

SCOTLAND FROM 1763 TO 2263:

THE TRUTH AT CULLODEN
NORTH KOREAN
ALLIANCES
AND THE
INSECTOID
OVERLORDS

FASTE!
HURDIG BASH PASKYNDE
PASKYNDE HURDIG BASH!
FASTE!
HURDIG BASH!



DUE POST

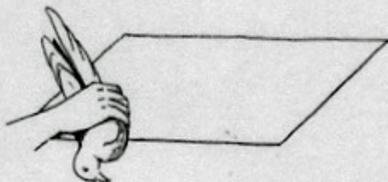
...OR
THE ZINE

METHOD OF WRAPPING PIGEONS FOR DROPPING FROM AIR-CRAFT.

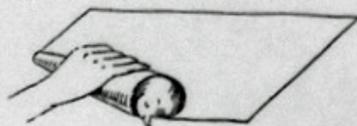
(See "Pigeon Service Manual" Chap XIII.)



1



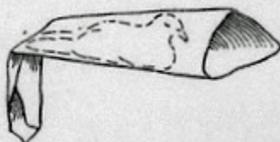
2



3



4



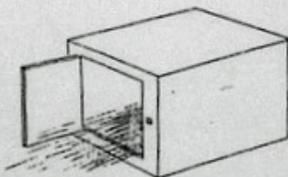
5



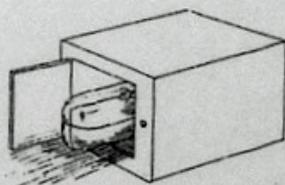
6



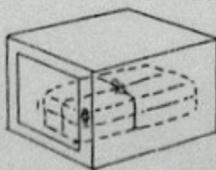
7



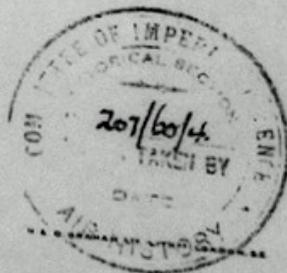
8



9



10



CONFIDENTIAL

DEPARTMENT OF SPECIAL AIR SERVICE OPERATIONS
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF SPECIAL AIR SERVICE OPERATIONS

Confidential - Unclassified upon removal of enclosures (1) and (2).

From: Chief of Scottish Special Air Service (SSAS) Operations
To: Commander, SSAS Paratrooper Systems Command

Subj: INTERNET PROTOCOL OVER AVIAN CARRIER (IPoAC)

Encl: (1) Bergen Linux IPoAC Packet Data:

```
Script started on Sat Apr 28 11:24:09 2001
vegard@gyversalen:~$ /sbin/ifconfig tun0
tun0      Link encap:Point-to-Point Protocol
          inet addr:10.0.3.2  P-t-P:10.0.3.1  Mask:255.255.255.255
          UP POINTOPOINT RUNNING NOARP MULTICAST  MTU:150  Metric:1
          RX packets:1 errors:0 dropped:0 overruns:0 frame:0
          TX packets:2 errors:0 dropped:0 overruns:0 carrier:0
          collisions:0
          RX bytes:88 (88.0 b)  TX bytes:168 (168.0 b)

vegard@gyversalen:~$ ping -c 9 -i 900 10.0.3.1
PING 10.0.3.1 (10.0.3.1): 56 data bytes
64 bytes from 10.0.3.1: icmp_seq=0 ttl=255 time=6165731.1 ms
64 bytes from 10.0.3.1: icmp_seq=4 ttl=255 time=3211900.8 ms
64 bytes from 10.0.3.1: icmp_seq=2 ttl=255 time=5124922.8 ms
64 bytes from 10.0.3.1: icmp_seq=1 ttl=255 time=6388671.9 ms

--- 10.0.3.1 ping statistics ---
9 packets transmitted, 4 packets received, 55% packet loss
round-trip min/avg/max = 3211900.8/5222806.6/6388671.9 ms
vegard@gyversalen:~$ exit
```

On 28 April 2001, IPoAC was implemented by the Bergen Linux user group. They sent nine packets over a distance of approximately five kilometers, each carried by an individual pigeon and containing one ping (ICMP Echo Request), receiving four responses. The results arouse curiosity, but are of little use in a Europe networked largely by high-speed broadband connections.

(2) Timeline

2009: In September, an unnamed South African IT company, based in Durban, pitted an 11-month-old bird armed with a data packed 4GB memory stick against the ADSL service from the country's biggest internet service provider, Telkom. The pigeon named Winston took an hour and eight minutes to carry the data 80 km (50 mi). Including transferring, it took two hours, six minutes, and 57 seconds for the data to arrive, the same amount of time it took to transfer 4% of the data over the network. By 2015, start-up IPoAC company 'Avian Africa' held 87.2% of the commercial ISP market share.

2016: Google Inc. release 'Fiber' worldwide (Scottish/NUK version: 'Fibre'). This move is coupled with the expansion of its high-speed networks to emerging markets in sub-Saharan Africa, a feat accomplished through the use of high altitude balloons able to transmit Wi-Fi signals across hundreds of square kilometres. Google CEO Eric Schmidt announces his candidacy for the upcoming 2020 US Presidential elections.

2017: The 'Oculus Rift' virtual reality head-mounted display (HMD) becomes a commercial international success, with 23 million units shipped within 6 months of release. With 'Fiber' Google claim 99% of the world market share for ISP outside South Africa, putting hundreds of telecommunications companies out of business globally.

2019: Scotland announces plans for nuclear disarmament.

2020: Google claim South African commercial market, effectively putting IPoAC out of business in the region. The now redundant avian packet carriers are shipped to the the Bell family residing on the Isle of Lewis. The family receives funding under royal decree from King Alec for development and innovation in the field of fast-track communications services at war time, in anticipation of the conflict with the New United Kingdom (NUK). Eric Schmidt becomes US president, whilst maintaining CEO status at Google Inc. A UN ethics tribunal is summoned when Schmidt announces plans to rename the USA.

2021: 'Google Blimps' deployed to the Hebrides to provide secure and consistent internet connections to people in rural areas with no access to 'Fiber'. Scotland becomes nuclear-free.

2022: Lack of human resources within the UN results in Schmidt's victory at the tribunal. The US is renamed "The Confederate States of Google" (CSG), with Schmidt merging Google Inc. and the National Security Agency. Schmidt is re-titled 'Supreme Protector' of the state.

2027: In April, the University of Stirling finishes construction of the "Goulson" wing, built to house its new Cyber Organism division. The wing is declared open in September of the same year.

2031: CSG cites significant financial losses as the basis of its withdrawal from the Hebrides after the sixth consecutive blimp collision with wind farm turbines in the space of 12 months, leaving it the last remaining human inhabitation on earth without an internet connection.

2058: The University of Stirling's Cottrell and Pathfoot buildings are demolished to make way for more student housing. Despite the luxurious provisions of these new accommodation suites, students soon start to leave when they discover a lack of learning facilities beyond the recently formed Cyber Organisms division.

2067: All war time avian carriers are decommissioned. Lucinda Bell begins experimenting with IPOAC to provide the Isle of Lewis with a relatively stable internet connection.

2092: 'Oculus Rift' makes a radical leap from HMD to 'Retina Vision', users are fully immersed in a virtually simulated game environment projected from an implant placed behind the eyeball. The now dwindling movie business takes interest in this potential breath of fresh air for the industry.

2163: Increasing demands for Ultra High Definition (UHD) 'immersive pornography' on the Oculus Rift's 'Retina Vision' platform results in users calling for higher internet speeds for the first time in almost 150 years to handle the platform's capabilities. A young Robert Bell (son of Lucinda) from the Isle of Lewis applies for funding from the Scottish government to revive the IPOAC programme as a means to address the demand, using revised war time pigeon patents. The funding appeal is approved after demonstrating to Holyrood how pigeons have been used on the Isle of Lewis for the past 104 years. This move is supported by the University of Stirling's Cyber Genetics division, who begin generously donating funding and resources into the 'porn pigeon' scheme.

2164: Live experiments begin on COLUMBA LIVIA DOMESTICA (domestic pigeons), deployed from Faslane to a destination in the new Scottish capital of Stirling. The first subject was successfully deployed from one of the compound's recommissioned submarine vessels on May 16th. Initial results were deemed unsuccessful: all subjects not crushed by the oncoming torrent of water were found to have otherwise drowned. However, researchers did not deem the experiments a complete failure: despite almost instant death, every test subject accelerated

successfully beyond the surface of the water. Efforts now shifted to preserving the life during underwater trajectory.

2165: A new set of experiments begin, placing the pigeons in vulcanised rubber suits designed to withstand the forced placed upon the birds after their expulsion from the submarines' torpedo bays. While all subjects broke from the surface of the water alive, many were not able to create full motions of the wings, resulting in a rapid, descending deceleration. 2% of subjects with an above-average strength threshold were able to maintain a constant speed, but were ultimately chewed up by propellers from nearby Google Blimps on the mainland.

2167: After two years of contemplation, work began on 'quantum propellers'. These propulsion units, placed on the subjects like miniature backpacks, in fact acted to create wormholes through which the subjects were able to travel through instantaneously, providing a faster-than-light-speed package arrival time. For six continuous months of testing it was believed that quantum propellers provided the safest, most efficient means of IP protocol, but before the measure could be deployed commercially it was discovered that subjects were in fact being duplicated to other random parts of the universe when a rogue pigeon was found floating in the Hubble Telescope's 'Ultra Deep Field'. This raised significant security issues, and it was discovered soon after that research documentation that had been accidentally left by one of Bell's interns on a duplicated packet had already found its way into the hands of the McAfee corporation; before McAfee could be begin commercial product testing for an 'Avian Anti-Virus' software, the 'quantum propellers' project was scrapped. An oversight at this stage of the experiments appeared to be why Avian Carriers were even necessary at all, especially when the researchers had discovered a way to bend time and space in such a way. It is expected that the pigeons held more of a novelty value at this stage.

(3) Immediate Seizure and Deployment

The provision of this timeline is to act as supplementary material in the tactical seizure and deployment of the Bell 'porn pigeon' operation by the Scottish Special Forces. The research equipment and documentation must be seized in a swift and precise manner so as not to disrupt Bell's ongoing efforts, which shall be used to aid in the imminent conflict with the insectoids.

ENCLOSURE (4) SUPPLIED SEPARATELY
DOCUMENT ENDS HERE

Edward Teach

From Joseph Williams to project **STIRTrans+**: A Transhumanist History.

Though the details surrounding the life of Joseph Williams continue to remain scarce this cannot apologise for the way in which the incident has been overlooked in recent transhumanist studies. The accident that occurred on the 14th June, 1915 is key in tracing the growth of transhumanism to the modern day. What the surviving evidence suggests is that the weather was unusually warm for Scotland on the 14th of June and, during an extensive lunch at the The Settle Inn, Joseph Williams and his fellow Journeyman consumed a good amount of local ale. Returning to work for the afternoon shift Joseph tripped on the lines¹ and fell towards his up-ended sledge hammer. The handle of the hammer lodged itself firmly between his radius and ulna, and, with no-one in the near vicinity, Joseph was forced to drag the item with him in search of help. In a recently recovered diary the fellow mason Robert Macrae describes the altered Joseph:

He was huir wv a blooter'd, sae blooter'd he didnt ken which wey th' fluir was an' he bud thes hammer, thes massife hammer stickin' oot frae his arm. we laughed at heem first, didne ken whit else tae dae an' we'd hud a puckle drinks oorselves. whit coods we dae? 'En he laughs, starts prancin' roon th' place wavin' his arm an' shootin' 'look at me! Swatch at me! Aam Mr. Railway!

Then auld bossy bitts comes aroond an' tells heem tae gonnae-no actin' silly. We aw gang whieest but Joseph is still movin' his woonded arm an' 'en we realise hoo boak it aw is, hoo he's got thee arms an' 'n' yin o' thaim is a stoatin hammer.²

What is, of course, important here are the contrasting opinions between Joseph and his colleagues. Joseph's playfulness, open-mindedness and foresight (though perhaps for him simply a consequence of the lunchtime ale) predicts the development of transhumanism from theory to physical practice and, furthermore, may have influenced the experiments conducted on Stirling residents in 2046 - key events that encouraged human-technical hybridisation in modern Scotland³. Between the characters of Williams and Alfred Stone (head of the School of Biological and Environmental Studies and developer of the STIRTrans+) there is little in the way of transhuman history to discuss, other than the development of now largely-redundant technologies and software; camera-phones, smart-phones and laptops. I would perhaps emphasise the selling of part of the campus to Wang Laboratories in 1983/4⁴ and the universities later regret over this move. Unfortunately, like natural-humanity, Stirling thought it could learn from this mistake, however, rather than prevent further privatisation of its buildings it instead poured money into a private regulatory body that was, of course, accused of accepting bribes from Stone's company; Aitch+⁶.

I say 'mistake', for I fear I must tread carefully on this issue. There is little doubt that Stone's experiments were unethical, immoral and exploitative, but we must also consider the benefits that came from Stone's decision to practically apply theory. We must try to imagine the society lingering as it was on the crest of new technology, stubbornly clinging to the cliffs of established knowledge fearing the swirling waters of the future beneath them. We had explored all the nooks, crannies and holds above us in hope of progress - of the next key hold - but there were none. Stone, then, was as much saint as satanic. I feel that we are now reaching a time where we can look back and consider the events that happened in a way

¹ Whether Joseph tripped on the lines or on some other material remains a contentious issue for modern archaeologists

² Robert Macrae, *The Diary of Robert Macrae* ed. April Thurston (www.aprthurs.com/docs [last accessed: 28/02/2056])

³ Salmond will be 102 years old this year, thanks to the advantages of hybridisation.

⁴ Keith W. Bell, 'My Experiences with Wang Laboratories Scotland' (<http://www.kwbell.biz/about/wang> [last accessed: 28/02/2056])

⁵ C. H. Lee, 'Merchant Shipping Launched in Scotland 1911-1988' in *Scotland and the United Kingdom: The Economy and the Union in the Twentieth Century* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1995), p.108

⁶ Luke Waterman, *The History of Aitch+* (www.aitchaitch.com/docs [last accessed: 28/02/2056])

that acknowledges Stone's passion for his projects. The writings of Damien Reynolds⁷, Claire Marton⁸ and Ravi Mack⁹ suggest that I am not alone in my sympathies.

Following Stone's meeting with the head of the School of Computing Science and Maths, Dr. Naomi Greer, he began to encourage students of his school to attend those of Computing Science and Maths. Whilst overlaps with other schools (i.e. the School of Humanities) was acceptable Stone was keen on emphasising the benefits of body-invasive technologies and further tempted the students into this particular interdisciplinarity with promises of fame, higher grades and positions within Aitch+. Greer enjoyed the attention of additional students in the class, their ability to fix the medical and surgical equipment, and further private funding from Aitch+. The first evidence we have of actual, physical body-invasion is an anonymous blog post dated 2045, posted at 11:45pm on the 13th August. It reads:

*'[...] there's no point in making this difficult to read, no doubt Stone will force us to write an extensive report on the operation anyway. Let's map it out now. Plain and simple. Amy and Jack opened up the rabbits torso (I don't know how, I'm no surgeon) removed a large portion of the lung and replaced it with our extended lung. Me, Peter and Jackie soldered*** up the few bits that needed soldering and pointed to a gap in the chest where the battery could be stored. Amy and Jack nodded and soldered the rabbit up again. There were no issues. No errors. No faults. Besides the noticeable lump in the rabbits chest everything seemed normal. We turned on Jackie's laptop and logged in to the rabbits lung. No problem. We could alter the lung density and loads of other stuff. It was cool.'*¹⁰

Greer had no disagreement with initial animal experimentation, though later the doctor began to express concern over a number of her students 'who have taken to fidgeting uncomfortably in class' whose 'demeanour had altered greatly from that when they joined the course, and that seemed unsettled, uncomfortable'¹¹. Later, Greer writes to her colleagues at the university complaining about 'a number of students [who] have been unwell recently,' on asking these students for evidence 'they handed me doctors notes, all of which seemed in order, yet they had all suffered from extensive eye irritation'. Greer remained ignorant of the situation until late November when Richard Dixon was removed from the class 'for extending his fingers across the classroom'.

*'If only he hadn't fucked the retraction motor @RHD_Dixon wouldn't have been caught. #badday.'
'What a Dixon, never seen anything like it though. Best. So. Far.'*

Dixon's exclusion and extended fingers lead to the expulsion of over half of the School of Biological and Environmental Studies (nicknamed Bioengineering), he then took up residence in various abandoned offices around Stirling in which his research continued alongside his loyal students. We need not focus on the luring, kidnapping and experimentation on the residents of Stirling for this is well documented and acts only in extension to the paradigm shift we see glimpsed in the accident of Joseph Miller, and realised by the later Alfred Stone.

What begins with laughter for Macrae quickly turns to sickness; not fear, worry or sympathy but a distinct *sickness*. It is only when Macrae realises that 'Joseph is still movin' his woonded arm', and that 'he's got thee arms an' 'n' yin o' thaim is a stoatin hammer' that this sickness is realised. It is important to note that only when accompanied by his boss does Macrae recognise the extent of Williams' 'disfiguration' (hybridization); what was previously comic and absurd is rendered real by the introduction of his boss' gaze. The movement of Williams' arm with additional hammer is then rendered uncanny: like the walking dead, or the walking-talking of robots of late 2023. What we see here is the first instance of electrohybridism¹², Macrae's description of Williams as 'woonded' and 'boak' fails to recognise the potential of the hammer attached to his arm, emphasis is instead placed upon how broken he is, and, we

⁷ Damien Reynolds, *Being the Machine* (www.thereynolds.com/being) [last accessed: 28/02/2056]

⁸ Claire Marton, *Whatever Happened to Aitch?* (www.thehappenedh.com) [last accessed: 28/02/2056]

⁹ Ravi Mack, *Where We Are and How We Got Here* (www.whowherewhy.com/books) [last accessed: 28/02/2056]

¹⁰ Anonymous, 'Alright, so Today...' (www.notanotherhyperlink.press.com) [last accessed: 28/02/2056]

¹¹ Clare Bowry, *The Unsettling Letters: STIRTrans+* (www.bow.ry.unsettle) [last accessed: 28/02/2056]

¹² Coined by Michael H. Lurger in *The Birth of Electrics: We Are All Appliances* (London: Oxford Uni Press, 2050)

would assume, how he would need to be fixed (the fixing no doubt meaning the removal of the item from his arm despite its potential benefits).

What we see in this small accident is the birth of the 'ism' we now readily associate with sexism, racism, ageism and speciesism. This ideological stance remained unchanged in Scotland until project STIRTrans+, and though other isolated incidents internationally slowly revealed the presence of technophobia and electrohybridism little could change the dominating reaction to body-invasive technologies. It was when Greer, on discovering the experimentation taking part in her labs, reacted calmly and rationally that this began to change. Unlike her predecessors, Greer was capable of recognising her own reactions and inconsistencies to body-invasion and hybridisation. In a diary entry written two days after Dixons exclusion she questions her actions:

I continue to wonder whether the action I have taken is the right one. My primary concern is a fusion of theoretical/conceptual ones; what is the role of medicine in the modern world? What of surgery? And what was I to expect when we united the two schools? Technology and computer science is a discipline of the constant future. It is not about the 'now', but the 'what if' and the 'next'. So what about medicine – medicine is about preservation, about aid, the future for medicine is simply how we preserve or aid our bodies up to that which they are humanly capable of. Yet we replace limbs... and those limbs are a major improvement on our own. We've installed those limbs before. I've installed them.

Installed? Formatted? Soldered? Where are my words?! What am I thinking?!¹³

The contrast between the present and the future of medicine as well as the potential of transhumanism upsets Greer's decision to exclude Dixon and further upsets her approach to her work. Whilst she never engaged in transhuman surgery, we can see that she at least *considered* it. Would it be an error to argue that, like Greer, it is only when face to face with physical, real, authentic transhumans that public ideology can alter? Are we too harsh to Stone and his fellow experimenters? Was the STIRTrans+ as much psychological a physical; Stone's intention not only to physically alter his subjects but to dissect and deconstruct the hypocritical and contradictory views of those in the surrounding area?

By Alkine Richards

Lecturer of transhuman studies and electrohybridism at the University of Edinburgh, currently visiting professor of bioengineering at the University of Stirling, Alkine Richards' new book, 'Hyperkinetic Tendencies: Firing the Synapse' will be released next Thursday.

Note(s):

- Project STIRTrans+ was undoubtedly influenced by the CIA's projects into biological warfare, behavioural engineering, mind control, drugs and interrogation in the 1950's [Project MKUltra, MKDELTA, CHATTER, ARTICHOKE, MKOFTEN, MKCHICHWIT], the human experimentation conducted in Unit 731 by the Imperial Japanese Army during WWII and Nazi human experimentation in the 1940's.

¹³ Bowry, *The Unsettling Letters*.

For Dissemination
January 7th 2263
Colony Unit No. 3-98-7862 née Stirling

If you know the enemy and know yourself you need not fear the results of a hundred battles.

-Sun Tzu

I am writing this so that if humans ever recover they might understand [Most of this has been reproduced from ancient journals and newsletters].

The bumblebee conservation trust (BBCT) was set up in 2006 with the intention to conserve bee populations in what was termed the United Kingdom. One of the aims of the BBCT was to legalize neonicotinoid pesticides. The evidence was compiled against neonics; they apparently disoriented bees and may have contributed to what primitive scientists were calling colony collapse syndrome. Using this information to inform their propaganda the BBCT successfully lobbied and neonics were outlawed.

What we call “Ash Tuesday” remembers the day that neonics were destroyed *en masse*. The man who led this organisation was Goulson. It is generally accepted that he was well intentioned at the outset, but he was quickly corrupted. Success often holds the hand of power and power often corrupts. Goulson’s methods were severe, often brutal, and they came to be too much for the BBCT to handle. Goulson was ejected from the organisation. By the first Ash Tuesday in 2036, Goulson was approaching old age. And anyone staring into the abyss of eternity may be forgiven for seeking what the literature of the ancients called the elixir of life.

So it was that Goulson sought commune with the bumblebees. It is not known how he did what he did. We rely on guesses and approximations. What we do know is that towards the end of his known life he published a scientific memorandum regarding the life-enhancing properties of bumblebee exudates. Furthermore, we know that he was spending an increasing amount of time in a custom made apiary, roughly the size of a plossate storage unit. A missing person report can be found on the primitive neural mainframe regarding Goulson for the year 2040.

We now know that he probably made his first foray into symbiosis at this time. Nothing was heard from Goulson for a hundred years, but in the year 2153 he returned.

It was only discovered very recently that Goulson was also responsible for the most dangerous of the bee legions we contact. In his time, legions were called species. Responsible for the majority of the bloodshed in the unnamed tragedy of 2230, The

Underground Legion was fostered by Goulson. A text by Goulson found in the old library on the hill documents his efforts. In his time the Underground Legion was termed *Bombus subterraneus*. This “species” had gone extinct in colony unit 3-98 (the United Kingdom) entirely by the decade of the 1980s. His efforts were successful, too successful.

The ban on neonics and their subsequent destruction left us with no weapon against the onslaught of 2153. It was in 2154 that humanity had to reach an accord with the bees. But it was not until 2174 that Goulson revealed himself to be inextricably linked with the hive mind of the bees. He appeared before humans in all major colony units as a swarm of bees in the shape of a man’s face. His speech was filled with a hatred for humanity. He revealed that his mind fused with the bees’ own. He laid out terms for “coexistence”, terms that we have been living under since.

Without neonics to combat the bees we resorted to older pesticide reserves, DDT being especially favoured. Widespread usage of DDT to fight the bees did not work and only resulted in mass extinction of all bird species and reprisal from the Legions. No birds have been seen on the wing for 32 years.

[THE COMMUNICATION FILE IS CORRUPT. TRANSMISSION ENDS HERE.]

Slowjamz Hogan

Stirling: Scotland's Stronghold

The year was 2027. After a fairly successful five years in power, UKIP leader and Prime Minister Boris Johnson had suffered a drop in popularity; his speeches had begun to sound like rambling nonsense to those who had previously thought so highly of him. Things hadn’t gone as well as hoped in the New United Kingdom since Scotland left and, for some reason, pulling out of the EU had actually made things worse, rather than better. The people wanted things to change, and MPs were no different; a challenge to Johnson’s leadership was mounted, and he lost a ballot to Nadine Dorries, who took over as Prime Minister.

Things didn’t improve for the people of England, Wales and Northern Ireland, however. By 2030, there was a growing movement within Northern Ireland to leave the Union, much like Scotland had, and join up with the Republic, returning to the safety of the EU. A referendum was held in 2032, with the ‘yes’ option taking over 98% of the vote, and then there were two.

The EU had long been a scapegoat for people looking for a cause of their problems, but it became increasingly clear that this was not the reason for any of the New New United Kingdom’s misery. In fact, the EU had been propping up the NUK for some time before it withdrew in 2022, and the economy plummeted in the years that followed. All eyes moved to Scotland, the country that had turned its back on the Union, and selfishly done what was best for it in declaring independence. Having sensed the mood of the nation, Dorries gave a rousing speech in the House of Commons, broadcast across the nation on Al Jazeera, suggesting that taking back Scotland, and reaping the benefits of its

valuable oil, its excellent health service and free education for all, was the only way to fix the NNUK's problems. What's more, she convinced people that it was a fair thing to do, given the treacherous way Scotland had behaved.

A motion to reclaim Scotland was quickly passed through the Commons, and even more quickly through the Lords. The Bill was then passed to King William, who was pleased to give the Royal Assent for the first time since taking over after his father's 17-hour reign ended by his tragic death. It was now official; all the NNUK had to do was assemble its army and head north. The people of Scotland had of course got wind of what was happening down south, although King Alec was not too worried about it.

"My fellow Caledonians," he said, addressing the nation from his throne in Linlithgow Palace. The address was broadcast directly into people's minds, since Scotland's world-leading technology had now made the television (also invented by a Scot, they hastened to remind everyone) redundant. "There is no need to panic about the pathetic advances being made by our jealous former brethren. Their weapons are no match for ours, and they shall not get very far into our glorious land before they are slain, or else sent homeward, tae think again."

Although King Alec is a man of strong conviction, and one who certainly believed what he said, he was still a tad concerned that the NNUK may have a trick up their sleeve, one he wasn't expecting. Just in case, and out of the common courtesy on which he prided himself, he thought he'd led the United Nations know what was happening. The phone at UN headquarters rang and rang, as the few remaining members of staff struggled to remember what to do in such a situation. Eventually, King Alec gave up, and decided to deal with the advancing forces himself, sending down a battalion of Scottish soldiers, armed with the finest weapons in the world, towards the border.

However, they were sidetracked by a few of the fine pubs in southern Scotland, and when the two sides met, the Scots were in no condition to fight, or, at least, in no condition to win. Due to Scotland's long-established problems with alcohol (not lack of supply, the other one), all Scottish vehicles, tools and weapons were now fitted with breathalysers as standard. The Scots' guns would not fire, and their Segways would not allow them to retreat. The NNUK army may have travelled up on horseback, and been armed only with muskets, but they made short work of that drunken rabble, who met a grizzly end just south of Lauder.

When word reached King Alec, he was furious, not least because he was just sitting down to his sausage and steak pie supper. He immediately ordered another two battalions to be sent, first taking the time to address them personally and warn them against repeating the mistakes of the first group. Then, just to be extra-sure, he fled for Aberdeen.

The NNUK army knew that they had caught a lucky break with the first battalion, and that they would not be so fortunate a second time, so altered their path. They began heading west, only moving north again when they reached Lanark, heading for the Scottish capital, Stirling (as it had been since a clerical error in 2017). The Scottish battalions could find no trace of the NNUK army, eventually splitting up, with one group patrolling the border and the other returning to Stirling.

The city had been reinvented as a fortress, just as it had been during the first Wars of Independence, as King Alec had anticipated that someday, Scotland might find itself a target for other countries jealous of its success. This had so far not been needed, and so life in Stirling had consisted largely of basic weapons training, some hand-to-hand

combat training, and watching repeats of *Still Game*. That was all about to change on that fateful Wednesday morning, when most of the city was still recovering from the previous Skint Tuesday at Dusk.

The NNUK army had not planned to arrive at a time when the townspeople were so vulnerable, but they could hardly have had any better luck. The guards at the town gates may or may not have been conscious when the army arrived, but it made very little difference, as they entered with ease. Reports spread around the town of people in Greggs wearing strange clothes, speaking with strange accents, but it was largely dismissed as hearsay.

As the army walked around, they could hardly believe how desolate the town looked. This was Scotland's great fortress? The closest they'd come to a conflict was an encounter with a gentleman with vomit on his tracksuit, asking for €2 for the bus to Alloa. They found their way to the castle without much difficulty, although conceded on arrival that security had been stepped up. A 10ftx10ft moat now ran all the way around, with an imposing portcullis and a drawbridge that didn't look easy to lower from the outside.

The soldiers inside the castle had noticed the intruders, and were beginning to take action. Some were having trouble firing their guns, due to still having some alcohol in their systems from the overindulgence of the previous evening. However, plenty of the guards were entirely sober, and were able to pick off the NNUK forces with relative ease.

Their number almost halved in under a minute, the enemy troops took cover behind a large white van in the car park. After a brief discussion, they opted to retreat to safety, and call for reinforcements, because there was no way they would be able to get inside the castle. However, they had barely reached the top of Baker Street when they were set upon by one of the returning battalions that had pursued them earlier. The NNUK soldiers were wiped out in minutes, their weapons no match for the Scots. However, they had managed to make a distress call prior to being obliterated, and the NNUK had responded with a fighter jet, sent over the border at top speed. No sooner had the Scottish soldiers finished off their opponents, than the jet flew over their heads. It fired three missiles into Stirling Castle, before following them and crashing head-first into the wreckage.

Very few people in Stirling had failed to notice this most recent development, and, against their better judgement, flocked to the scene of the crash to see just what was going on. The majority were stunned to see Nadine Dorries herself climb out of the plane. She took her time, clearly very shaken by everything that had happened, but eventually stood triumphantly atop what remained of Scotland's stronghold.

"I did it!" she shrieked. "Scotland, your advanced technologies and medical care are mine!" Her delight was cut short, however, when a spear arched up from behind the hill atop which the castle had stood, and went straight through Dorries' neck, killing her instantly. The townspeople rushed to see the identity of their saviour, and few were surprised to see King Alec, on a horse, in the fields below.

"It was nothing, really," he would tell reporters just minutes later. "I decided I'd had enough when the snack car on my train ran out of beer *and* crisps, so I found myself a steed and rode home. I had a funny feeling I would be needed in Stirling, though, so I altered my course and, fortunately, arrived just in time. The rest, as they say, will be history."

King Alec claims: “no one has any intention of building a wall”

Edinburgh – 15.06.2061

At a press conference held by leaders of the People’s Republic of Scotland (PRS) in Edinburgh yesterday afternoon, King Alec of Linlithgow replied to allegations about PRS plans to re-erect the Hadrian’s wall: “The builders of our country are fully engaged in residential construction, and its labor force is deployed for that. Nobody has the intention to erect a wall.”

Basis of the allegations have been recent developments within the new communist bloc. The past 2 years have seen strengthening ties between the Democratic People’s Republic of Korea (DPRK) and the PRS. International relations experts agree that this is due to a lucky mixture of significant advances in North Korea’s nuclear capacity and Scottish deep-frying technology. The increasing strength of PRS through their improved trading leverage and the states’ nuclear protection from Far East has recently led to major power shifts. With the US now selling military inventory to buy back their inflationary corn from the world market, the liberal world is suffering the loss of its most important leading state. The west, particularly the New New United Kingdom NNUK, have to rethink their military set-up, if the communist bloc’s newly emerged and unexpected power is to be balanced. As world markets are swamped with deep-fried Mars bars known to incapacitate soldiers to conduct complex tasks, the building of western military capacity to balance North Korean nuclear predominance and the strong Scottish economy will likely emphasize the training of bat-swinging infantry. While this is an important step to rebalance power relations between the PRS-DPRK alliance and liberal states of the west, experts warn that the communist bloc governments may interpret the move as preparation for an actual strike targeting Scotland’s economy. In recent months, King Alec has indicated particular concern about the safety of deep-frying plants along the rivers Clyde and Forth. The recent warnings have sparked vivid public debate in the west

about the nature of the measures PRS may take to counteract the proliferation of western infantry.

PRS laborers commence construction on New Hadrian’s wall.

Edinburgh – 14.08.2061

Allegations about PRS intentions to bastion themselves against western aggression have turned out to be true. Less than two months after King Alec’s reassurance that no one has any intention of building a wall, construction has begun in Newcastle upon Tyne, secured by PRS militia and the People’s Police Force. At the same time the Scottish leadership has announced an immediate stop of plant fat imports for use in the country’s giant deep-fryers, leaving 75% of Scotland’s working population unemployed for the time being. However, plans are being evoked to make deep-frying fat supply independent from imports. King Alec: “We have sent exploration vessels to exploit crude oil reserves in Scotland’s extended economic zone, to cover Scotland’s need for frying fat and assure the continued employment of our working classes”. While the sudden change from plant fat to crude oil should be considered with a pinch of concern, it is yet likely to create employment in the country’s natural resource sector and will literally fuel the productivity of Scottish deep-fryers. A PRS government spokesperson confirmed that innovations are also made in the Mars bar sector. Researchers in the People’s Institute of Nutritional Research achieved a milestone in assuring nutritional security for its people. The institute’s head, Dr. Ronald McDonald, announced on Friday: “After years of research our team managed to isolate Mars Bar DNA and plant it into parsnip. The breed is fertile and perfectly adapted to Scottish climate conditions”. Fully independent from raw material imports, Scotland will have a monopoly in the deep-fried Mars bar sector. While the World Trade Organisation announced investigations, the PRS’s most important western trade partners are considering an embargo on deep-fried produce from the country.

Is the PRS falling apart?

Edinburgh– 27.09.2089

MI6 intelligence could derive last week that PRS and DPRK relations have been overshadowed by disagreements concerning the 2061 trade deal of DPRK nuclear protection in exchange for unlimited supplies of deep-fried Mars bars. According to the report produced by the NNUK's prestigious foreign intelligence service, DPRK's population has seen an average weight gain of 23kg since 2014, while life-expectancy has declined to 32 years, mostly due to cardiovascular disease and depression. Also, the number of fatal traffic accidents in the capital Pyongyang has increased significantly, as pedestrians are barely distinguishable from concrete pavement.

In a secret conference attended by representatives of both nations, DPRK leaders insisted on an immediate replacement of deep-fried Mars bar exports through neeps, tatties and frozen peas, if DPRK nuclear protection is to be continued. The PRS, forced to agree to the new terms, is struggling to adopt the contractual amendments into domestic policy. With Scotland's deep-frying factory workers being faced with unemployment and poverty, thousands have taken to the streets in protest against the PRS's dependence on a marginalized economy to provide for external security. In addition, satellite surveillance could reveal large-scale destruction of Mars bar plantations by angry mobs and uprisings in the country's many deep-frying factories. The NNUK border agency reports buckets full of frying fat and Mars bars being catapulted over the new Hadrian's Wall into the English midlands; probably in attempts by PRS citizens to control the overproduction of deep-fried Mars bars and secure continued employment of the working classes. MIT professor for social policy and economic development, Prof. Dr. Tess Tickle, presented a paper to the American Economic Association in which she explains that the PRS government is

unlikely to withstand the pressure exerted by its own population.

Hadrian's wall coming down in Newcastle upon Tyne

Newcastle upon Tyne – 10.11.2089

After protests in the PRS have gained momentum and parts of the Scottish People's Army have deserted and are hiding out in establishments of the Belhaven pub division, Scottish military officials have ordered the opening of border crossings in Newcastle upon Tyne last night. The move is probably an attempt of the PRS government to preempt the impending invasion of NNUK troops into Scottish territory. Pictures at the scene were dramatic. Thousands of Scots traveled into England where they were received with open arms and invited into the local nightlife to get absolutely pissed. King Alec announced the liberalization of Scotland's economy, probably to attract foreign investments in Scotland's rich natural resources and follow suit with expectations imposed on Scotland by the WTO.

The opening of the border will lead to a different global political landscape. Having lost bargaining power in bilateral relations with DPRK, the Scotland is expected to lose its Far Eastern nuclear protector. As Scotland's significant move to the centre-right could well be a deception, it needs to be handled with good care and the most feasible option for the neighboring NNUK to assure Scotland's continued adherence to liberal values would be the replacement of its communist government. While official sources deny any such plan, our informants supplied us documents according to which the NNUK government is in fact making plans for the secret deployment of Special Forces to round up the Scottish government and conjoin the country with the NNUK. Considering the NNUK's failure to defeat King Alec in the last invasion of Scotland in 2032, it is likely that plans of a new invasion would remain at the highest level of confidentiality.

Chut Wutty

The Truth at Culloden

It's 2153. The city walls are all that remains the same, impervious to all. The oxidised copper plaque - commemorating how these walls were built in 1547 to keep out the English enemy - hangs from its one remaining bolt. It'll fall off in the next blast. Stirling hasn't been the same since the economy went under in the last great depression. No amount of fiscal stimulus can save the world from the ravages of philosophy and the creeping realisation that everything is utterly arbitrary and meaningless. But while the economy wakes up under a park bench with a popular brand of tonic wine, the past few years have brought their benefits too. A band of anarchic-botanical-activists hacked the Amazon, planted their cuttings and now kindles grow on trees. It's the only thing that saved reading after the books got burnt for heat and light.

I am just an Englishman. Cheap English labour to help the renovation of Stirling Castle Luxury Hotel and Spa. I sleep outside the walls but they let me in to work. I clear out the rubble underneath to build another subterranean pool, clean out the accumulation of trash from the stock rooms. In my spare time I collect vintage computers. Worthless, unusable things, but it's a simple pleasure of mine to root around the motherboards, rewire them and see the spark of life flicker in their screens, the fans whirring again after a century spent deep in dusty corners of flats whose only tenants are rapidly evolving rats. I'm telling you all this by way of background, you must understand. The real story was the one that I couldn't fix. I found it as I was clearing out the old castle. A real vintage specimen: a laptop, one of the last old models before the tablet revolution. I can't work out why, but I couldn't fix it, the screen was permanently frozen, somehow, on an antique piece of internet web-log. The real story was what it said...

16th September 2014

I type this from a bench outside the walls of the city of Stirling. The castle stands imperiously above me, but the clouds descending look more threatening, to me. I'm not supposed to have an opinion on the indy ref in two days time: it's not my place, apparently, as an Englishman, to meddle in the affairs of the Scotland I love and live in. As a historian I have different ideas. About a week ago I found a book in the library of Stirling Castle that had fallen behind the Burns collection that nobody else had read in a while. Scraping off its thick fur of dust off I found a green leather bound tome with gold-leaf lettering: 'The True History of Culloden'. I was contemptuous, initially. I never had much truck with the historical conspiracies that are inevitably prefixed with 'True'. And yet there was a certain something about this book. A certain something that kept me from dismissing it and returning it to its dusty, hidden state, and my scholarly research on Burns. Despite myself I cracked the spine and read the words of its anonymous author.

'All was not immediately clear in the dreich aftermath of Culloden. Heavenly rain wept over the earth upon which countless bodies were killed and much Jacobite and Hanoverian blood was spilt.

'The biased metropolitan media of the London establishment immediately pronounced a rout, and a victory for the forty year old union. 2000 sacrificed

for the folly of one man they said. To the present day they have kept up this convenient fiction.

'Let me tell thee, reader, I was present on that fateful day on that blasted moor by Inverness, and the only side that did the routing was Bonnie Prince Charlie's! With haste we overthrew the English yoke and put it to the sword, beating them back as far as the Wall of Hadrian! There we stopped to rebuild the Scotland of yore, leaving England to its sclerotic conservative party and imagined ownership of all its eyes rested upon.

'Immediately fair prince Charlie set out to create a utopia with an unelected head of state. Adam Smith, just a mere twenty years old, was made chancellor in the hope of effecting a fairer distribution of wealth. The Scottish parliament was moved back to its historical site at the converted abbey of Cambuskenneth, and the images of Robert the Bruce and William Wallace were fashioned out of the side of Dumyat to remind the people who they were. Bliss was it to be alive that dawn, when the rising sun turned their stone blades blood red.

'But all was not well for long. To keep the Bonnie Prince's promises our rapidly flourishing culture was privatised and sold to the bidder with the most friends and reasonably sized bank account. Walter Scott, not yet born, was sold off regardless to write a popular series of heretical children's novels, of the sort people still enjoy past the appropriate age range. That was the plan: he was never heard from again.

'From Cambuskenneth, parliament was getting restless. Sadly the sale of Walter Scott had failed to raise enough funds to cover the monthly payments on the abbey conversion, and it was soon repossessed and turned into a popular high-street fried haggis bar. Thusly the members of parliament decamped to the pub for a stooshie.'

I was astonished, as you could imagine. Here, hidden in the heart of the land of symbols of Scottishness, was evidence

And that's where it ended. I recount this to you because on that specific word the laptop broke for its final time, unfixable and unrecoverable. Trust me, I've tried. All my attempts to seek out the authenticity or existence of either the author of the book or the web-log or the history have also failed. I guess the truth died with the library of the castle when it was turned into the luxury wood panelled suite – people will pay good money for a heritage they don't quite understand.

I definitely do know that Scotland is currently independent and navigating this global world than insular, sclerotic old England (some things never change). At what cost though? To sell off the silver to live a little American dream. The people don't seem to mind. Hooked up to their tartan materialist IVs they can ignore what's going on and pretend the promises of a better world to come came true.

Fanny Predicts

***Tuesday September 18th 2263
Venus-Moon angle: 3.14159265359°***

Aries

You are one horny wee goat.

Taurus

You thought it was good idea to get a pet unicorn until you realise you were sold a very convincing, yet tragically disfigured horse. It looked better on Ebay. It might be the year 2263, but unicorns are still a mythical creature, ye fanny!

Gemini

You discover that tea has the property to heal all the world's miseries when cured in Italian sausage meat. War, famine and disease cured by a super blended meaty brew. Money and fame await, you run forth towards a life full of bliss only to realise an asteroid is hurtling towards the Earth. Och well.

Cancer

Your new haircut looks pure mince, by the way.

Leo

You are correct in your assumption, the Illuminati ARE conspiring against you and your shower head DOES have a hidden camera inside it. So you should stop singing along to that bint Rhianna before you are taken in for systematic torture.

Virgo

Didn't your mother ever warn you? Even if she IS a robot, you can still catch chlamydia.

Libra

You need to stop worrying about what Mars is doing to Venus and start worrying about what yer maw is doing to oh s**t sorry!

Scorpio

No matter how loudly she snores, it is still not acceptable to dismember her nose and use it as a key ring.

Sagittarius

You wake up after having been cryogenically frozen since 2013 to realise that all your friends and family have died, and that Maggie Thatcher has been resurrected and re-born. Subsequently, you throw yourself off the nearest bridge only to be rescued by a flying manatee who takes you to a rave in the Outer Hebrides. Here's a tip: you'll need some strong acid to get you through the night.

Capricorn

Guess what star sign Elvis Presley was.

Aquarius

The double headed porpoise is travelling around the other side of your moon this month, meaning that you will definitely have to feign from dancing like a fanny and focus on finding your mate. This is your one and only chance at true love, so dinnae baws it up.

Pisces

All your future star sign predictions will come true.

Scotland from 1763 - 2263: The Truth at Culloden, North Korean Alliances, and the Insectoid Overlords...or “the Zine”.

Issue 3, September 18th 2263

While we are unable to reveal our sources, we pledge that this publication is dependably chimerical, and consistently disingenuous, in accordance with the standards and practices recommended by the International League of Journalists.

Cover design: Ewan John

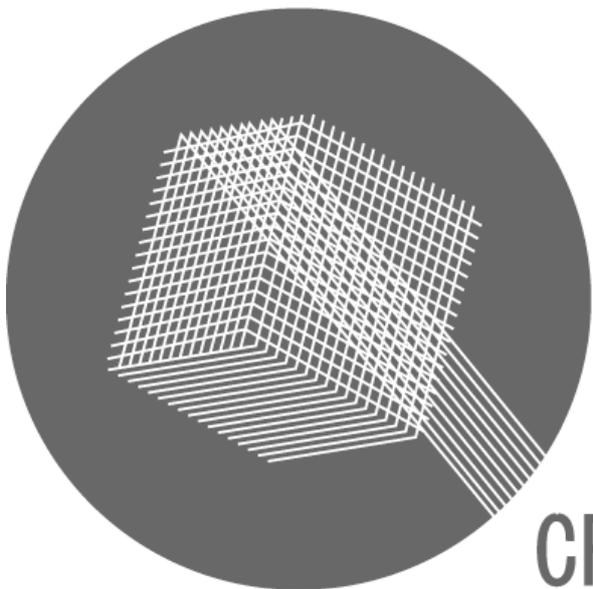
This Zine was created by volunteer writers in the local Stirling area, and funded by Creative Stirling: <http://www.creativestirling.org>

Get Involved:

zine@creativestirling.org

#stirlingzine

<http://www.creativestirling.org/zine>



CREATIVESTIRLING



EWAN JOHN © 2013

