McSmack Mc Hooked on Crack
McHock McBock Mc Geoff and Joch
McRun McFlee Mc Fiddle dee dee
Bouncy bundle pig and fish.

Repeat Chorus.

The Latin Song (To the tune of The Wellington boot song by Billy Connoly)

Chorus:

Oh Latin it is wonderful
Oh Latin it is swell
Because It's rather silly
And it doesn't really Smell
Unless David Does a fart!
And then it smells like Hell!
Oh Yes! Oh Yes! Oh Yes! It is Latin!

Now French is a subject
That isn't really bad.
It isn't all that difficult
For that you can be Glad.
But when compared with Latin,
It really is quite Sad!
Oh French isn't quite as good as Latin. [Chorus]

PE is disgusting and
PE is very crap
But bonding it with Latin
Would put it on the map.
But the PE teachers are so thick!
So don't fall in the trap
You'd be much better off doing Latin! [Chorus]

German is a fine Language
Even though they're bloody Krauts,
How about that Adolf Hitler,
Wasn't he a lout?!
You either like it or you don't!
You'll have to work it out,
But good were the folk who spoke in Latin! [Chorus]

Maths can be monotonous
With lots of formulae
But it's good to get home afterwards
And do sums after tea.
I bet you didn't know that
Y is $MX + C$
But you'll find out much more than that in Latin. [Chorus]

English is a fine subject,
It's a language of the land.
And it is a good excuse
To fire rubber bands
But lots of boring essays
Make it less than grand!
And that's why it's not as good as Latin! [Chorus]

Appendix C

"The Options"

These are options that are available after having a mistake in a physics text book pointed out to you by Pigeon. They can also be used in many other situations.

203 Options:

1. Tear page out.
2. Throw away book.
3. Shoot Mr. Pigeon.
4. Blow up the whole world.
5. See that it wasn't actually a book of principles of Physics in another universe.
6. Have a drink and forget about it.
7. Find the author and shoot them.
8. Find the author and brutally torture them.
9. Have a shag and forget about it.
10. Cease to exist.
11. Fart
12. Burp
13. Blow up the book with a nuclear weapon
14. Tippex out the diagram
15. Tippex out the whole book
16. Rewrite the page.
17. Rewrite the book
18. Burn the Book
19. Eat the book
20. Disguise your self as a mushroom
21. Use the book to wipe your bottom
22. Hang it from a tree and fire rubber bands at it.
23. Stick it up your arse
24. Hit your head against a wall
25. Eat a live newt.
26. Slide down the black pole.
27. Cut off your dick with an axe.
28. Turn inside out via your arse.
29. Murder your granny
30. Stand on your TV whilst tying a noodle to a chicken.
31. Go to sleep
32. Eat a dick
33. Eat 2 dicks
34. Eat 3 dicks or more in under a minute
35. Eat 3000 dicks a second for 25 years
36. Jump in a pile of steaming hot dung (human)
37. Eat your mum for breakfast
38. Create a pile of steaming hot dung yourself
39. Jump off a cliff.
40. Make yourself sick
41. Use your dick (cut off) as a straw to such up your tea / coffee.
42. Give yourself a blow job
43. Eat a pile of steaming hot human dung
44. Blow up Gilvo with a tonne of TNT
45. Pop Gilvo with a pin

46. Hang pigeon by his feet from the top of the Eiffel tower
47. Make a pornographic video involving yourself and a sheep.
48. Correct the book
49. Buy another nook
50. Say ping in a very high voice
51. Sing "Gopsi" very out of tune.
52. Write "Gopsi", "Sex" and "Testicles-Slurp" on a wall
53. Shag a Giraffe.
54. Jump off a bridge whilst attached to a canoe.
55. Tie yourself to the rear end of a moving roller coaster.
56. Eat a train.
57. If you live in London or Glasgow say "Boing!".
58. Just say "Boing" three times anyway.
59. Go to sleep in a boring Physics lesson.
60. Set fire to all the greater spotted dicks in the world.
61. Tie someone's dick to a tree using reef knots.
62. Eat roast testicles marinated in cows period for dinner, with bats vomit for desert.
63. Drink your own urine.
64. Eat a hamster.
65. Stick pencils up your nose.
66. Wear underpants as a hat.
67. Turn inside out via your arse.
68. Ignore the fucking book.
69. Call the police.
70. Suspend yourself from a hook stuck to the ceiling with someone else's penis.
71. Eat a live Komodo dragon.
72. Get dragged along by a wild kangaroo whilst attached to its tail by a guy rope.
73. Scream.
74. Gulp.
75. Get very scared.
76. Eat someone.
77. Eat everyone.
78. Jump up and down saying "Boingy, boingy, boingy".
79. Turn into a dead frog.
80. Do some work.
81. Don't do any work.
82. Drop down dead.
83. Shag a female.....teacher.
84. Blow up Hawaii.
85. Sing Gopsiiiiiiii!
86. Eat Mr. Pigeon.
87. Destroy all lenses.
88. Destroy all mirrors.
89. Destroy all triangles.
90. Destroy all light.
91. Destroy all books.
92. Destroy all things (including Pigeon).
93. Give yourself an electric shock through your penis.
94. Change all clocks to different times.
95. Don't talk to everybody or anybody.
96. Shout "Pigeon's mad".
97. Cut off the end of Mr Hardcastle's tie.
98. Shave off your pubic hair.
99. Politely tell Pigeon to go away and stop wasting your time.

100. Tell Pigeon to fuck off.
101. Eat a Dongloburger fleedelyflob beast of Wangerland.
102. Explode.
103. Send a nice letter to the editor.
104. Send a death threat to the editor.
105. Shag the editor.
106. Insert the book up your rectum, and then fart it out at high speed.
107. Attach your penis to an oscilloscope.
108. Stick your foot in a bowl of boiling mercury.
109. Eat some custard.
110. Realise the world is made out of custard, then eat the Earth.
111. Stick your head down a toilet.
112. Stick a toilet down your head.
113. Say "Bollocks yum".
114. Turn into a pin.
115. Turn a pig into a pin.
116. Turn a pin into a pig.
117. Turn into a pig.
118. Take 'A' level 'cooking'.
119. Cling onto a hot lightbulb.
120. Take 'A' level shagging.
121. Teach 'A' level shagging.
122. Have sex using a banana.
123. Jump up and down with a chair leg up your rectum.
124. Jump up and down and wave your knickers in the air.
125. Use your penis as a bungy rope.
126. Use someone else's penis as a bungy rope.
127. Live inside a green science file.
128. Shrink.
129. Walk on the ceiling.
130. Sit in a bowl of Jelly.
131. Sit in a bowl of semen.
132. Weigh a 1-ton block of wood.
133. Stick your tongue up someone's vagina.
134. Stick your tongue up someone's rectum.
135. Weigh Stephen (on an incredibly accurate set of scales)
136. Find a mass of about 0.003 ug.
137. Live in the funny black globe.
138. Eat the funny black globe.
139. Stick the funny black globe up your bottom.
140. Change colour to / from green.
141. Stick your penis in a garbage disposal unit and turn it on.
142. Use a pencil sharpener to sharpen your penis.
143. Detach your penis and carry it around in a wheelbarrow.
144. Pump air into your testicles and hang them from the roof, just like the funny black globe.
145. Fly about on an aeroplane (on top of it, not attached on).
146. Fall off and die.
147. Commit suicide using - a herring.
148. Make a huge card tower using two million cards, then take away the bottom card.
149. Tie your dick to a car.
150. Tippex out the whole universe.
151. Tippex out Mr. Pigeon.
152. Shag the book.

153. Change pigeons name to "Mit Nosraep"
154. Shag a male teacher.
155. Watch a sad and sod-boring biol' video.
156. Hand in one's science assessment.
157. Stretch your dick to twice it's length.
158. Fall in love with your dick.
159. Shag your dick.
160. Write in lots of text books.
161. Urinate over the entire world.
162. Shag the video.
163. Excrete all over "Farmer Giles of Ham".
164. Sing the Mr. Gibb theme tune.
165. Sing all the Gopsi songs one after the other.
166. Sing all the Gopsi songs simultaneously, therefore creating a cacophony of total rubbish.
167. Give birth to an elephant..
168. Shag an elephant.
169. Tie your penis to an elephant, then show the elephant a mouse.
170. Tie a mouse to an elephant, then show the elephant your penis
171. Tie your penis to a mouse, then show your penis an elephant.
172. Live in a cupboard like "Bedbug".
173. Live on a shelf in a chemistry lab.
174. Drink some "Noah".
175. Hang "Pom-pom" on a string and use him as a yo-yo.
176. Blow up the school.
177. Make a pink flat shape, stick some crap on it, and label it "Mr. Fernandez".
178. Say "Blob Blob Blob Blob Blob Blob Blob Blob Blob".
179. Use Pigeons RM 380Z - oh no, that's not possible!
180. Eat the 380Z.
181. Eat a highly radioactive piece of something or other.
182. Save "Corrosion, the phallic object" from being thrown away.
183. Use "Corrosion, by Kevin M Snoad" for immoral purposes and sexual practices.
184. Squeeze your finger in a folder, and let out a squeal of pain.
185. Eat Corrosion.
186. Worship Arnold Barton.
187. Turn into the book.
188. Shag a gas tap.
189. Stick a gas tap up your rectum.
190. Drop a chemistry stirrer down the sink, never to be retrieved again.
191. Open a door.
192. Shut a door.
193. Cut down the tallest tree in the forest with a herring.
194. Stick a turd up your rectum, so that food comes out of your mouth.
195. Tie your penis to an aeroplane, and yourself to a runway.
196. Stick your penis up your nose.
197. Tie yourself naked to a wall, and have chairs, tables and other items of furniture
thrown at you.
198. Live in a sewer for twenty three and a half years, eating turd and drinking rat's blood.
199. Teleport yourself to a faraway planet and then come back again.
200. Say

Untimdocigrumufudginationtudorpoodlecurdlecoodlefingochangflippetybangfantasia
bingbongbooburdbeserkdisumberkmagnesiumetamorphosisantithickestablishmentariunism
parallateralelementaryestablishmentarylocomotium" whilst being ill with
pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis, floccipaucinihilipilificating

hepaticocholangiocholecystenterostomies and being an ultraantitransubstantiationist.

201. Say "It's a doobery without a what'sit!" in front of an entire class.

202. Forget how to open a door.

203. Commit suicide using - a cup of coffee.

Appendix D

The History and Chronology of Gopsi and the Black poles.

The black pole and the near surrounding area was put in place on the 9th of June 1964 A.D. on the site of the former chemistry lab. which had been exploded by a distant ancestor of Richard Young Esq. in the Autumn of the previous year. It is rumoured that it lies on the site of a Romano-Britain brothel. We found an ancient patterned mosaic flooring there, which depicted scenes of a lewd nature.

The official opening of the pole was on the 24th June 1964 A.D. At this time it was painted a delightful shy blue. Unfortunately this festival was marred by a flower-power student demonstration which contained people throwing paint bombs, one of which, to the great dismay of the assembled company, landed near and splashed the pole with a paint of a turquoise hue. Even today, traces of that turquoise can be seen.

On the 17th October 1972 A.D. the noble pole was painted a burgandy-red in honour of its services to mankind and was kept at this shade until 29th February 1980 A.D. when it was daubed black and known from that day on as "THE BLACK POLE" !!!!!!!

From the 3rd year (1991-2), T.D. and D.E. began searching for a place to seek spiritual fulfilment (i.e.have lunch). They came and sat at the front of the hall next to the dustbin, but this area was poached by Xyphias and 2short and therein commenced a great and glorious war, caused by the intolerable and entirely unprovoked harassment with apple juice 2short subjected these victimised individuals to.

This war was gloriously won when, one rainy day, by divine inspiration, T.D. and D.E. made the inspired tactical decision to declare victory, and then retired to the omnipotent black pole. Not long afterwards, on the 15th January 1992 A.D. the first experimentations in the sophisticated art and science of pole-sliding began. Soon pole-sliding developed into a cult and non-sadistic sport, with its own system of awards.

Before long, many other individuals attended the gatherings at the Pole, and eventually Gopsi was formed.

- ~/12/90 Rolls known to have been in existence (were removed from desk)
- 3-5/5/93 First Pogopsi youth-hostelling trip
- 31/8/93 Tax-disc date on Nurse's car
- 1/9/93 Pogopsi prom visitation - T.D., D.E., I.J.
- 3/9/93 First Gopsi visit to Wick at lynch
- 12/11/93 First and only attempt to plant plant in Gopsi garden failed - plant uprooted
- 20/12/93 Gopsi Christmas lunch at black poles with carol singing
- 7/1/94 Gopsi snowball fight at the Wick at lunchtime
- 12/1/94 D.E. first to see tarmac over swings & bubbling pipe in lake (at Wick).
- 17/1/94 Cooper effect observed
- 9/2/94 Gopsi party (For I.J. and B.K.)
- 17/3/94 D.E. stamped on I.J.'s Yoghurt at lynch - all over Nurse's car - see 31/8/93
- 25/3/94 1st Swing trip to Clarence park
- 30/3/94 27 swing trip at lynch (Z.D., T.D., D.E., I.J.)
- 31/3/94 Kidnapped Robert for birthday party at S.P.'s house
- 18/4/94 R.E. - "Sexism" poster by D.E. and S.P.
- 21/4/94 S.P. and D.E. to S.P.'s unmentionable place
- 27/4/94 D.E. cycled to Hatfield at lynch along railway track
- 28/4/94 Gopsi log cabin built at lunch (behind hall)
- 29/4/94 D.E. Forgets to hand in absolutely essential biol. assessment after doing it
- 12/5/94 Kevin M. Snoad's "Corrosion" moved at lynch to S.P.'s house
- 13/5/94 "Corrosion" moved to wick in wheel-barrow
- 20/5/94 Gopsi Photo's at Lynch
- 29/6/94 Gopsi picnic in Verulamium park. Romans sighted
- 8-14/7/94 Y.H. trip in Lake district. Turd competition begins

12/8/94 D.E. cycled to (Arnold) Barton-le-clay
18/8/94 Ian's tyre thrown over the hedge into railway cutting
25/8/94 G.C.S.E. Results day. Enough said
14-19.9.94 D.E. Records 120h turd
19/9/94 Speech on "The candela, unit of luminous intensity" - D.E. and S.P.
6/10/94 14 Post boxes said "Hello" to by D.E. and S.P., also most by I.J.
6/11/94 First Gopsi Fieldworks party
31/12/94 Gopsi New year's eve party at Ian's house
18-22/2/95 Pogopsi Y.H. trip to Edale, Peak District

Appendix E

Gopsi Vocabulary (Abridged)

Blub :	Bulb
Brick :	Break
Chem :	Chemistry
Elongulationish :	English
Floccinokinihlipilific- asatintionilised :	Floccipaucinihlipilificated
Floccinokinihlipilific- asationilistically :	Floccipaucinihlipilifically
Gopsi :	Guild Of Perfectly Sane Individuals
Haddock :	Turd
History :	Maths
Jim :	(Jim can mean anything)
LABC :	Let's all be cretins!
Lynch :	Lunch
Maths :	History
MGFC :	Mr. Gibb Fan Club
MRAS :	Magic Roundabout Appreciation Society
PAS :	Pingu Appreciation Society
Phys :	Physics
POGDA :	Prevention Of Getting Dry Association
POGopsi :	Part of Gopsi
Pooball :	Football
POPOGopsi :	Part of Part of Gopsi
Sadism :	Physical Education
SAS :	Society against sadism
Satanism :	Religious Education
Shovel and Pick :	Wick
Technologicalitical :	Technological
Technologicalities :	Technology
Technologicalitition :	Technician
Termologicaliword :	Term
Tree :	Tree
WIFCITDELUS :	Weird Ideas For Crazy Inventions That Do Exceedingly Little Useful Society

Appendix F

Candela : The unit of Luminous intensity

Defining the unit.

The brightness of a light source, or its luminous intensity, is measured in 'Candelas'. This SI unit replaced the 'international candle' in measuring luminous intensity, also known as candle power.

The candela is defined as the luminous intensity of part of the surface of a black body at a specific temperature and pressure, perpendicular to the surface.

A Black body is a hypothetical object which absorbs all electromagnetic radiation hitting it. It is therefore completely black. It also has the property of emitting all frequencies of the electromagnetic spectrum. The intensity of each frequency increases as the temperature increases. Also, as the temperature increases, the frequency at which the radiation is most intense decreases. In fact, the temperature is inversely proportional to the frequency.

All this means that at 1772°C, the melting point of platinum, a black body produces radiation at the frequency of visible light.

The candela must be measured under a pressure of 101325 Pascals, which is average at atmospheric pressure, this value being known as 1 atmosphere.

The definition must come from 1/600000 of a square metre of the surface of the black body, which, by my calculation, gives an area of 1 2/3 square millimetres.

The only Remaining problem is, as you may have noticed, a black body is a hypothetical object, and whilst the concept works, any tangible object does not absorb all the radiation cast upon it - some is reflected. Because of this, an object must be made which will reflect little light, as small an amount as possible.

Measuring the unit.

A light meter is an instrument used to measure the strength of light. Different light meters have been invented for use by astronomers, and illumination experts. Illumination experts use a light meter called an illuminometer, foot candle meter, or lux meter to measure the lighting in buildings. Photographers use exposure meters to tell them how to correctly set their cameras.

Most light meters used today are photoelectric light meters. They use photo cells made of selenium, a substance which produces a weak electric current when light shines on it. As more light falls on to the photo cell, the greater the electric current. The strength of the light falling on the cell, or its luminous intensity, can be found by measuring the electric current with a sensitive electric meter.

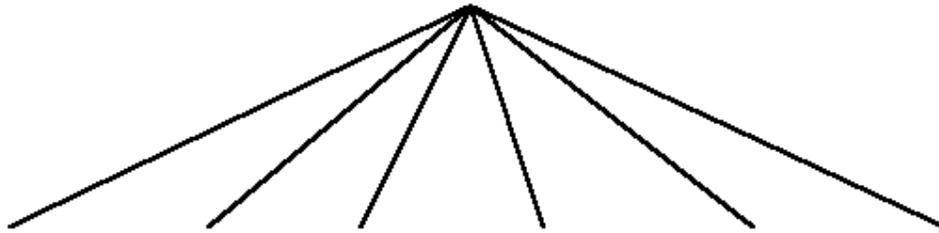
Other photo electric light meters use a cadmium sulfide cell to control an electric current supplied by a battery. The amount of current the cell passes depends on how much light shines on it. This current then runs an electric meter.

Light meter scales give readings in foot-candles, lumens, candelas or a number that can be translated it to other units.

Appendix G

A General Plan of the Inter-Governmental System of the Guild Of Perfectly Sane Individuals, and Unequivocally Not Sheep of Any Kind, As Presented to the Above and Aforementioned Board of Intellects in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Four with the Misfortune to Live in this Uncivilised Permutation of the Thought of Humankind but Yet with the Intention to It Change for The Better By Instituting An Adequate Philosophy of Democracy for the Complete and Total Solution of the World's, Planet's, Solar System's, Galaxy's and Universe's Problems Which Are Not, It Must Be Added, Insurmountable by Dividing the Power Between the Chair of Gopsi And Building, That Is To Say, Putting Into Place, Certain Directorates As Outlined Most Respectfully To Ye, The Reader, On The Lower Section of This Gem of Parchment:

Supreme Gopsiet Politburo



Abstract Relation **Space** **Matter** **Intellect** **Volition** **Emotion, religion, morality**

Council of Gopsi Deputies

Sub-division of the Supreme Gopsiet Politburo

Deputy	Directorate	Dukedom
Edgar, David	1 Abstract relations	1 Existence 2 Relation 3 Quantity 4 Order 5 Number 6 Time 7 Change 8 Causation
Clark, Andrew	2 Space	1 Space in general 2 Dimensions 3 Form 4 Motion
Davies, Zack	3 Matter	1 Matter in general 2 Inorganic matter 3 Organic matter
Democratis, Timothy	4 Intellect: the exercise of the mind	
	Division one: Formation of ideas	1 General 2 Precursory conditions and operations 3 Materials for reasoning 4 Reasoning processes 5 Results of reasoning 6 Extension of thought 7 Creative thought
	Division two: Communication of ideas	1 Nature of ideas communicated 2 Modes of communication 3 Means of communicating ideas
Penney, Stephen	5 Volition: the exercise of the will	
	Division one: Individual volition	1 Volition in general 2 Prospective volition 3 Voluntary action 4 Antagonism 5 Results of action
	Division two: Social volition	1 General social volition 2 Special social volition 3 Conditional social volition 4 Possessive relations
Jackson, Ian	6 Emotion, religion and morality	1 General 2 Personal emotion 3 Interpersonal emotion 4 Morality 5 Religion

Credits

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MONEY DUE TO:

THE GULLIBLE BASTARDS WHO BUY THIS PIECE OF CRAP

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AARDVARKS 'R' US.

MESS CLEANED UP BY:

MUMS OF THE ABOVE.

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H + H KEBABS
"THE COCK"
IANS DOG, SAM
STEPHEN'S CAT, BOBBY
STEPHEN'S DOG,HANG ON, I HAVEN'T GOT A DOG.
TERI HATCHER
ARNOLD BARTON
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Epilogue

The publication of this book marks and end of an era. The events described within it will have an effect on the people of Gopsi for the rest of their lives. Never again will the Black pole be slid down, or will Beaumont school, St. Albans be the subject of any humour relating to Gopsi. Ispog, the Black poles and the surrounding area has served it's purpose.

The publication of this book does not mark the end of Gopsi. Gopsi will continue to thrive well into the next millenium. Gopsi is no longer just about Silliness, Pole-sliding, Singing or Pork pies. It has grown beyond that. Gopsi now exists on a much, much higher level. It's members have now achieved their goal: to obtain the knowledge, the power....of complete and perfect sanity.