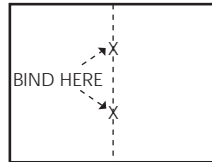
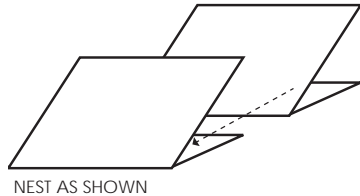
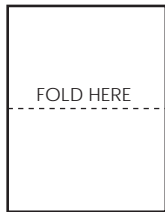


# HOW TO MAKE YOUR MAGAZINE

1. Print side one (pp. 1-4)
2. Flip reverse it
3. Print side two (pp. 5-8)
4. Bind (eg with staples or thread)

PAGE 5 GOES ON THE BACK OF PAGE 1  
 PAGE 6 GOES ON THE BACK OF PAGE 2  
 PAGE 7 GOES ON THE BACK OF PAGE 3  
 PAGE 8 GOES ON THE BACK OF PAGE 4



5. Trim to size
6. Read

BA Baracus says:  
 I pity the fool who don't  
 get no help from no parent  
 or guardian!



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# ALL OF YOU or NONE OF YOU



Viking words  
 Various brooms  
 71 meatballs

Alfalfa  
 The Lebanon  
 Contemporary dance

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# community chests

*Once no more than a novelty gone to kick off the football season, the FA Community Shield is now the defining event for millions of discerning fashionistas. But what are the key learnings from this year's parade of style icons and body-beautifuls?*

## Shirts

The shirt is the key piece of both collections, combining the functionality of sportswear with the refined elegance of eveningwear. Great swathes of bold colour are perfectly suited to the summer heat, and it is here that the brashness of Chelsea's reflex blue wins hands down. However, with slogan T-shirts now at their most popular since Frankie first said "relax," way back in 1984, both sides are clearly missing a trick. AIG? Samsung? I despair, I really do.

## Shorts

Shorts are of course a summer staple. This year, however, the rosy forecast has been overshadowed by the

dismal economic climate: times are hard, even for the professional footballer. It is thus no surprise to see this era of austerity reflected in the now traditional lowering of hemlines. Once again, Chelsea are bang on the money – the reflex blue simply screams for attention, thereby protecting unsightly knees from unwarranted scrutiny.

## Socks

This time Man Utd take the honours. These black poly-cotton knee-lengths are very forgiving for those who normally depend on heels to sharpen up their calves. Millions of United fans will be delighted!

## Shoes

The right footwear is of course essential for tying these ensembles together. And although many of those watching were disappointed not to see Ronaldo looking sharp in his Alexander McQueens, at least Gary Neville was every bit the dapper dandy we have come to expect.





# the pursuit of lost glory

Day five of the final test:  
Marcel Proust recounts the key points

**1042:** After many days during which nothing of Kennington, save the drama of obtaining more tobacco, has in any way impacted my sensibilities, at the mid-part of the morning, Keeley, with an in-swinging yorker, something he would not ordinarily bowl, hits the front pad of Stevens for an easy LBW decision.

**1105:** For a brief, illusory moment, the mediocrity ceases as Walker drives the ball over the boundary. The all-powerful joy lifts, however, as the next touch lands, undisputedly, in the hands of Mason, bringing England to 15 for 2.

**1144:** Merchant delivers with an unorthodox grip across the seam, surprising Bodley with the extra lift. Bodley is caught from behind off his first touch. In such absence of hope, one's thoughts turn inevitably to Kierkegaard: our ability to suffer is to

our infinite advantage. Happiness may be beneficial for the body, but to develop the powers of the mind, let grief be our guide.

**1215:** Umbrellas erupt, obliterating the long dormant crowd; rain stops play.

**1237:** Play resumes. The only way to escape this agony is to experience it to the full.

**1410:** The struggles are too distant; too confused and chaotic. Hacker is run out. I feel nothing.

**1512:** It is the first over after tea. No punishment is more dreadful than futile and hopeless labour. I queue for Carlsberg.

**1520:** Dispirited after a dreary morning followed by a so far depressing afternoon, I raise to my lips the dregs of the day's first pint, in

## National service

TENNIS: Returning confidence in UK tennis has succumbed to a dramatic worsening post Wimbledon. For the authorities it is clear that emergency measures must be rolled out with all due haste.

The Lawn Tennis Association's rescue package, predicated on quantitative easing (effectively the construction of wholesale tennis farms across the UK) will see a sixty-fold increase in the number of professional players coming onto the market within the next eighteen months.

While saturating the field with UK players will increase the level of British representation at future events, there is a serious possibility that it will also depress the average skill level. The LTA appears ready to run this risk, however, reasoning that if three-quarters of the players in the 2012 Grand Slam series are British, then the chance of seeing a Brit in at least one final could increase by as much as 15 per cent.

## Load of boules

PETANQUE: Superleague Pétanque moved to calm fears regarding its financial strength by raising \$800m through the issue of two new teams: Dynamo Gdansk and Red Star Barnet.

In a statement to reassure the jittery markets, the league confirmed that it would set \$200m against disappointing corporate hospitality sales in the former Eastern Bloc.

Chief Financial Officer, Hercule d'Etaing said "This is an exciting opportunity for interesting developments in an extremely challenging period." Shares soared to 285p. 

## AT A GLANCE

### LEAGUES ON THE RISE

Australian Football	17.1	+1.6
Blue Square South	8.2	+3.7
Four Nations Chess	1.2	+1.2
Championship Darts	180	+66

### LEAGUES ON THE SLIDE

Ormskirk & District Amateur Snooker League	0.9	+0.3
Colorado Cricket League	16.4	-0.2
Skip Barber Race Series	14.4	-3.6
League of Women Voters	0.3	-206

### PANINI EXCHANGE RATES

Shearer (09/10)/Rushden & Diamonds (09/10)	2.93
Drogba (09/10)/Fashanu (93/94)	13.08
Rooney (09/10)/Shrek (final act)	1.00
ET (wig & lipstick)/Death Star (top right-hand)	0.27

# round the bends

Alonso Semprini sneers at the key corners of the Malaysian Grand Prix

## Wiener

Picking a turn-in point is really tricky on this high-speed chicane. Braking is exceptionally frenetic, so expect front-locking to shift into rear-locking with general tightness around the back end. Of course, if you can pull off a cheeky reverse fleckerl, then avoiding the barrier should be the least of your problems.

## Asbo

Over-steering is the main problem here – driving through the vicious crosswinds is like crowd-surfing a bear-pit while wrapped in bacon.

## Driffield

Frankly, Driffield is *nasty*. The apex is tighter than a gnat's batty and braking on the slicks drops the front end faster than a piano

down a mineshaft. Touching the apex has little impact on lap time, but the adverse camber on the exit can make you run wide. You'll pull a lot of G's on the exit, meaning that blackouts and puking are a cinch. Ease off the chicken curry on the incoming flight.

## Infinity

This intersection is truly unique – some

children of Burnley are unrivalled in their dedication, not least because they are so grateful to play with something other than stones and rats' knuckles. Furthermore, as widespread malnutrition in the town has produced a generation of under-sized children, Team GB will almost certainly be able to compete with China's tiny-tumblers on an inch-for-inch basis.

**MINIGOLF:** The 12-year-old winner of this year's Chorley Open, who cannot be named for legal reasons, may only be a minor, but is already putting like an old hand. Going into the final day with a seven-shot lead, he maintained his composure with six consecutive birdies before tapping it through the infamous windmill for a hole in one. Only the giant rhinoceros showed any sign of fazing the young lad, but this was largely due to the graffiti on the animal's eyes, giving it a "tragic look of excessively pained constipation."

**DARTS:** With the IOC and World Darts Federation still at loggerheads, the forthcoming Games will remain a strictly amateur affair. Team GB will therefore look to the top dogs from the country's most prestigious non-professional competition – the United Breweries Southern Counties Vase. Due to prior commitments, the current title holder, Margaret Ackee, 57, has ruled herself out of the running, only you know how her husband gets if his tea's not ready before *Crimewatch*.

## SHAFT: A complicated plan?

The Stronger, Higher And FasTer (SHAFT) initiative was introduced in 2008 by a government frustrated by the number of youths on drunk and disorderly charges rather than Olympic podiums.

The scheme, which injects funding directly into the veins of our future sports stars, ensures that our athletes not only gain access to top coaches and training facilities, but also, crucially, receive state-of-the-art "sports medicine."

Bionic athletes should be on general release in time for the 2012 Olympics.

**CODING:** Thanks to Timothy Peers, u83r h4xx0r from Didcot's popular Ladygrove estate, Team GB have confidently proclaimed that all 2012's gold are belong to us. Peers, who has been in training since 2004, when he last saw daylight, declined to give a statement on account of being "teh pwnage."

**WIND SURFING:** Remember Martin King? You met him at the Dog & Duck – brown hands and, yeah, the fey cardigan. Anyway, he's been practising loads and said we can have a go on his BMX if we printed a picture of him. It's a MK2 Aero Pro Burner and has mags and pegs and *everything*.

## sport in briefs

**SWIMMING:** Governing body FINA has revealed extensive changes in its rules regarding swimwear requirements due to the ongoing debate about whether certain apparel can imbue the wearer with unfair advantages. The new rules ban inertia-dampening fibre technology, sock pouches and armbands of inestimable dexterity.

**BOXING:** Man of the hour, Youngblood Priest, gambled with the odds of fate last night to become undisputed Superfly-weight champion of the world. At the post-match press conference, he told reporters, "The game I play, I play for keeps." By taking all that he can take, pundits expect him to make his fortune, by and by.

# OH FOR THE SUMMER



WELCOME to the autumn issue of AOY, written against a summer of disappointments, no-shows and excuses. But is this really the time to dwell on such failings? The past is another country. A country where we gave the future, where we gave football, gave cricket, gave rugby. And all those other things we invented too. Do the Norwegians keep going back to the South Pole to plant more flags? No. Once is enough. Done it. Sold the T-shirt. O noble English, that with half their sportsmen could entertain the full pride of Europe, and let another half stand laughing by. Forget about it. Have it. Keep it. We're on to new stuff. Indeed, the youth of England are on fire, for now sits expectation in the air. What have we in store for 2010? Oh, you don't know the half. Together we stand like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start. New games are afoot.

God for Lizzie! England and Saint George!

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## know your rights

*Paid good money to watch your team but disappointed with the result? Understanding your consumer rights is the best way to resolve disputes and ensure you get value for money – something of particular importance in the present economic climate.*

Studies show that most UK sports lovers have been exposed to some form of disappointment within the last six months. Indeed, research indicates that 87 per cent of sports fans are unhappy about one thing or another. What's more, these problems aren't confined to the little leagues – even such cheque-mongering would-be champions as Chelsea FC are disheartening followers on a regular basis.

Whenever you buy goods from a retailer in England or Wales, they must, under the Sale of Goods Act 1979, be fit for purpose and of satisfactory quality. If not, you may be entitled to a full or partial refund, depending on the circumstances.

The law is broadly similar in Scotland, although the list of potential reparations is far more extensive. In the case of an own goal, for example, you can quite reasonably demand the culprit's head on a platter, assuming of course that you can demonstrate some proof of purchase.

Whether the inherent fault lies in sloppy ball control or lackadaisical defending, your rights apply to both full-priced and sale goods, including players on free transfers. Any club claiming otherwise can be legally prosecuted for barefaced humbuggery.

Should your complaint fall on deaf ears, the next course of action is to threaten the club with a court summons. Consumer rights organisations, such as the Citizens Advice Bureau and Which?, offer workshops to guide you through this procedure and help with any needlework problems you may encounter when making an effigy of the club chairman to burn at your next match.

Remember – it's thanks to your hard-earned dough that today's sportsmen can take Dom Perignon baths in the backs of their Lamborghinis. According to basic contract law, the very least they can do is find the back of the net.



# sports digest...

your pound for pound sports breakdown!

## Football transfers: They think it's all over

SOCCKER: Transfer market values tumbled yesterday following the publication of OECD indicators for the next twelve months. In England alone, some £12bn was wiped off the value of Premiership players.

With the weekly value of the top 100 players falling beneath £130k, many clubs are pumping funds into conferencing facilities – commonly seen as a safe haven for investors.

From a global perspective, Europe is holding up relatively well, with the Premier League and Bundesliga among the most bullish. Across the pond, however, particularly strong falls are expected in Major League Soccer, historically the most volatile market.

Corporate boxes in New York are expected to smash the \$1,000 m<sup>2</sup> barrier set last March when US crude dipped below \$38 amid plummeting demand fuelled by a worsening recession.

Investors have been disconcerted by reports showing that some 30,000 Britons have forfeited their season

tickets – the worst level since 1987. That pay-per-view revenue is up, however, should provide a silver lining.

The figures add to worries that discounted replica shirts and club stationery will not be sufficient to kick-start the market.

Influential sports commentator Mike Sykes commented: "We are very concerned that the public is losing confidence in the fundamental wage structure of professional football.



This translates to a very real danger that our players may need to substantially reduce the number of Bentleys they buy each month."

which float the crumbs, the residue of the crisps opened, sampled and discarded. An exquisite pleasure pervades my body; the vicissitudes of the senses become indifferent to me, the disasters innocuous.

**1545:** I drink a second glass, in which I find nothing more than in the first, then a third, which gives me rather less than the second. Is the potion losing its magic? My mind is an abyss of uncertainty.

**1600:** Nuts. I must have nuts.

**1612:** The Carlsberg is off; only the cask ale remains. Damn this country and its damned warm beer! Barmaid, bring forth the Pernod!

**1613:** No Pernod? No Ricard? No pastis of any kind? Damn this country anew! Yes. Fine. I'll have the rotten stinking Boddington's.

**1622:** The strumpet feigns indifference to my advances. I am irresistible. She knows it. The Australians make a big song and dance about something.

**1632:** For 83 seconds I am peeing nonstop! Truly, I am the greatest!

**1634:** The man by the cigarette machine says he pees for 96 seconds. He is a lying pig.

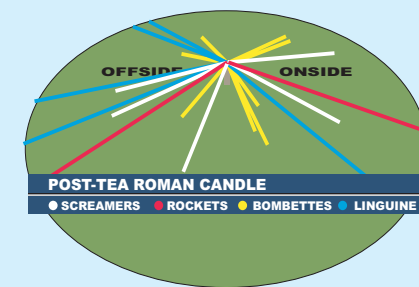
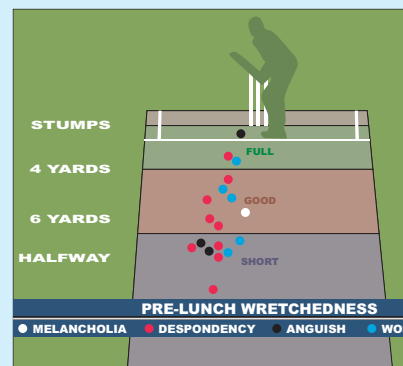
**1635:** Truth hurts the lying pig – I slap him like he is a silly girl.

**1652:** Something is perhaps good for the English: the violent charlatan has ceased kicking my limp body and is jumping and shouting with other oafs. I will finish my drink and bed his wife.

**1703:** In fact, this beer is not so terrible ... I said *what* about magic potions?! Ha! Now where's that barmaid gone?



## England's ennui



Fluent ball delivery resulting in an intimidating mid-leg crease

# going for GOLD!

It's twelve months since the government started throwing cash at young athletes, and with the 2012 Olympics only a matter of time away, taxpayers are asking powerful questions. Where has the money gone? Who will strike gold? How do they make Quorn?

Spencer Wolfhound sorts the prize ponies from the also-rans.

**SWIMMING:** Having bagged six medals in Beijing's pools, Team GB undoubtedly packs gills. However, to avoid squad-wide jealousy and accusations of glory-hogging, in 2012 our swimmers will be concentrating their efforts on glistening in *Sports Illustrated*. Armchair fans should keep an especially keen eye out for Elle Devereux, who emerges from water like Ursula Andress, and boasts a stirringly pert 36-24-34 figure that makes you unashamedly glad to be male.

**GYMNASTICS:** Once only noteworthy for its unusually high consumption of Benedictine, Burnley is now an oasis of rhythmic gymnasts. In a town so impoverished that only the most gifted and talented may use the municipal hoop and ribbon, the

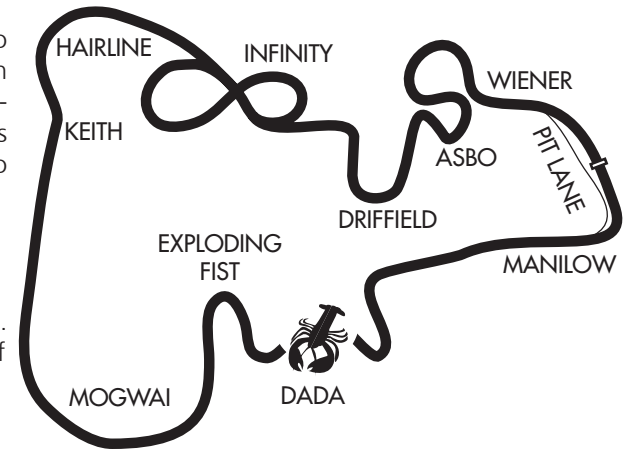
people short-shift to third, but I thrash it in second until the space-time continuum tears open a route to Hairline.

## Hairline

Imagine driving a gong. It's the opposite of that.

## Mogwai

Mr Wing refused to sell up when the area was redeveloped and tends to shoot passing vehicles with his Nambu Type 14 service revolver. Floor it till the throttle bleeds.



## Dada

This corner is majorly tight, but be careful not to hit the kerb too hard as it has a nasty tendency to strip the vehicle of its

meaning and render it entirely absurd. Last year, Team Gluten picked the wrong tyres and Jens Møller spun off when his chassis turned into penguins.

**BEACH VOLLEYBALL:** After ten years of requiring women to play in swimsuits, the Fédération Internationale de Volleyball is expected to ditch its controversial uniform policy in favour of more modest attire. Following lengthy discussions with feminists and other uptight pressure groups, ladies will soon be playing in gloves, petticoats and ankle-length knickers. Any sign of flesh in the new regime will be rewarded with a six-month stint in the workhouse.

**SUMO:** The Sumo Association is turning to reality TV to restore flagging viewing figures. *Celebrity Sumo Academy* promises to show various retired cricketers, the ex-boyfriend of someone famous and a couple of expensive hairdressers eating to excess and staring at each other. The show's producer, Pete Hawke, defended the concept: "Like most people, I've always wanted to see Dr Alban in a nappy. This is the world's last, best chance of making that happen."

# nice ice baby

Simon Catechin  
is out watching  
cars

WELCOME TO MONT BLANC, Europe's highest peak and, perhaps inevitably, the focus of interminable crowing from Calais to Guadeloupe. Its ice-covered summit is 4,810 metres above sea level and was first climbed in 1786 – I'd go on, but who cares about a mountain's vital statistics when there's an avalanche of nutbags about to helter-skelter down a dirty great glacier? Oh yes! It's time for this year's All-Terrain K-BAB Rally!

For the uninitiated, this involves driving a customised stock car at breakneck speed down this steep, icy thoroughfare, while towing, for all intents and purposes, a burger van.

Last year's winner, Matthieu Sorbet (Toyota Camry and hot sausage wagon), is quick to distance the discipline from what he describes as "the idiotic pursuits of the excruciatingly wacky."

"'Wacky' is for morons who think the *Last of the Summer Wine* is out there – pushing the envelope by rolling down a hill in bathtub. Again". He pauses, "Like those cretins who go sky-diving with an iron and a pair of jeans and call it 'EXTREME IRONING!'" he sighs wearily. "Just last year, one of these want-wits dropped their iron over a built-up area, flattening a traffic

warden in South Dakota like he was Wile E Coyote. I mean, they don't even have ironing boards."

Sorbet describes the K-BAB event as a well regulated forum for highly-skilled motorists to prove just how well they can handle an articulated vehicle in icy conditions. "Sort of like artics in the Arctic?" I venture.

My suggestion is met with a steely glare. "You," he says, "are an imbecile."

Back on the track, the sun is out, the sky is blue and the terrain is moving at a steady two metres a day. Conditions are perfect for spectators, but less so for the drivers who must wear welding masks to shield their eyes from the glare.

This year's favourite, Axel Barkley from Team Brawdogg, is feeling chipper, in no small part because he is whacked out on PCP (unlike the Tour de France, the event organisers have no truck with doping, although the spectator areas are all strictly non-smoking, due to uncharacteristically stringent application of EU clean-air directives).

I ask him if he's feeling positive ahead of the race. "YeeaaaaAAAH!" he responds, revving his reply like a toddler on a Ducati throttle.

While the angel dust has done little for his eloquence, it has worked wonders for his game. With the fastest qualifying time and an irrepressible sense of his own immortality, Axel is, if nothing else, confident.

I watch him career down the mountain, his Honda Civic screaming as he hammers it through the gears. As his hog roast van swings wildly in exaggerated pursuit, Axel's incredible reactions somehow keep it from tipping over.

He sets a new track record and furnishes the assembled press with another effusive "YeeaaaaAAAH!" before heading off for some very heterosexual hugging with his team mates.

Axel's assuredness is not misplaced – Rick Rossiter (Ford Focus and nutbarrow) lags some fifteen seconds behind to take second place, while Matt Sorbet just misses out on a podium finish following a strong

performance by rookie Vincent Maldini, whose Fiat Punto and gelato cart are tuned to perfection.

In line with the scale of this event, there's no champagne for the victor to spray over the masses. However, never one to miss an opportunity, Axel retrieves a catering-sized jar of apple sauce from his wagon and makes sure that the runners-up are suitably basted. His team mates then shower him with pork scratchings as he takes his place behind the van's counter, his adoring fans forming an orderly line.

Axel's celebratory spit-roasts tend to be all-night affairs – after all, when he's tossing the meat around, who wouldn't want to get it down their neck? But eventually even Axel's rapacious appetite is sated, and he retires for some shut-eye. Here's hoping for more stuffing tomorrow!



Actually, there were loads of cars, but the pillock with the camera turned up late

