

HAYDOCK HERALD

BECAUSE SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT

HELLO

We are now on Issue 3 and we still haven't been closed down. Pissed off, downtrodden and disheartened yes, but closed down no.

SAINSBURY'S HELP OUT IN LOCAL COMMUNITY



COMPETITION CLOSING DATE

The closing date for the "MOST CASES ON ONE ROLL PALLET" contest has been extended as there have been so many worthy entrants it would seem a shame to exclude them.

However, the "LEAST STRAPS ON ONE LOAD" contest has been abandoned for safety reasons.

J.S. LAUNCH NEW HAIR CARE RANGE



HEALTH FEARS



Fears surrounding the growth of G.M. Foods have once again been raised following a spate of unusual birth defects. A growing number of concerned women's groups have called for all G.M. products and research to be banned, whereas men's groups weren't really that bothered at all actually.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

Contrary to popular rumours, you do not, repeat, **do not** have to have a quirky name or be a famous celebrity to work at Haydock.

eg. Robbie Williams, Phil Collins, Joe Cocker, C Mycock, Rocky, Harry Potter, Buzz Lightyear, Les Battersby, and Deggsy are just a minority.

SAMARITANS SUPPORT ISOTRAK

Do you feel lonely?
Is nobody replying to your text messages?
Feel like you're being ignored?
Fear not. You are not alone.
Anyway we'll let you know when we want something Okay!!

WANTED - SHOP STEWARD

Bloody typical, you wait all day for a job as shop steward, and then two come along at once.

Final time of asking. Must go to a good home. I.Q. of above 25 O.N.O. No time wasters please!!

SAINSBURY'S ABDUCTION / INDUCTION ISSUE
HAYDOCK HERALD

HAYDOCK'S VERY OWN
AGONY AUNT - AUNTIE MIRTLE
(SHE'S A FAT BASTARD)



DEAR MIRTLE: Once, just once I mention a problem I'm having with my PC, now everybody just takes the piss out of me . . . Turn 'em blue Dunc . . . Bastards. **Dunc**

DEAR DUNC: Well fuck off back to Coolchain then you miserable fucker!!

DEAR MIRTLE: My marriage is on the rocks because I'm spending less and less time at home and never get to see my family. I think my wife is having an affair because we don't have sex anymore. I get shafted all day long, so when I get home I'm just not in the mood for love and just want to go to sleep. She asks me every day what time I'll be home but I can never tell. I tell her what time M.T.S. thinks I'll be home but it's never right. Now she says that M.T.S. is a load of bollocks. Even the dog barks at me when I go home and he gets to eat my tea every night as well. Please help me I'm a desperate man in need of help. **Mr X (Haydock)**

DEAR MR. X: You do indeed sound desperate, but I'm afraid there's not a lot I can do for you because your marriage slipping downhill is directly related to your work. All I could suggest is perhaps go shunting for a few weeks. At least you'll get 4 days off to get to know your dog again.

DEAR MIRTLE: Thanks a lot you sour faced fat bastard! You told my husband to go shunting and now we never sleep together anymore. He says he gets all the sleep he needs at work. I've tried sexy underwear and everything, but he just spends all his spare time with our bloody dog. I hate that fucking dog!! Well bollocks to 'em both, I'll get a job in the gatehouse then I'll never be at home either.

(Mrs X (Haydock))

DEAR MIRTLE: Life was rosy, I was the man who had everything, new car, mobile phone, my own website, lottery syndicate, everything. Then my bezzy mate up and left me and now I'm all alone. Everything just seems a waste of time and effort.

Anonymous

DEAR ANONYMOUS: Keep your head down, keep writing the Haydock Herald and try to find a new bezzy mate. Stay away from Paul though, he'll either golf or download you to death.

DEAR MIRTLE: Do you know where I can get any MP3s? I've just got a PC so I can join the morning computer gang, but whenever I mention it to anybody they just groan and ask me to talk about golf instead. They've even told me to go back on nights. Do you know how to download, surf or format? **Paul**

DEAR PAUL: Fancy memorising every round of golf you've ever played, that's a bit sad. Try not to be a part of the morning computer gang if it disturbs you so. You should perhaps start your own gang. You mentioned an interest in golf so why not start a golf society? Somewhere far away perhaps.

SAINSBURY'S ABDUCTION / INDUCTION ISSUE

HAYDOCK HERALD

DEAR MIRTLE: I was at home the other afternoon just listening to Deggsy on the radio and debating whether or not to get out of bed when I heard a familiar voice that I couldn't place at first. I soon realised who it was however when he made a complete twat of himself. Deggsy didn't have a clue what the guy was on about but I did because it was my tit of a husband. I was so embarrassed and so was Deggsy because he got rid of him as quick as he could. At first I thought that we might have got away with it if neither of us ever mentioned it again but the daft prick told everyone about it. Still, I thought it would be Okay as long as none of my friends had been listening, but that night when I walked into work I got a standing ovation and everyone was chanting "Southern, what's your point? Southern, Southern, what's your point? Help me!" **Julie**

DEAR JULIE: You have my sympathy as your husband does sound like a right tit. Fancy embarrassing yourself on the radio like that. Perhaps you could move out of the area, but there is always a chance somebody will recognise you, so if I were you I would emigrate.

DEAR MIRTLE: My name is Derek and I host a daily radio show. At first it was fun and I looked forward to it, but now it has become a real bind as the quality of the callers has just dropped through the floor. They're nothing but a bunch of hairy-arsed truckers with no point to make. **Derek**

DEAR DEREK: See above.

**SUPPORT YOUR
LOCAL SCHOOL**

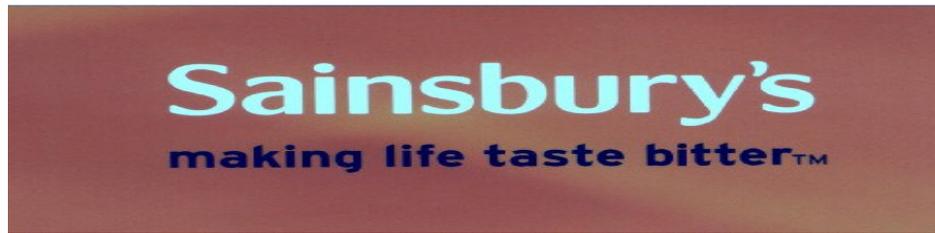
DEAR MIRTLE: I am at my wits end, you must help me with a problem that is threatening my marriage. The trouble is that my husband is a lorry driver for Sainsbury's. If that wasn't bad enough, he listens to the radio while he's driving and he has become addicted to phone-ins. Whatever the topic under discussion he feels compelled to ring in and have his say. If it stopped there it wouldn't be too bad, but he even goes on about it when he comes home. For example, one day last week we had the house to ourselves and I was looking forward to a real good humping (we enjoy it as much as the men do you know) but instead it was Deggsy this and Deggsy that, Mike Dicken this and Mike Dicken that. The other day I even caught him trying to get through to Richard and Judy to play their quiz "You Say We Pay" - Richard and fucking Judy - I ask you - What can I do to rid my man of this scourge? **Mrs Cawley**

DEAR MRS CAWLEY: There is no quick cure for this problem I'm afraid. You got it right in your letter, it is like an addiction, and therefore must be treated every bit as seriously as one. What you must do is slowly reduce your husband's dependency on phone-ins. Try listening to a music-based station with fewer opportunities to contribute such as Radio 2 for example. I hear that Ken Bruce is actually quite popular among drivers. This way, the odd Richard and Judy quiz could be viewed as a treat when Bernard has been good.

I hope this helps. Lots of Love from Mirtle



SAINSBURY'S ABDUCTION / INDUCTION ISSUE



Yap yap jabber jabber yap yap bunny
bunny yap yap jabber bunny rabbit

Awright me owld Cock-Sparrows, grab yerselves a cup o' Rosey Lea and pull up sam pews. I'm Chas an' he's me mate Dave. We're 'ere to give you lot sam idea o' wot it's like to work at Bant – In – Fud.

First off, me owld Chinas, we're goin' to watch sam videos – pause for laughs and assorted witty comments – LUVVLY JUBBLY!

Nar then, the first one is abart dodgy motors, then we'll 'ave one abart my wad.....cos I've got LOADS O' MONEEEYYY!!!! 'Ere we go then, clap yer mince pies on this lot SORTED !!!!!!!

..... some time later

Well wot a load of owld bollocks eh Diamond Geezers. 'Ere, did I tell you abart my wad? Anyway there's sam geezer 'ere to show you round the depot you've been working at for the larst 6 years, but you' gotta go cos me an' me mate Dave are Cream-Crackered. We wos up all night drinking fizzy lager and eating cockles, so piss off for 'alf an hour while we go for a Tom TitLUVVLY JUBBLY!

.....some more time later

Where the fuckin' 'ell 'ave you lot been? I could've been up West an' back by now you Northern Wankers. Get yerselves sat darn again cos we've got another video for yaTOP BANANA!

Right lads any questions? Come on don't be shy Any questions? Any at all? please bollocks! Right then Wankers, it's time for sam scran, where's the facking Naffie eh? I could murder Pie and Mash, Jellied Eels and some Window Cake. . . . ere Dave . . . just like your Mother used to make eh? NICE ONE!

.....some more time later again

Come on, lads come on park yer arses we've got a lot to get through this afternoon ain't we Dave? Dave? Dave? DAVE!! I said we've got a lot to get through this afternoon.

DAVE: Oh Fuck Off Chas you cockney wanker, you've only worked at Bant – In – Fud for 3 years, I've been there for facking 28 barstard years of my facking life. I facking hate it. Do you think these Northern jessies give a flying toss abart how many Sandays you work? Cos I facking don't. I've 'ad enaff o' this bollocks. I'm off to practise for tonights gig at the Owld Grey Mare in Camden Tarn, an' if you've got any brains inside that big hairy bonce o' yours you'll come wiv me.

We can learn the words to our new song - I CAN HEAR THE BOW BELLS RINGING AN' IT'S 'ALF PAST FUCKING FOUR IN THE MORNING!

CHAS: Be right wiv you Dave, I'll just get my pork pie hat and my bubble and squeak doggy bag. LUVVLY JUBBLY!!

CHAS N' DAVE: MY OLD MAN, SAID FOLLOW THE VAN