

THE RED SHIRT

THE BULLETIN THAT'LL SAVE YOUR LIFE MAY (PT.2) #XLIII



LIAM GOES IN TO HIDING AFTER CO-STREAM



MAN ON THE TV: Move over Max Headroom, there's another talking head in town

MYSTERIOUS MASKED MAN ON THE MOON HAUNTING OUR TELEVISIONS?

Children's cartoons. The evening news. Live sports. EastEnders. Channels where you phone in to talk to sexy ladies. Thousands of people around the world have described a strange masked man appearing on their television sets on Tuesday 11th May.

Engineers at the television stations were bamboozled by the feed interruption, saying "the signal did not come from this country... in fact, I don't think it came from this planet at all."

Children were said to be terrified. Cups of tea were dropped. A chorus of gasps could be heard on every street in every neighbourhood.

No one could make out what he was saying, his voice, though strangely familiar, seemed distorted and in pain.

What was he saying?

Why had he appeared?

Was he a star man that had come from above to warn us that we only had five years left?

As always, the World Wide Web's Greatest Detective has the truth!

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RISE OF THE SLEEP STREAM?

There has been a sudden rise in a new style of stream, often joked about as being akin to an art film from the sixties. It is the so-called 'sleep stream'.

These live webcam feeds revolve around the people sleeping in a deep slumber in their beds. A peaceful voyage in to a subservient limbo of good behaviour, for the longer they sleep, the less they stay up late and question the rule of the world.

I can reveal that these are Government-funded channels, with thinly-veiled propaganda to encourage the workers and those 'who know too much' to sleep in their own 'comfy' beds.

But fear not, our comrade Frenchtoastplease is on the case. His chaos streams, filled with glitches and carnage are exactly what you need to keep you awake, keep the cause going and also stop Freddy getting you.

"I LEFT HIM ALIVE LONG ENOUGH FOR THE SEQUEL"
- BETAMAX BEANS

SUSPICIOUS 'TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES' PLAGUE STREAM

By BEANS MACLEOD

A sold-out audience witnessed the highly-anticipated showdown between Liam and myself in Madison Square Garden on Wednesday, May 5th.

Viewers watched a battle like no other, one filled with arguments, rants and ramblings. At seven separate points, the viewers held their breath thinking that Liam and myself would fall out. But after four action packed hours, we made it to the end, or rather, I should say Liam was lucky to make it to the end, with the bell ringing while I had him on the ropes.

Of course, the refereeing standard needs to be questioned and I have lodged a formal complaint with President Jack Tunney. Do I expect anything to be done about it? Yes, I expect it to be swept under the carpet like all of the other corruption I have uncovered.

Liam was out of his depth, and there were times where the stream suffered so-called 'audio technical difficulties' where my microphone ended up being muted for extended periods of time.

Do not believe these lies, people. There were no 'sound problems'. Do you not find it funny that it was only my microphone that went dead? Liam, along with the members of the Federation, the arena's production team and even the PPV providers were all in on it.

Their golden boy was humiliated, embarrassed and left red and speechless. According to my sources, at the moment this newsletter was written, he has in fact fled and is hiding in Oban.

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THE FILING CABINET

BRINGING YOU THE STUFF THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW



LIAM GOES IN TO HIDING AFTER CO-STREAM

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If he ever returns, I welcome a rematch with Liam, if it's only to finish the job. That, and I didn't even get a chance to destroy him at any of the games we had planned to play.

Dozens of messages were left on forums across the world wide web, with many viewers desperately dialling their modems up to the internet to give their thoughts on the stream (pictured left).

A variety of characters, both real and fictional, were thrown in to the mix and rated based on various attributes. Of course, both myself and Liam disagreed on many of them.

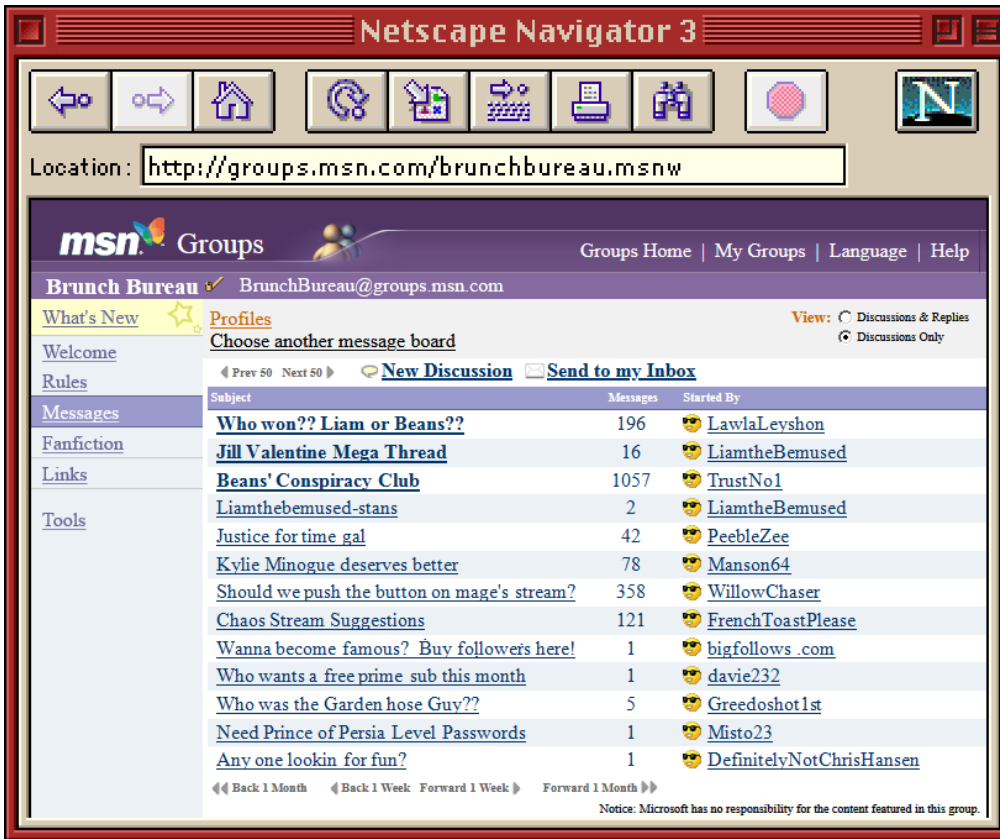
The winner of the day was the lovely Jillian Valentine. A local resident of Raccoon City, she received a thunderous ovation of cheers, whistles and cat-calls as tens were displayed across the board of judges.

Blaze Fielding, a no-nonsense street fighter, came second with a joint score of seventeen out of twenty.

Sailor Uranus, part of the troublesome girl gang who run around in school girl outfits, came third, mainly due in part to Liam's high score. I couldn't bring myself to give a girl of her age a high score, wearing such an inappropriately short skirt and high heels when she's supposed to still be in school. I'm more of a Sailor Mars man myself.

THE TWITCH.TELEVISION'S TOP TEN

	Bns	Lm	TTL
JILL VALENTINE	10	10	20
BLAZE FIELDING	9	8	17
SAILOR URANUS	6	10	16
BARRY BURTON	6	9	15
YUNA (FFX-2)	5	10	15
CAMMY (KYLIE M.)	8	5	13
HUMAN SHREK	5	6	11
FIRE EMBLEM GUY	2	9	11
FLORIAN SCHNEIDER	8	2	10
AQUA (K'HEARTS)	3	6	9



MESSAGE BOARDS: Fans flocked to forums to express their opinions

MYSTERIOUS MASKED MAN ON THE MOON HAUNTING OUR TELEVISIONS?

(continued from page 1)

The mystery and origin of the smartly-dressed star man can be found right here.

The story involves the viewers of a streaming channel and a big, shiny red button that caused it all. They had been warned not to press it. The button was expensive and out of reach of the hands of the common viewer for a reason.

But on Tuesday 11th May, it was pressed. A slap that brought a popular streamer's channel to a standstill of terror and dread.

Comrade Mage's last words, said in little more than a whisper beneath the crescendo of sirens, warnings and rocket ships, were "What did I say? Oh God, what have you done? WHY? I said [illegible] don't push the [illegible] that's a bad thing you've—"

Then he was gone. Sucked in to the black void of nothing and leaving a hole in our hearts destined to be never filled.



Bob at his post in the listening station

But then there was hope. A radio operator in Ohio picked up a message during one of his shifts. A voice, faint, cracked, but most certainly our doomed comrade who we thought had been lost to wander the abyss forever.

The boy, looking extremely concerned and uneasy, said "I'll forever remember those horrifying words."

"What were they?" I asked, placing a hand of comfort on his shoulder.

"I'm animated now... I'm a cartoon."