

THE DAILY ILLUMINATOR

Armistice Day 2000 Succession Issue

DENNIS WINS!

As Troy wastes away from alcohol poisoning he found time to anoint a successor with the sacred unguent of Tequila. Troy will no doubt be remembered for leading the cutting edge of fashion in KAOS with the 'new clothes' that he wore to the Come-As-Your-Favourite-Perversion Party.

Although gaining highest place in an unofficial democratically non-binding poll on the question of who should be Dictator next; Angie Wilson is apparently not going to be executed. Embittered Conservatives have expressed disappointment at this decision claiming that "She would have looked cute in a blindfold!"

Speaking with excited first years before the result was announced the Illuminator found the following common sentiment: "What KAOS really needs is a Dictator with a spine and the shiny boots to crush the proletariat beneath their feet!" and also "New t-shirts would be nifty!"

The Illuminator hopes that Dennis can succeed in wielding his Walking Stick of Doom into 2001. As planning begins for the mega-20th Anniversary Party the Politburo offices remain unconfirmed, but competition for the office of Grand Vizier is expected to be fierce.

SCHMOO WINS ...

... for the second year running - the coveted "most likely to be executed" award for excessive contributions to the noise to signal ratio on the KAOS mailing list. Unconfirmed reports indicate that the poll result was unanimous.

WIN A PLACE ON THE KAOS POLITBURO!

You may already be a purge victim!

Just follow these easy to eat instructions: Fill out your real name and contact phone number below, and then write down the most pretentious name that you can imagine a Politburo position could have. Then give this form to an ex-Returning Officer.

Name: _____

Phone: _____

Wanky Politburo Title: _____

The winner will get an all-expenses paid blurb in the KAOS 2001 handbook, with which you can pathetically attempt to impress first-years of the appropriate gender.



© 2000 Phil Anderson

Dennis plots with Alex at a party – but who is the Third Man?

Podophiliacs Anonymous Founded

In a quiet suburban temple near you small groups of spotty faced cultists have been gathering anonymously in recent months. Intrepid reports from the Daily Illuminator wrapped themselves in pink satin sheets and infiltrated.

Brother Desperation (his cowl cast down over the face to hide his identity) explained their predicament: "Many of us have been suffering tentacle sex withdrawal symptoms due to our chronic failure to summon hideous tentacled sex dolls from beyond the stars to appear in our incense fumed chambers. As such we have decided to go completely cold-octopus."

How did these people start down the road of depravity? "Most of us played 'Day of the Tentacle' far too much when we were young." Said Sister Contrition (not her real name). Still yearning to learn more, just dial 0900-TNTCLE.

