

# NEWS OF THE WORLD

FORWARD WITH THE PEOPLE

**EXCLUSIVE:  
MURDOCH PROMISES  
REBEKAH 'YOU'LL EDIT  
SUNDAY SUN'**

**MY  
PRECIOUS**



**EXPOSED:**

**THE SECRET HOLD REBEKAH  
HAS OVER MURDOCH**

# EDITORIAL



## THE UNTOUCHABLES

The News of the World employed a team of reporters and private investigators who swaggered round dispensing cash out of suitcases and were implicated in everything from murder to corruption. For two years 2005-2007 they were out of control with top cops like Yates and Hayman in their pockets. Murdoch didn't have a publishing empire at Wapping but a rackateering operation. They thought they were untouchable because their boss had every top politician – Labour and Tory – in his pocket as well as any copper. Anyone who spoke out was blackmailed by the threat of exposure in the NOTW.

## PARLIAMENT RESTORED

Now after a fearless and relentless investigation by The Guardian the evil Empire is laid low. Our brave MPs queue up to heap imprecations on Murdoch. Those of Alistair Campbell and Gordon Brown have the reek of rank hypocrisy on every word. So with one bound they are free. The expenses scandal exorcised. Parliament – through which the people speak – restored to sovereignty. People power has triumphed. PEOPLE POWER

But people power has not triumphed. The people have remained inert. MPs claim to have spoken for the people but that is quite different. The people advocating a boycott of the NOTW in the main have never read it or the Sun. The people no more wanted the NOTW closed down than they wanted to be sneeringly patronised as tabloid readers. The closure of the NOTW is not a victory for people

power. People no more wanted Murdoch to tell them who to vote for than they did for him to close their favourite paper. When Cadbury's was closed by an American firm there was uproar. When an American unilaterally closes the NOTW it is people power. FORWARD WITH THE PEOPLE

The Murdoch empire needed to be humbled. Got rid of altogether. The way the NOTW was run under his ownership is a disgrace. But the NOTW had a place in our hearts before Murdoch. Who didn't have a granny who tittered over the beloved News of the Screws on Sunday? British popular journalism from the campaigning Daily Mirror to the Picture Post has a long tradition. Remember the Sun was originally the Daily Herald – a paper set up by ordinary working class people. We simply do not accept Murdoch's right to close the NOTW.

Accordingly you are reading the first online issue of the new NOTW.

Let us know what you think of it. We see ourselves as the reformed Wimbledon AFC starting the long march through the lower leagues ( but without Glen Mulcaire's help!) The Dons got there by sheer fan power.

People power can do the same for the NOTW.

# HOW DID TORY GRANDEE DIE IN

# GLASTO PORTALOO?



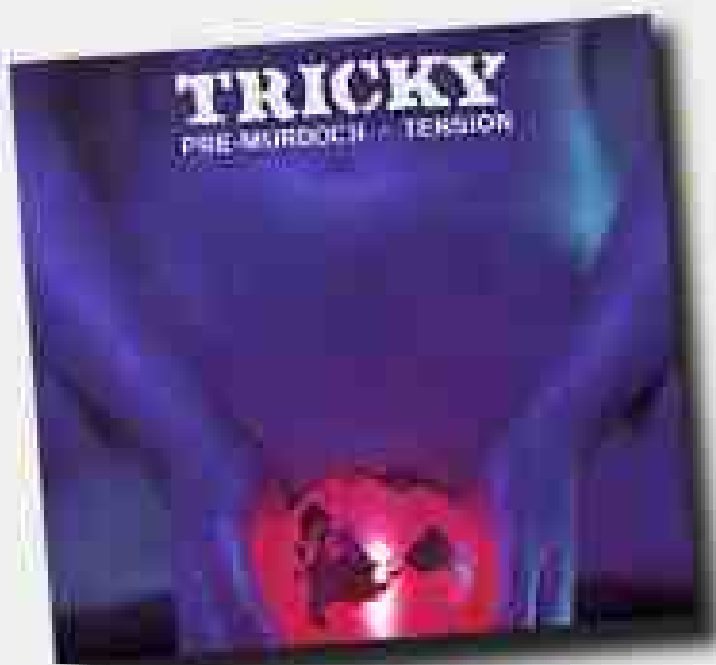
Mystery still surrounds the death of David Cameron's pal and Witney Tory party chairman Christopher Shale found dead in Glastonbury portaloos. After an inconclusive post mortem toxicology tests were done and results promised in ten days. We're still waiting.

Initial rumours on site were 'suicide' then of auto-erotic asphyxiation –you know where a Tory MP sticks an orange in his mouth and a rope round his neck to achieve orgasm. ( Nanny never told them there are easier ways). But the smart money was always

cocaine –beloved of the Chipping Norton Set Certainly the Tory high command don't want the cocaine snorting to come out....or at least to be on page 16 in two months time when toxicology reports will show cocaine or be 'inconclusive'.The

thought of Cameron's bluff old cove pillar of the church constituency chairman snorting coke in a portaloos –Chipping Norton a nest of tory cokeheads rather than the family rural wholesomness Cameron's PR prefer.

## NEW FROM WHITE LINE RECORDS



### Tricky: Pre-Murdoch Tension

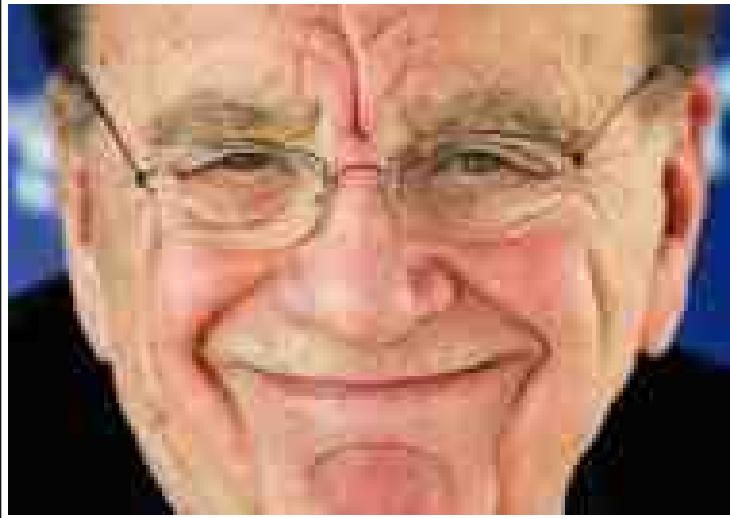
★★★★★ — The News of the World  
 "A Snort!" — Richard Wake (Radio-Manchester)  
 "It's 50m by name" — Christopher Shale

**OUT NOW**

Other parts of the story don't stand up –though the press seem curiously reluctant to persue the matter. What do we make of the role of Old Etonian and Winston Churchill's grandson Rupert Soames –the last man to see Shales alive.'I saw him heading to the toilets'says Soames.Yet when Shales was declared missing no one thought to look in the last place he was seen for 24 hours? Did Soames not say at the time "I saw him heading to the toilets" Could it be that Rupert Soames might have known/supplied Shales with the reason for his portaloos trip? This story has the lot and a huge cover up is in operation from old Etonians to the cops. Worse still the stories about

Samantha Cameron snorting coke with her wild child sister in Bristol during university days might come up. Bristol musician TRICKY describes in his autobiography playing pool with Samantha and her sister in the Montpelier pub –at the time a drug dealer's home from home. He took them under his protective wing –apparently –no doubt shielding the girls and David on his visits from drug dealing hustlers. Honest gov. Strangely enough Tricky put on a bizarre stoned appearance onstage with headliner Beyonce at Glastonbury. No doubt if his best pal's best pal had bumped into him in the portaloos queue twenty quid note in hand he'd have offered a similar protective shield.

# CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE CUCKOLDED BY MURDOCH



Rupert Murdoch's first wife was Patricia Brooker – a shop assistant years younger than himself. His second wife was Anna Trov a young intern on the Sydney newspaper he owned. His third wife is Wendi Deng – she was 30 and a recent graduate and he was 68 and one of the world's most powerful men. It is

a fair supposition that Murdoch might have married Rebekah Wade if circumstances had been different. She fitted the Murdoch menu for younger less powerful women – starting as a secretary on the News of the World at the age of 20 and rapidly rising through the ranks thanks to Murdoch's patronage.

## MURDOCH SENT REBEKAH LINGERIE

So instead of sex Murdoch contented himself with an unspoken deal with any putative future husband of Rebekah. They could have her body, he would have her mind.



So Ross Kemp was no threat to Murdoch – even so after her arrest for battering Kemp he acted quickly sending designer clothes and lingerie to her in her police cell the same night. Presumably he'd made a mental note of her bra size and other measurements. All so she would look 'fresh' on leaving the police station. Kemp had not objected to her closeness to Murdoch including early morning private swims with each other and her agreeing to cease smoking on Murdoch's advice when she hadn't listened to Kemp's own advice. No doubt Murdoch enjoyed his Svengali role in manipulating another man's wife.

## Above left: MURDOCH Below: Charlie & Bekky



## UN-KEMPT

After Kemp Murdoch wouldn't have minded Rebekah marrying the village idiot and this is what she did by marrying Charlie Brooks. Murdoch was delighted seeing Brooks no threat to his hold and Rebekah Wade sought Murdoch's approval before marrying Brooks and taking his name.

## TALLY HO! THE GORMLESS TOFF TWIT WHO MARRIED REBEKAH

My perfect weekend by Charlie Brooks

'The weekend starts Friday lunchtime, don't you think? I'd stop off on my way down to the country for nine holes with my mates Fritz, Tim Bunting, Berkeley S Figg and Jimmy the Mack at Sunningdale, where I'm a member and play off a handicap of 14. Fritz is actually terribly English but looks like a comic book German.

Then I'd pop in for a very long high tea with my mate Johnny the Fish. We used to run a pub together, the Pheasant at Lambourn, and it was only then I realised why he was called "the Fish"; I assumed he must be a fishmonger. Boy, did we end up drinking a lot.

I might ask Andrew Lloyd Webber to join us as he lives near the Pheasant, and perhaps bring along something from his cellar.. We still share a few horses.

I still love riding and for true happiness I'd have to spend time on the back of my hunter, Luke. I'd have a few glasses of bullshot then I'd be out with hounds. They would, accidentally, chase a fox –accidents do happen, after all. Then I'd accidentally chase that fox for 10 miles over about 30 hedges. A las I can't mention the hunt because saboteurs engage in so much sinister surveillance'

No mention of Rebekah –presumably off cerebrally smooching Rupert.

**Continued over page..**



## DAVE, GEORGE & CHARLIE

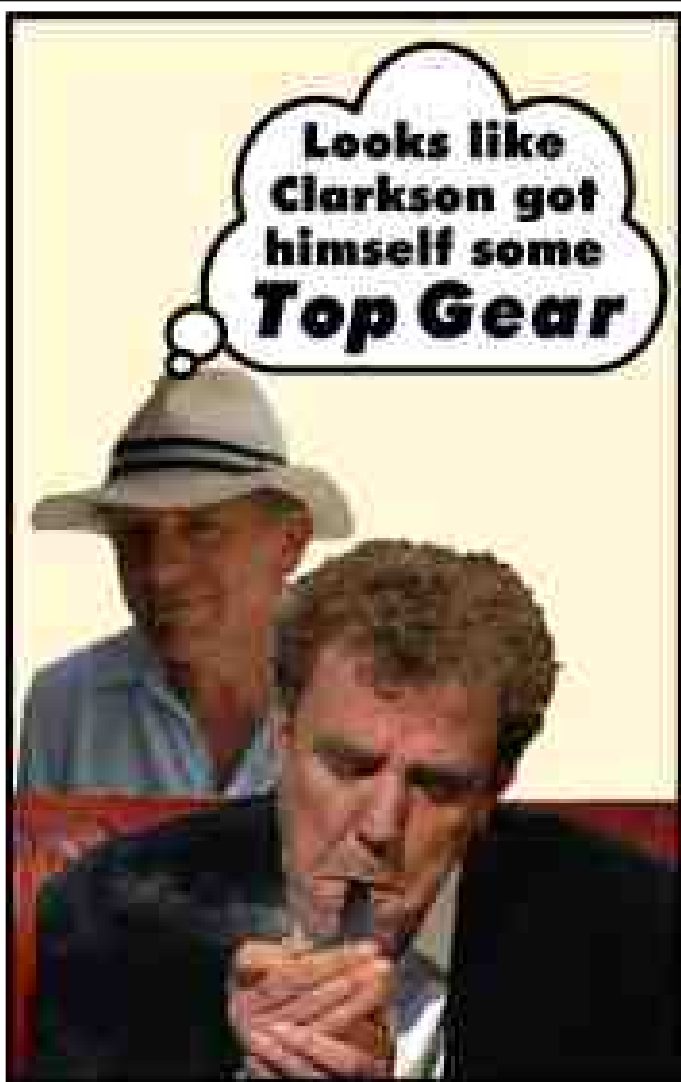
Old Etonian Champagne Charlie Brooks is the Chipping Norton Chump. A dolt. After a career as a jockey and racehorse trainer he is now 'an author'. How? Well the prestigious Harper Collins imprint published his debut novel 'Citizen'

Harper Collins is owned by...Murdoch. The PR for the launch party was arranged by Murdoch's son in law Mathew Freud and...incredibly for a first time author – attended by David Cameron and George Osborne!

## SUPERSTUD MAKES HERO JOCKEY BURN WIFES CLOTHES

In reality Charlie Brooks has been more of a superstud on the Lamborn canters specialising in the wives and daughters of fellow trainers and jockeys. He pinched model Miriam Francome from champion jockey John Francome who was so annoyed with his former best friend that he burned Miriam's clothes in Brooks' stable yard.

He has sired among others, Anna Wallace, one-time girlfriend of Prince Charles, Eimear Montgomerie, former wife of golfer Colin Montgomerie, Maureen Piggott, daughter of jockey Lester.



He (Charlie) was introduced to Rebekah Wade at Jeremy Clarkson's house and that would fit with his buffoonish macho politics. His only political thought – and not one to unduly worry Rupert Murdoch in the cerebral thinking field – was this:

'I would only vote for whoever would bring back fox hunting'. No doubt this passes off as wit and wisdom Chez Clarkson.

Rebekah is away as much as a new bride can reasonably be – no doubt clutching a copy of 'Citizen' to heart – and pondering the Murdoch arranged marriage

of the bright young working class girl and the upper crust village idiot. ....leaving the old satyr to clutch his precious closer. Champagne Charlie is in practice cuckolded by Murdoch just as if he'd been gelded by John Francome and can only hope to be more of a stayer than Kemp.

So Rupert is content that 'his precious' is truly his. Champagne Charlie poses no threat for the true affections of 'this one'. Rupert the Svengali pulls her strings. She's like a daughter to him. Family.

# NOTW EXCLUSIVE!

## RUPERTS' DEAD DAD SPEAKS ONLY TO OUR MADAME BLAVASTKY

At the News of the World we have worked tirelessly to organise an exclusive interview with Mr Rupert Murdoch, but the burden of the great man's many commitments to innumerable good causes - including his heartfelt patronage of the Rebekah Brooks' endowment for burglars, murderers and phone tappers - rendered this laudable goal impossible. Deprived of the inspiring presence of Der Fuhrer himself we have been forced to adopt desperate methods.

We have always acknowledged the spiritual dimension of man's existence with our weekly horoscopes, interviews with Mel Gibson and

advertises for naked Tantric massage in Solihull. We have therefore contacted a Medium, Mrs Doris P Blavatsky, of Sidcup, Kent, to arrange an exclusive interview with Mr Murdoch's late father, Sir Keith Murdoch. Mrs Blavatsky's credentials are unimpeachable: She is a spiritual phone tapper of the highest calibre, listening in to the constant flow of private dialogue between dead celebrities and the celestial hosts. She is able to 'cross to the other side' with the simple aid of a nice cup of tea (three sugars, dear), a milk chocolate digestive biscuit and the assistance of her diminutive Highland Terrier, Maximillian.

When I entered Mrs Blavatsky's séance parlour I was overwhelmed by a sense of the numinous. Unknown presences seemed to hover on the very edge of awareness. I was suddenly conscious of the fragility of that tenuous veil that is said to separate this world from the next. Taking my seat opposite Madam I expressed my thoughts. 'I don't know about all that, dear,' she replied, eyeing me suspiciously. 'But it's two hundred quid up front. It's not just the bleeding filth need paying.' I expressed my apologies, and with the exchange of a brown envelope the session began in earnest.

As the lights dimmed Blavatsky gripped the table and closed her eyes. 'Sir Keith, are you there, can you hear me Keithy?' After a moment of silence there was a sudden gust of cold air. Mrs Blavatsky looked up from the table, her eyes had rolled back into her head and beads of sweat now appeared on her brow. Then just as suddenly her eyes sprang open. She looked at me directly. Her face now appeared calm and composed, but the voice that emerged from that prim, Sidcup mouth was not her own.

'Jesus fucking Christ, can't a bloke get a bloody rest anywhere? What do you want ya stuck up, pom cunt?'

For a moment I was lost for words. But I recovered my sense of the national interest and continued. 'Sir Keith,' I replied (for it was he), 'can you tell our readers about how wonderful your son really is, and how he's not really a phone hacking, murdering, corrupt shyster up to his neck in shit, fraud and human blood?'

Are you fucking joking? That's just the way I raised the little bastard. I told him from day one. Rupert, I said, do you know what the worse thing about the British constitution is? Simple. You can't wipe your arse on it! It's not even printed on fucking shit paper. And as for the blue bloods son, well once they see the colour of your money they'll soon be jumping into line to suck ya little aussie dick along with the yanks, Bob Geldof, Bono and George W Bush! I didn't put the little shit under any illusions. And I was right. Oh, he's daddy's boy alright."

'But Sir,' I interjected, 'what about our civil institutions? The dignity of political office, the role of the free press, our liberal democracy, judicial independence and the neutrality of the British police force?'

'Ha, ha ha ha haaaa! I'll tell you exactly what I told little Rupert all those years ago. Son, I said, there are a thousand ways to take a dump, but every turd smells pretty much the same. Once you've got the cash the rest of it drops into your lap - judges, cops and those jumped up shit house cleaners they call politicians! It's not difficult to understand, but you poms seem to love wandering around with your head stuck up your arse and your dreaming spires. But my little lad knows the game!'

I tried to ask Sir Keith another question, but Madam Blavatsky was too fatigued to continue. Her supernatural trance was at an end.

'I hope that's answered your readers questions,' she said.

'It certainly has,' I replied.

MEET THE  
NEWS OF THE WORLD'S  
FAMOUS PSYCHIC  
& AGONY AUNT

Madame Blavatsky



**"You think you've got problems, I is dead!"**

There's only one  
thing that most  
coppers find easy  
to keep under  
their hats.



# NEWS OF THE WORLD

## PUZZLE BONANZA!

### SPOT THE DIFFERENCE COMPETITION

with our two lovebirds, Rupert & Rebekah

Q: Can you spot the differences between these photographs?



A: That's right, Rupert & Rebekah are even richer and happier in photograph B than they are in photograph A

Thinking space

### PRIZE CROSSWORD

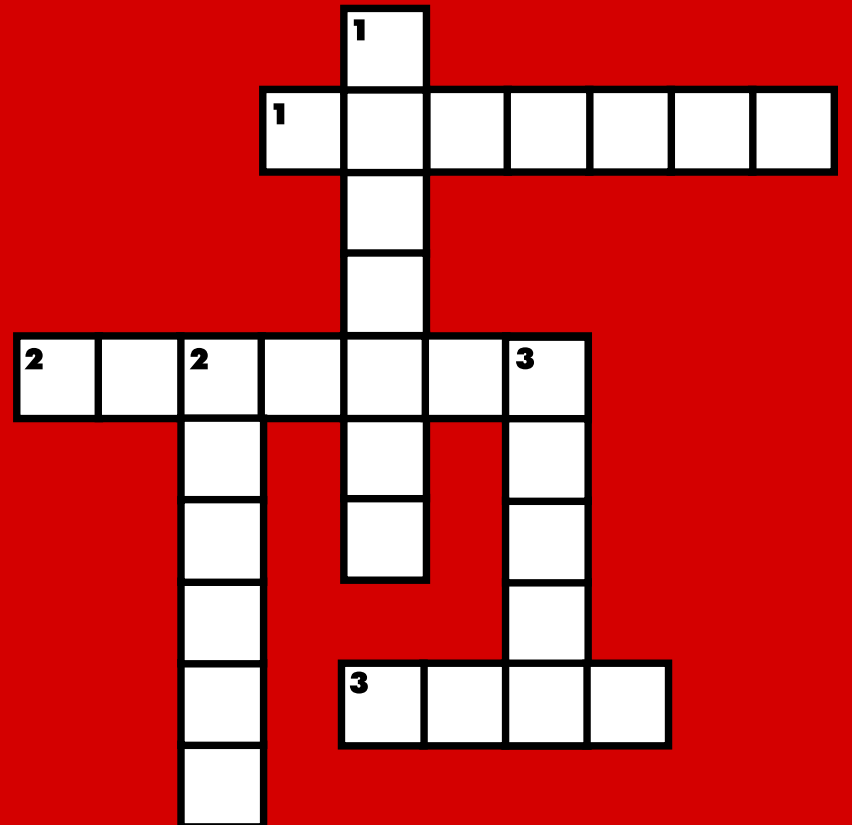
Compiled by Mr R. Murdoch

#### Across

- Given name of world's most beautiful woman.
- A much improved spelling of the name Rebecca.
- The bastards stopped me monopolising this company!

#### Down

- She who is red of hair...
- Surname of world's most beautiful woman.
- Rebekah Brooks makes me \_\_\_\_\_.



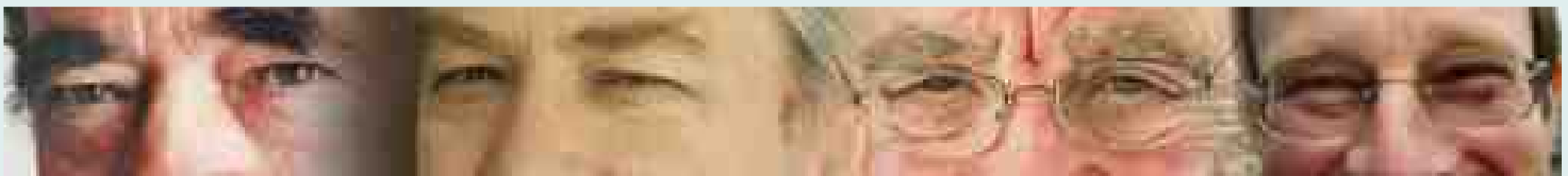
Can you guess the identity of the corrupt news magnate simply by looking at his cold, dead, soulless eyes? First winning reply out of the mailbag receives a feeling of overwhelming personal pride.

a

b

c

d



d. Richard Desmond

c. Rupert Murdoch

b. Conrad Black

a. Robert Maxwell

# THE CHIPPING NORTON SECT

**It is called the Chipping Norton set, an incestuous collection of louche, affluent, power-hungry and amoral Londoners, located in and around the Prime Minister's Oxfordshire constituency. Brooks and her husband, the former racing trainer Charlie Brooks, live in a house scarcely a mile from David and Samantha Cameron's constituency home. The two couples meet frequently, and have continued to do so long after the phone hacking scandal became well known. PR fixer Matthew Freud, married to Mr Murdoch's daughter Elisabeth, is another member of this Chipping Norton set. When Mr Cameron bumped into Freud at Rebekah Brooks's wedding two years ago, he and Mr Freud greeted each other with exuberant high-fives to signal their exclusive friendship. Chuck in Cameron's chief advisor Steve Hilton. Jeremy Clarkson, and cronying celebs like Alex James and Kate Moss and a few old aristos and you have the full degenerate shower.**



**HACKERS LANE, CHIPPING NORTON**



Cameron entered Parliament at the General Election of 2001 having been eased gently by the Tory party hierarchy in to the safe Tory seat of Witney in Oxfordshire. An apparently sleepy and respectable Cotswold backwater, the constituency of Witney is in fact on the frontline of the English class war. Because, traditionally, the Tories have set the seat aside to benefit highly ambitious toffs seeking an easy route to power glossed with the effect of democracy. Before Cameron, the seat had been held by Douglas Hurd and then Tory turncoat Shaun Woodward, who defected in 1999 to become the first Labour MP to have three butlers!

the West Oxfordshire countryside and has long been a retreat for new money. Bankers, stockbrokers and obscure captains of industry have made their homes there for some time while old money resides there as well. For instance, any residents of Churchill's old gaff at Blenheim Palace will appear on the electoral register. Don't laugh! Murdoch PR spiv Matthew Freud, Rebekah Brooks and Cameron sidekick Stephen Hilton - all now key members of the 'Chipping Norton Set' - all got a foothold in the area and a series of useful introductions by renting property on the estate. In the past the constituency, to underline its exclusivity and snootiness, was known as Mid-Oxon and in its current guise it contains parts of the equally snooty old Banbury & Henley constituencies. Henley, of course, is yet another Tory safe seat for ambitious toffs.

The very well-heeled constituency sits in the heart of



For a while it was the seat of Cameron's Bullingdon boy buddy, inveterate idiot Boris Johnson. Before that Henley sheltered Michael Heseltine for 27 years. Cameron nabbed this exclusive little Cotswold number the way he has everything else in his life. By using his Etonian background and contacts and applying skilled old school tie networking techniques that go with that terrain. Cameron's first 'break' in 1988 came with a job at the Conservative Research Department shortly after obtaining that must-have career politicians degree, PPE, at Brasenose, Oxford. Observer journalist Nick Cohen claims Cameron's received this first job offer after Conservative Central Office received a mysterious phone call from Buckingham Palace. "I understand you are to see David Cameron. I've tried everything I can to dissuade him from wasting his time on politics but I have failed. I am ringing to tell you that you are about to meet a truly remarkable young man," an

unidentified male caller explained to a central office staffer. Having landed this plum job Cameron embarked on a unremarkable career as a SpAd. Famously lazy, he often threatened to quit politics and become a journalist to avoid early mornings! However he soldiered on and briefly worked in the early 90s for the Chancellor Norman Lamont who got fired and then Michael Howard in his guise as Major's Home Secretary. A senior Home Office Civil Servant summed up Cameron's role at Howard's disaster area Home Office when he explained that previous Home Secretaries "would listen to the evidence before making a decision. Howard just talks to young public school gentlemen from the party headquarters"!

## TRICKY, THE "MATRIX", RED PILLS AND BLUE PILLS

Cameron finally quit his laughable political career for a PR job in 1994. But the trail of disaster and the reputation for idleness followed him. As Director of Corporate Affairs at Carlton Communications the hapless toff was at the forefront of the company's attempt to launch digital terrestrial television in the UK. Carlton joined with Granada television and BSkyB to launch On Digital in 1998. This was bust by 2002. Now in a position to lay claim to being the most useless political wonk in human history and a complete business failure, the natural move for the brilliant Etonian and scion of the rulingclass was obviously Parliament. While his professional life was a tale of serial disaster

and failure, Cameron's personal life was intriguing. He eventually married his long term girlfriend Samantha Sheffield, the daughter of the 8th Baronet Sheffield, in 1996. Tattooed Sam famously studied art in Bristol and lived in St Pauls in the late eighties and claims she used "to play pool with Tricky in the Montpelier Hotel." For Bristolians of a certain age this claim has a hint of euphemism about it. The pool room of The Mont was best known, at that time, as a stop-off to pick up some of that new-fangled Dutch skunk weed, cocaine or any other kind of recreational pill, potion or pick-me-up not available from the local GP rather than as a place to hone your eight ball skills.



Continued over..

# DAVES' RADICAL DRUGS SHAKE UP



Meanwhile boyfriend Dave's dismal work record and dislike of early mornings during this period suggest that a personal and social life may have been happening on quite a large scale. A myth hardly dispelled by Cameron's persistent refusal to this day to refuse to confirm or deny questions over personal his drug use. Young Cameron's first action on arriving in Parliament in 2001 raised a few eyebrows too. Immediately - as usual - he was handed a plum post. This time he was fast tracked on to the Commons Home Affairs Select Committee. And

it was Cameron who pushed the Committee to set up an inquiry into the law on drugs and consider "radical options". The final report recommended that Ecstasy be downgraded from Class A to Class B and called for the policy of 'harm reduction' to be massively extended. It's reputed that Cameron wanted to go further than this, which caused the committee's chair Chris Mullin to describe Cameron at the time as "a bright, young libertarian who can be relied upon to follow his own instincts rather than the party line."

## 2nd Summer of Love Put on hold..

Having the term 'libertarian' attached to him and a reputation for independence would do Cameron no good in the Tory Party, however and would eventually spell his downfall. While an opinion was forming within the party - largely based on his Blairite looks and style and the quality of his tailor - that "this horse can run", neither the high Tory Sir Tufton Bufton's of Dimshire nor the Thatcherites had any use for libertarianism. As far as the Sir Tufton Buftons were concerned libertarianism was fine for them in the privacy of their own upmarket brothels but not something for the lower orders while



Thatcherites, despite claims to the contrary, have no interest in 'free' anything.

Thatcherism is not really an ideology. It is a sophisticated money laundering scam to shift wealth, power and privilege to a selected group of global financial institutions and corporations run by a new class of globally mobile oligarchs. Those of us outside of this privileged loop, however, are abandoned to the vagaries of debt and severe wage restraint. In these circumstances libertarianism is the last thing Thatcherites want as it might upset their lucrative scam.

## OSBOURNE, PROSTITUTES, COCAINE AND JEREMY CLARKSON.

Once in Parliament Cameron continued to ruthlessly network. He immediately reacquainted himself with his old boss Michael Howard as well as a couple of his old Tory Central Office muckers, on-off couple Rachel Whetstone and Steve Hilton. Whetstone was especially useful as she was Howard's political secretary while Hilton was another PPE man at Oxford. Indeed, so close did this Tory power couple come to the Camerons that Ms Whetstone ended up spending a lot of time near the Cameron's Cotswold home screwing Sam Cam's step dad, William Astor, the 4th Viscount Astor. Cameron also developed close friendships with another new MP "Boy" George Osborne; the then Times columnist Michael Gove; former Duncan-Smith aide Ed Vaizey and another Oxford PPE boy and thinktank wonk Nicholas Boles. Given their close proximity to each other at fashionable West London addresses and their broadsheet arts pages tastes they were dubbed by the press as 'The Notting Hill Set' by 2004.

A stroke of luck, this, for Cameron since the term was originally coined by the Sir Tufton Bufton wing of the Tories as an insult to draw attention to the Cameron camp's liberalism. However the Tory right hadn't reckoned with the fact that most of the press were also living in fashionable West London shoving far too much cocaine up their noses and thought 'the Notting Hill Set' a terrific wheeze and a rather cool idea as it reflected well on them, their house prices and their taste in interior decor.

This media response was especially good for Cameron because while the press was talking up his cool urban lifestyle he was actually writing that xenophobic dog

whistling piece of shite Michael Howard called his election manifesto in 2005.

When that that election was predictably lost to Tony Blair, widely considered a war criminal, the door was wide open for Cameron and 'the Notting Hill Set' to ascend to the leadership of the Tories, which they duly did. Except we didn't end up with the cuddly media darlings of 'the Notting Hill Set' did we? We wound up with the sleazy corporate 'Chipping Norton Set' stuffed with News International execs and their dire hangers-on. What happened?

The Thatcherites and the oligarchs asserted themselves that's what. It's no coincidence that right in the middle of Cameron's leadership campaign the News of the World published a photo of Cameron's left hand man "Boy" George Osborne alongside "a self-confessed prostitute and cocaine user" and a pile of cocaine! The message to Cameron was clear ... You're next.

So as the leadership of the Tory Party fell in to Cameron's lap, out went those cosy Notting Hill nights cycling round to Govey's to drink red wine and talk about modern art and in came power dining and Christmas drinkies in Chipping Norton with Murdoch's flame-haired networker from hell Rebekah Brooks (nee Wade). In came mysterious Cotswold country house assignations with Murdochs minor (James) and major (Rupert). In came gastropub meetings with Chipping Norton neighbour, News International Columnist and BBC public school wanker Jeremy Clarkson.

## Jeremy Clarckson - Powdering nose?



In came "lavish parties at the Priory", Cotswold home of PR creep Matthew Freud and his wifelet Elizabeth Murdoch where Cameron and Osborne were required to mix with the cream of News International's New Labour friends - Tony Blair, Peter Mandelson, David Miliband, Tessa Jowell, their pollster Philip Gould and his publisher wife Gail Rebuck

In, occasionally, came billionaire banker Nat Rothschild out of tax exile in Klosters and straight to West Oxfordshire. And in, finally, right to the heart of the Cameron operation - both in and out of Downing Street - came Murdoch's man, Andy Coulson, phone hacker, blagger and employer of axe murdering private investigator Jonathan Rees.

The takeover was complete, the smooth transfer of power assured and the country still safe in the hands of Rupert Murdoch and News Corporation.



**HANDS UP FOR THE TWO FOR ONE  
OFFER AT DIGNITAS!**

# THATCHERS OBITUARY



This is the cover page of the 16 page supplement the NOTW was planning to publish on the death of Margaret Thatcher...u8230 .which Brian Whelan has managed to spirit out of Stalag Wapping. All newspapers have these obituaries on tap ready to publish. The rest of the 16 pages is nothing but a love letter from Murdoch to his heroine...u8230 ...6 pages of unadulterated shit and can now only be used as bog paper. We know that far from wanting a 16 page supplement most people will be heading to Trafalgar Square on th Saturday after her death for a celebration party.

LYING ~~IN~~ STATE

Thatcher is also to be given a state funeral paid for by us. Incredible. As our contribution we print this collage by warren draper which well reflects the fawning hypocrisy that will be on show from politicians of all parties at the funeral. Pass the sickbag



# GORDON BROWN: PYJAMA PARTY SHOCKER!

Gordon and Sarah Brown were so very very stamp your feet angry with the Murdoch empire for exposing their son's cystic fibrosis that they decided to hunt them down at every – invited – opportunity.

Among these was Mr Murdoch's annual London summer party at the Serpentine Gallery in Hyde Park on June 13, 2007. The couple are pictured in the Times smiling broadly with the newspaper owner at the event.

On March 8, 2008, Mrs Brooks - then Sun editor Ms Wade - attended a lunch at Number 10 hosted by the then prime minister and his wife.

On June 14 that year, Mrs Brown hosted a "pyjama party" at Chequers for successful women in the media including Ms Wade, Mr Murdoch's wife Wendi and his daughter Elizabeth. And on June 13, 2009, Mr Brown and Mr Murdoch attended Ms Wade's wedding party after she married racehorse trainer Charlie Brooks.



So Murdoch's wife, daughter and 'his precious Rebekah' were all romping around Chequers in their winceyette jim-jams with Sarah Brown. Did it not occur to Gordon that Sarah in her baby doll negligee might end up as one of the Prime Minister's Wives series on page 3 of the sun?

'Gorgeous pouting Sarah is a great admirer of Rupert's organ and enjoys a three in a bed romp with Rupert's wife.....and daughter.....and..'

What was Rupert doing while the girls were frolicking. Was he confined in the attic? Did he appear for the playing of 'Pin the tail on the Donkey'? Did he have his eye to the key hole? Did he do a couple of John Bindon knob tricks - go on Gordon you can get another one on? Did the old curmogeon come down in his nightshirt and cap screaming at Wendi Deng? Or did the ultimate BROWN NOSER just toady to the Murdochs as usual -cystic fibrosis or not.

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3 out of 10  
NOTW Journals  
say their stories  
prefer it

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Now with added copper



"Hi, I'm Larry Snut."

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## AND THE DIRT IS REVEALED

—MET Journal

advertisement

## YEATES OF THE YARDIES: criminal casebook

The name Yeates of the Yard inspires derision (surely shum mishtake) – SORRY – fear in criminals throughout the world. In this new series Yeates looks back on his most famous cases:

- No. 1 Ken Dodd tax avoidance... .. Doddy won
  - No. 2 Theft of the flowerpot men... .. unsolved
  - No. 3 Hunt for the Tamworth two... .. they got away
- That feared Yeates interrogation technique:  
Mr. Mulcaire - are you guilty of phone hacking  
No  
Oh great – sorry to have bothered you.  
Can I have me notebook back?  
Sure.

# SPORT OF THE WORLD

## FOOTBALLS DIRTIEST EVER PLAYER



It's a great shame that Glen Mulcaire's day job as a private investigator is overshadowing his former football career. After a spell at CROYDON ATHLETIC Glen moved to Kingston to join AFC WIMBLEDON on their long trek back into league football. In fact 'Trigger'—as he was known - holds a special place in the hearts of Dons fans as he scored their first ever goal as AFC WIMBLEDON against BROMLEY. Wilder than the Crazy Gang, dirtier than John Fashanu—how did 'Trigger Mulcaire' turn into 'Hacker Mulcaire' He may have been confused by the laws of football where 'hacking'—kicking at shins—was allowed in the early years of the game. We may never know but there's a You Tube clip of Mulcaire's goal and the subsequent celebrations. The Dons manager remarks to camera..'Glen's milking his 5 minutes of fame'...u8230 ...You never know what's coming next do you?

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