

THE Sun

THE PAPER THAT SUPPORTS OUR SCABS

SOUVENIR EDITION

MURDOCH

FUCKS



Miss Emily Donkey

DONKEYS!

NEWSPAPER TYCOON IN BIZARRE SEX TRIANGLE

By KIERON SAUNDERS

YESTERDAY EVENING, in a late night raid on a printing complex in East London, the VICE SQUAD found Australian Press Baron Rupert 'Dingo-Dick' Murdoch, Metropolitan Police Commissioner 'Sir' Kenneth Newman and two donkeys practising bizarre sexual relations.

We talked to the mother of one of the donkeys involved in this disgusting scandal, last night, at her home in Dollis Hill. Mrs Davis Donkey (54), said: "I am shocked that Emily should be involved with that revolting pervert Murdoch, I mean to say, it's just not natural, is it?"

This incident gives a totally new meaning to the phrase: 'The carrot and the stick.'



Mrs Newman and Son Kenny

We interviewed the mother of Police Commissioner, Mrs Pork Scratchings Newman. She said: "Darling Kenny told me it was all part of a Masonic Ritual and I

see no reason to disbelieve him, and I'm sure his father would agree with me. That is, if anyone knew who he was!"

After extensive research, we failed to find any evidence of Rupert Murdoch having parents, but we have asked our correspondents down under to start looking under stones.



Rupert Dingo Dick Murdoch: Would You Trust This Man With Your Ass?



WIN A SCAB IN YOUR SOARAWAY SUN



SAM BUSSES IN

By MURIEL BURDEN

Gushing, gorgeous Sam Fox, came down to our new plant in the cheeky East End of London yesterday to spread a little (not so little, eh!) joy and warmth to big Ruperts loyal workforce. Those pickets weren't half jealous, I can tell you matey!

Sam said: "I'd love to get my hands on those new computers, but I'm as thick as two short planks."

What about those nasty pickets, we said?

"Whats a picket?, anyway, Ruperts paying me FIVE THOUSAND quid a week to scab, so sod that lot, I'm alright Jack!"

Gosh, Sam, you're so smart, how do you do it? What is the secret of your success?

"Well, I just don't know, I think it must be my personality....oh, yes, and I've got big tits!"

Cor, strewth, Sam, thats telling 'em!

★ SEE WHO'S WON FUCK ALL IN YOUR SUN BINGO ★

5,613,144!!!

RECORD
RUN FOR
THE SUN

WHAT a whopping success! Today we have printed more Suns than ever before. We have published a record-breaking 5,613,144 copies, just twenty weeks after moving to our new operation. More than 4,000,000 rolled off the presses at our new Wapping

plant, and at least ONE MILLION copies made past the filthy, bastard, scummy pickets on time. Of that 1,000,000, over 600,000 got to the wholesalers, and we know for a fact that at least 100,000 got to the newspapers, although a couple were a tiny bit late. We couldn't actu-

ally find anyone who bought a copy, but a member of the EETPU executive said that they usually got one, to line Eric Hammonds litter tray. Unfortunately, due to our new computers being a little hard to get used to, used to, used to, we forgot to include the

middle 28 pages of this edition. Please bear with us until we get all the bugs ironed out. If you are worried about your bingo numbers, it doesn't really matter, as no one ever wins anyway, except relations of that bastard Murdoch. You're fired, no, you can't do that. I'm in the NUJ donkeys.

PICKETS EAT BABIES

GOING CHEAP!
PAPER
WAREHOUSE
SLIGHTLY FIRE DAMAGED
APPLY
NEWS INTERNATIONAL

By Our Reporter Tony Mulhearn.

LION SHIT PUZZLER FOR ZOO

There has been some puzzled faces at London Zoo this week. Keepers have been reporting that strange-looking people wearing lots of clothes, and covered in stickers saying 'I'm not a Sun lover' have been asking for any left-over lion shit. Professor Egg of London Zoo said yesterday: "I just don't understand it. It's not as if it is any good for roses, anyway, it's the wrong time of year." He did add a note of warning, however. "For God's sake don't let any of that lion shit get near any horses, as they will go crazy and bolt. One smell of the stuff will terrify a horse, and they may throw their rider. Someone could get serious hurt!"

Poor, harmless, defenceless journalists were brutally abused and insulted yesterday, as nasty, nasty pickets shouted rude words at them.

Sid Bastard, a reporter for the Sun, said: "We was just innocently lying on the floor of this coach, when all of a sudden these heartless thug printers started to shout horrible things at me. It's just not fair, I can't take it, boo hoo, hoo."

At this point Sid broke down, a victim of the callous thugs of the NGA.

A senior Police Officer said yesterday: "One of these days, those pickets are going to kill someone. They have been welding together nails to form

spikes that are intended to puncture the tyres of articulated lorries. Those lorries are doing sixty as they try to run down pickets. If they should burst a tyre at these critical times, the drivers

could be very seriously hurt. I must also deplore the callous bastards who are throwing marbles onto the road. A Police horse does not want to break its leg while it is trying to kick in a pickets head." The same Police Officer also said: "I'm not political, I'm only doing my job, only doing my job."



POPE HOMAGE TO 'SAINT' MURDOCH

Pope John Paul tenderly embraces Saint Rupert of Wapping, the man who is revered in places as far away as Lima House.

The Sun can now reveal that Saint Murdoch really can walk on water, especially in the winter, when it is sometimes frozen over.

COMPUTER COCK UP

You'll be pleased to know that the Journalists here at the Sparkling Sun have finally learned how to use our new computers, our new computers, puters, but we should say that in

our advert yesterday for 'Readers Wives: The XXX Sizzling Hot Video, it should have read, 'Readers Donkeys: a Romp in the Hay.' Apologies for that, we felt such assets!

SUN
Did you know that Michael Heseltine is called Tar-zon, not because of his hair, but for his taste in young girls?
SPOT

SUN
Did you know that Leon Britton, the ex Home Secretary was a paedophile? But you won't read about it in the Sun, cos we're all losers.
SPOT

THE Sun
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The Sun's Telephone 01-481-4100

WEATHER (FOR PICKETS)

COLD, very cold, exceedingly cold, bloody freezing, my feet are about to fall off. I think I've got frostbite of the goulash, I'm off to the Caxton for a treble Brandy.

(FOR COPS)

Prolonged showers, mainly consisting of bricks, bottles, lion shit and gob.

HOLIDAY £

For all you pickets, your holiday money is getting pretty tight at the moment, but it'll be a long time before your backs are to the wall.

Overtime pay for all you coppers is looking very good, but how are you going to spend it when you're dead?

ROADS TO MISS

The Highway down Wapping seems like a good road to miss, if you know what I mean. For scab lorry drivers, it might be a good idea to give up driving for good, know what I mean? (Before your legs fail to reach the pedals.)

IN THE CITY

There are a bunch of rich wankers waiting around making millions at a stroke, and people have the nerve to have a go at the printers for screwing a decent wage out of that millionaire wanker, Murdoch. I just don't bleeding know.

ON THIS DAY

Fifty years ago, someone pulled up a lump of dogshit in the Australian desert, and out popped Rupert Murdoch.

Here's a hot little one for all you Policemen out there. Today's very special Page 3 Donkey, is Emily, from Dollis Hill. Emily says her hobbies are chewing grass, wearing funny hats, and trying to avoid Rupert Murdoch.

She says that she's not going steady with anyone special at the moment, but she does have her eye on a certain Police Commissioner.

Wonder who that could be, eh?



PLUCKY P.C.'s IN BRAIN OP MERCY DASH



Pictured above are the brave bobbies from Lima Delta division, as they are rushed to Queen Mary's Hospital to have their brains removed.

The smiling lads have all just graduated from Hendon

Police Academy, and they are all looking forward to their big operation: Insp. Braindeath said, "It is usual practice in the force to have the brains taken out of new recruits. It doesn't hurt a bit, and the lads don't miss them at all."



★ PHEW ★
WHAT A
SCORCHER!

SCABBY JOAN LICKS RUPERT'S ARSE



Joan... first winner

NEWSAGENT Joan Hatfield became our first "Wapping Scab" yesterday, when she defied a picket who asked her to dump the Scabaway Sun.

Joan, 66, refused when the man asked her to stop selling that trash, in solidarity with sacked workers at Rupert Mur-

By JOHN KAY

doch's papers. She retorted: "Fuck off, you communist scumbag. They should string your sort up. I didn't vote for the NF so that you lot could come round here and harass me." We are having 100

medals minted bearing the words 'I'M A WAPPING SCAB.' They will be awarded to people like newsagents and lorry drivers, generally people who've got no spine.

The medals will be made of lead, and are exactly the same shape as a bullet. Funny, that!



Today, in a surprise move, all the Police in Britain resigned.

This was only 24 hours after a special hotline was set up by Chief Inspector Dickhead of the yard, in which immunity was promised to any police officer who would call up and inform on any other officer who had been beating up innocent people. The response was overwhelming, and as a result, all the cops in Britain were grassed up. The Sun says: What are we going to do now, and who's going to keep them pickets from coming in here and kicking our heads in... anarph

Sun SPORT

MYSTERY BID FOR 1988 OLYMPICS

THE SUN, Thursday May 1, 1986

HORSE SHOW SHOCK

By BRIAN WOOLNOUGH

There has been considerable surprise and consternation in the show jumping world today, as it was announced that the new Badminton Horse Trials are going to be held on the "Highway", in Wapping.

There has been further shock at the new clothing that all riders will be obliged to wear.

From now on, all participants will have to wear blue helmets with visors, for 'increased safety'. Blue tunics and trousers will also be worn, for 'increased visibility'. Big wooden sticks will also be carried, but, as yet, no one seems to know the reason for this.

The horses will not be left out either: they will be getting stylish new plastic blinkers.

Although the traditional events will still be taking place, two totally new events have been introduced by the organisers.

These have been temporarily called 'Crowd Control', and 'Kneecapping', although the nature of these sports has not yet been revealed.

SPOT THE HEAD!!



This exciting new game in your Soaraway Sun has really made an impact! Our mailbag has been over flowing with entries. This weeks winner is Mr. D. Douglas of Doncaster, who correctly placed Eric Hammonds head on the Right Spikel



Our competition this week is to spot the coppers head! In amongst this group of angry pickets, a coppers head has come astray! Can you spot it? Just place an X where you think it is most likely to be, and send your entry in to us. Good Luck!

HAMMOND THE HORRIBLE By Dik Browne



Printed and Published by Hooligan Press (those bastard anarchists), in support of the printworkers

A late bid was made today to the Olympic Selection Committee, for the site of the 1988 Olympic Games. Britain's only serious contender has been, up to now, the city of Birmingham. This has now been challenged by a mystery bidder, who says that he wishes to stage the games in the Docklands of East London.

The mystery bidder, thought to be a wealthy Australian, points out some of the many advantages in the area. It is close to airports and major tourist attractions, with a large number of hotels to accommodate the flood of competitors and spectators. The intended site is presently being used as a factory complex, but he anticipates no problem in getting rid of the existing workforce.

The area he wishes to use is close to the River Thames and therefore such sports as swimming, canoeing, sailing etc, are well catered for. There are already scenes of training going on, with the emphasis on sprinting, javelin throwing, putting the brick, horse jumping, moto-cross, and marbles.

We await developments with interest.

SPRINTER FOR PRINTERS

The Scabaway Sun is pleased to announce a new addition to our sports staff, beefy, bouncy Zola Budd. She has been training our journalists to run, run, and run again. Rumours to the effect that this is to help us get past the pickets are absolutely untrue.

TODAY'S SPORT

Millwall 13.....Coppers Nil
Pickets 27.....Scabs Nil.
Eggs 3.....Queen Nil.
Donkeys 2.....Rupert Nil
Tottenham 1.....Mat Nil.
Hooligan 1.....Sun Nil.

SHERGAR FOUND



THE SUN EDITORIAL.....
Anarrrggghhh.....er...um...TITS!

Give any donations to 'Picket'