

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING SUBMARINE SIGHTED

Three weeks ago a mysterious object was sighted over the city. Nobodies now brings you the story of that fateful night.

It first appeared in the eastern sky, travelling at high speed towards the city.

The observatory tracked the object until it was over the city, but lost it among the taller buildings.

At this stage, the Army galvanised into action, bringing in smoke bombs, bunker guns and sky rockets.

Police, radio stations, the post office and Mavis Bramston were inundated with phone calls from well-wishers about to leave the city.

From the all purpose, candy striped weather-aid inter-city ballistic pie and sauce station outpost near Ermington we bring you this Nobodies exclusive report from our special correspondent, Clyde Ballsup.

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"It was one afternoon after bridge; I had just finished the last game and had peeled my orange for my junket when I saw this thing in the sky.

"It moved with a blinding, brilliant light, like the sun in 'the myriad of drops of sweat on a wrestler's face'

(that's a quote from home). It was the real thing.

"I raced outside to take a photograph but I had lent my camera to my girlfriend, who runs a dirty photo concession at the Cross."

The above photograph was taken by a staff photographer as he passed over the Telegraph building.

So I dragged myself up and wrote.

"We received a message from Canberra saying that the midget Japanese sub had been pinched and that it was last seen heading out to sea. So we put two and two together and the answer came out as three, so the object must have been the sub.

"We aimed our inter-city ballistic pie and sauce exterminator at the sub, but it disappeared into the Chalmers St. hole, just as we fired it.

"The last we heard of the pie was that it splattered all over Sir Frank's car. Bob got the sack over that.

"We had just prepared for the next shot when the elastic snapped — boy, there was tomato sauce all over Ermington.

"And some idiot sniggered that it was an improvement. The rest of us agreed. So I said that Baulkham Hills was a no good, dead end suburb and they all agreed.

"Then a report from National Defence arrived saying that it didn't exist. So I raced to the Chalmers St. hole, and as I arrived, the air was filled with the worst case of Japanese swearing I had ever heard. I could swear that it came from a Japanese midget submarine stuck in the hole, but as we were told it wasn't real, the sound must have come from the markets.

"I walked around telling everybody that they didn't see it fly into the hole because it didn't exist. They failed to

because it didn't exist. They failed to be impressed.

"I harangued the crowd for another fifteen minutes until it reappeared. So I lassooed it and hung on for Grim Death. He soon arrived, carrying time-piece and scythe. He cut the rope and I landed in the Archibald Fountain, drowning a couple of seagulls and a university student.

"I picked him up and started to shake him. From his pocket fell two worn 2c. pieces, a dirty photo my sister sold him and a manual on how to deal with flying submarines. I picked up the photo and fled.

"On second thoughts, I raced back, dropped the photo, and grabbed the 2 cent pieces.

"I ran to the nearest bar, ordered a squash, dashed it in the bartender's face and left. That'll teach him to be servile with me.

"It was at the next bar that I saw them. Two roving reporters from 2UW. I shot them with my sawn-off and left the bar. They could have pinched my story.

"I was being followed. Right in front of me was a cop waggon. I climbed in and made myself at home. They locked the door.

"I ended up the night in the clink for drunk and disorderly, so I don't really know what happened to the sub. And they didn't give me the morning papers so I could fake a story, either."



