### Journal of PseudoScience

### Volume 2



#### Introduction

Satellite Conventions were so delighted by the wall of indifference that met the inaugural pSpecial Issue of the Journal of pSeudoScience that we immediately wanted to rush out Volume 2 (where 'rush' is a time period defined as 4 years). Clearly you have not been discouraged by the numerous outpourings of apathy to this endeavour, as we have received even more pSubmissions than before.

So here we are. Please be delighted and entertained by another pSelection of drabbelic goodness covering topics such as perpetual motion (a pSeudo-Science pStaple), pan-pSpermia, writing pSequels and random pSampling.

Please pSavour these at your leisure.

The Committee

#### **#201: Renewables Grant Application**

This application is to fund investigation into the major question in science today, what is the best fuel to replace gas when heating our homes. Much study has been done into heat pumps, batteries and renewable energy but we believe there is one major source not yet tapped.

As such we are applying to cover the costs incurred in gaffa taping a puce coloured gentleman of advanced years and right leaning politics to a standard domestic boiler and supplying him with sufficient populist click bait about 'Millennials' to generate a steady temperature.

We expect financial savings of avocado toast proportions.

Brian (Munchkin) Milton

### **#202: No survivors from recent lethal explosion in Grantchester STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL SUMMARY**

Joseph Blagg's hobbies included unorthodox research. He recently remarked 'Nothing is impossible'. Told 'Try fitting a quart into a pint pot' he responded: 'I need three months'.

His quantum excitation-confinement field caused individual atoms to oscillate at ever increasing frequencies. Iron atoms had been accelerated to 0.5c, Lorentz contraction reducing their volume by 25% while increasing their mass, when a power cut caused explosive collapse of the field.

Atoms escaping at 0.5c did considerable damage which has been difficult to explain officially.

This has major military implications. We must secure all copies of papers by JB which scientific journals rejected.

Sandy Morrison

#### **#203: Perpetual Motion Machine**

A suggestion has been made that a perpetual motion machine can be composed of a cat with a buttered piece of toast on its back. This is nonsense. The only result would be butter spread across every available surface and a very angry cat. A better schematic for perpetual motion is a toddler with a forbidden piece of candy in its hand, running from a single parent intent on confiscating the illicit goods. This small, energetic human could keep going for hours, tiring the parent out, and enabling acquisition of another piece of candy to start the process over again.

Lynda Manning-Schwartz

#### **#204: A research supervisor speaks**

"Well lad, I can't fault you for trying an interesting experiment but you've broken the system again. It was bad enough when you let it all get out of hand with all those giant bitey lizard things but this time, the place a-swarm with hairless apes ransacking and destroying the very things they need to live. It's just a mess now and there is nothing for it but to reset to factory defaults. Rescue anything you particularly like, some of the flowers would be worth another go, and then I'll order in the asteroids to wipe it clean once more."

Brian (Munchkin) Milton

#### #205: UnConventional Saturday Night

He was tall, dark, handsome and fit. Formal three-piece suit, hair mane swept back, white face makeup and visible sharp plastic canines; it was clear how he'd presented in the Fancy Dress.

She'd been Little Red Riding Hood.

She'd come up to his room, and he offered a glass of Tokaj from the bottle chilling in the cooler - he didn't drink "Vine" - while he slipped into the bathroom "to change into something a little less constraining".

So she was surprised when the bathroom door opened a few minutes later to reveal a ravenous looking wolf.

Three bites.

Tasty.

Brian Ameringen

# **#206: Become the real you – with confidence built on utter certainty!**

Let the Philosophy Store resolve all your uncertainties in life! Be assured that you can have an unshakeable belief in anything you wish!

Whether you prefer to reconfirm your existing religion and philosophy of life or convert to something entirely different, complete lifelong conviction and satisfaction are guaranteed!

Our advanced combination of AI-driven hypnosis, FDA-approved drugs and electronic brainwave restructuring allows us to permanently guarantee the certainty of your convictions!

The price? A modest 1% of your annual salary and 10% of your soul.\*

\*As we firmly believe you have a soul, it is immaterial whether you also believe it.

Sandy Morrison

#### **#207: Truth And Consequences**

I was born in Roswell, New Mexico (USA) nine months after "The Roswell Incident." Throughout my life, I have been repeatedly contacted by various people, some even serious, who pretend to want to determine the "real explanation" about what happened during that time. I have told the truth to these people: "There are no alien influences in Roswell." I have not told all that I know, of course. All of the relevant aliens reside in Washington, DC. Just consider Congressional misinformation about real humans.

I no longer write nonfiction speaking truth. Naturally, I have become a fantasy writer and poet.

Lynda Manning-Schwartz

#### **#208: Review the list first**

The scientist, all wild hair and nervous tics, whipped off the sheet. "Behold, my annoyance remover. I have let it scan my brain for a list of things that annoy me and it will now remove those that fit the parameters from the entire universe." He grabbed the lever and pulled.

Over the next five minutes the audience watched in shock as first the scientist's hair, then his messy clothes and finally his entire person faded from existence. Sadly they didn't tell anyone about it as the machine moved on to 'other bloody scientists who needed taking down a peg'.

Brian (Munchkin) Milton

#### #209: Sequel

"Look," whispered Chuck, and George lifted his eyes to the heavens. (There is always a last time for everything.)

Overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out.

"Hmmm," mused George, "even if those stars were extinguished the instant the last name printed, their light takes many years to reach us...

"So, there would appear to be two possibilities: either the monks were right, and there really is a God with nine billion names.

He hesitated "Or, we are living in a digital simulated universe, and will soon wake up in the 'real' one...

"I wonder which is true..."

Brian Ameringen

#### **#210: The Great Fall**

John edged his way along the rocky ledge, collected the chess-board and refolded the table. Then he gathered the scattered chess pieces.

He shook his head; one player must have had a clear advantage, so the other upset the game. Only a dishonest mind would then precipitate the winning player into the maelstrom below.

He couldn't reveal these facts to his readers, but logically two such gigantic intelligences would find an appropriate way to resolve their differences. Resorting to violence would be anathema to one, but second-nature to the other.

Both were missing... as were the black and white kings...

Brian Ameringen

#### **#211: Infinitesimal**

The Device filled the night sky with darkness so full it seemed to

shimmer, obscuring the galactic spiral like the wings of great black swan.

The Savant indicated the Button. "Universal Hegemon! Our eons of toil are rewarded. Boundless and unquenchable energy are within our grasp, Mighty Beneficence, depress the button and initiate the Instrumentality of Man!"

Omeg, Thousandth Lord of the Parallélépipède extended a finger. He paused "and again Savant, it is safe?"

"Never safer OverMan! Safe to the nth minus one degree!"

The Button clicked. The sequence began, whisking space.

"Of course there is the infinitesimal risk that-----

Jim Gemmill (The Dark Elder)

#### **#212: Concerning the causative relationship of rainbows and pots of gold.**

The association between rainbows and pots of gold (POGs) has long been the subject of fable and anecdote. However, empirical data concerning the role of POGs in rainbow formation has hitherto been scarce. We attended 153 rainbow sightings and observed POGs at rainbow origin points (ROPs) in every case. To investigate a causal link we removed POGs from 10 ROPs (by controlled detonation), which resulted in instant fading of the rainbow. Interestingly, replacement of POGs at these ROPs did not result in rainbow re-appearance. Our data therefore indicate that POGs are a necessary, but not sufficient, condition of rainbow formation.

A.E. Smith

#### **#213: Author's Introduction To The** New Feng Shui

You may think this book deserves pride of place between your signed Erich Von Danikens and first edition of Hollow Earth Theory For Dummies, facing West. Then again you might feel it gives a better aura balanced on your lap pouring its wisdom into your head, leaving no room for scepticism, but you would be wrong. Your money is contented in my bank account. Rest assured of that. Send more to keep it company if you are worried for its welfare. This volume will in fact be at its happiest in the bin, awaiting recycling. You need read no further.

Arthur Chappell

# **#214: Random sampling across the Universe**

The Cosmotrieve  $\mathbb{R}^{\mathbb{M}}$  now operates in a hidden bunker after an angry mob attacked it, following its acquisition of contemporary accounts of the crucifixion of Jesus.

Unfortunately its transtemporal quantum superposition operating principle makes it impossible to control the time or place from which it obtains small artefacts.

Among recent findings were texts in three utterly incomprehensible alphabets. Scientists have confirmed the paper could not have been made on Earth.

Most controversial of all is the report in Italian on asbestos 'paper', detailing Satan's endeavours to increase the torments of Hell by turning it into a free enterprise Capitalist culture.

Sandy Morison

#### **#215: Must Try Harder**

God Almighty, I'm afraid your Universe machine cannot be patented. It is subject to thermodynamic laws, and removing component parts, namely, mortal life-forms, does not affect the overall apparatus one iota. You knew this of course, being omniscient as well as having flooded out one of your worlds in its infancy, and I see you already plan to burn it away rather soon too. All that stuff with the Holy Book, and your Son really makes no difference to the contraption. Saturn looks pretty though. You made this in a week, which is impressive. Perhaps next time, take two. Next!

Arthur Chappell

# **#216:** Panspermia revisited – an evidence-based approach

Hoyle's theory that life on Earth originated in space (panspermia) has been postulated but formerly lacked evidence. Previously Davidson noted that Clangers' genetic make-up is structurally <u>omega</u>-substituted <u>octylo</u>lefins ( $\omega$ -ool) (Davidson, *J. pSci.*, **1**, 6, (2018)). Near-identical genetic material has also now been observed in terrestrial fauna, e.g. the Scottish Falsetto Socks (*Soccus Pupa Alba Voce Altissima*) and Lambchops (*Agnus Costa*). As there is no physical contact between the planets involved, the source of genetic material must be a common progenitor, supporting the panspermia theory. This is probably a  $\omega$ -ool-based creature that has mastered instantaneous hyperspace travel, i.e. a Jumper.

Michael Davidson

### **#217: Two Bits**

"I've got you now, Superman!"

"Luthor! ... however did you find me?"

"Child's play... you're clean-shaven and hair's cut, - impossible under a yellow sun. So you have to ablute in red sunlight, daily.

"Tracking led to your Fortress of Solitude, and my genius gained me access with my pet bazooka..." He patted the tube on his shoulder, before firing at the glass wall sheltering his enemy.

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"Damn you! It was foolproof... " Luthor writhed in Superman's grip.

"That glass wall, Luthor, came from the Bottle-City-of-Kandor. Red-sunned glass on one side, but yellow sunlight on the other...

Brian Ameringen

#### **#218: Trans Species Gene Splicing, An Overview from News Media Headlines**

22/3/2028

Intelligence Increase in Gene-Spliced Mice Reported. Frankenmice?

5/11/2050 Water Wars Worsen as Temperatures Increase. Chemical and Biological Weapons deployed.

27/9/2098

Scientist Sentenced to Death after Stealing Power for Experiments. "It was for an idea I got from the mice," she says.

7/6/2130 Human Intellagense, Intellijence, Cleverness less.

4/8/2149 Thu Mise are Saving Us

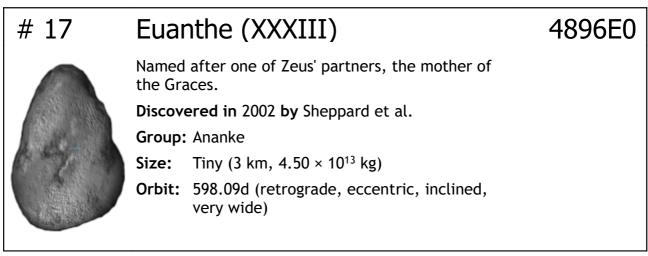
26/8/2228

Scientists Planning to Add Murine Genes to Humans.

The decrease in human intelligence has been attributed to a combination of long-term plastic poisoning and the indiscriminate use of WMDs during the Climate Wars.

"We feel an obligation to help them," said Nobel Prize Winner Squeak.

Elsie WK Donald



### #219: Cleaning Up

Her hand banged the bin rim hard, it toppled and the contents partly spilled.

Scooping up the screwed-up paper she dumped it back, but one crumpled ball rolled across the carpet.

She smoothed it out:

#### Siseneg

At the ending The Adversary destroyed the heavens and the Earth. And the Earth had both form and structure, and light shone on the face of the deep. And The Adversary said, "Let there be Dark". And lo! - there was DARK. It was evening, it was night, the Last Day.

Nice, she thought, but what use is a story that's exactly 50 words?

Brian Ameringen

# **#220:** The existence of *n*-space in domestic environments

In topology, it is well-established that any knot in three dimensions can be untied in higher dimensional *n*-space. Inversely, any set of fixed parallel strings in 3-space must be knotable in *n*-space. This is frequently observed in domestic environments where, for example, neatly laid cables can become hopelessly knotted without ever unplugging either end. Although the involvement of *n*-space is clearly implied, it seems to exist only in darkened recesses (e.g. behind televisions, under computer desks) and at times when not being observed. The causal force of these *n*-spaces is unknown although the author suspects it is aliens. Or cats.

Michael Davidson

#### **#221:** Two Plus Two Equals Four

"Heathcliff, throw the switch, single power!" yelled Kathy the kunekune.

Heathcliff the hog nodded and enabled 1c-speed.

"Only three quarters of an hour to Jupiter," smiled Kathy the kunekune. "Time for a couple of chapters." She sat back, reached underneath her seat,

retrieved and opened her book.

"Not that again?" asked Heathcliff the hog.

"I love it," grinned Kathy the kunekune. "Of all the books old George has written, it's my very favourite!"

"I quite like 2095 myself," mused Heathcliff the hog.

But Kathy the kunekune did not reply; she was far too engrossed in the story of Human Farm.

Heather Turnbull

#### #222: Warning: Do Not Use Zapakeech Toilet Cleaner

Major retailers have announced an urgent product recall on ZapakeechTM Toilet Cleaner, lingering traces of which, in the toilet bowl, may cause stray skin or blood cells lingering on the surface of human waste to mutate and multiply, rapidly converting the biological matter at hand into copies of itself, eventually creating a perfect, miniature clone of the progenitor. Since this process will not have been completed until some time after the flush, the flusher may be unaware of the flushee's true nature. Early reports indicate that a thriving civilisation of tiny, human turdclones exists in the sewers beneath our feet.

Alastair D McIver

#### **#223: The curse of social media**

Doctor Lomax stood on the observation deck, he enjoyed these moments, but what he saw now saddened him. The planet, still quite beautiful, had a population on the verge of great things. Just at the point of exploring their last great frontier, but technology had hindered their progress rather than assisted it.

Captain Anderson entered the laboratory.

"Yet another failure, Doctor?"

"Hello Captain, sadly yes. Just like so many other examples, they're at the social media and bickering stage".

"Doctor, you know we can't intervene, let's move on to the next planet, what's this one designated?"

"They call it Earth!"

Tim Buckle

#### **#224: In Appreciation Of Your Support**

Thank you for buying *Your Gullibility Runs The World Volume Five*, (£368.99), at our ninth '*Are you Really That Dumb*' conference, (apparently you are). *Set Your Rhododendrons Out Along The Ley Lines, Loch Ness Monster – The Barnsley Sightings, JFK found on the Moon, The Flintstones Is Creationist Documentary Evidence*, you absorb the lot, no questions asked. Your support helps ensure perpetual war, austerity and climate change denial. Splendid!

Remember our slogans. 'Common sense gives you cancer'. 'Darwin – Just Say No'. Hope you still have time in all that non-thinking to run the country, Prime Minister. Yours, Pestilence, Four Horsemen Publications.

Arthur Chappell

#### #225: In The Pub

"How many words make a story?"

"Like 'The last man on Earth sat alone in his room...'?"

"Last woman ...?"

"Or plumber ...?"

"Plumber?"

"Yeah... tap..."

"But that's Flash Fiction... Hemingway's supposed to have started it - 'Baby shoes for sale. Never worn."

"In your case 'Typewriter, five reams. Unused.' See, two words saved."

"Title: 'Keyboards Are Shape-changing Carnivores? I've Never Heard Such...!!' - No words."

"Is that a story?"

"I liked 'If Eve Had Not Conceived...' and a full-stop – or for Americans, a period."

"Ouch! But perhaps a bit too subtle ... "

Brian Ameringen

#### #226: Happy Birthday, Mr. Kneale

From the forests, the roads and the stones they come. The Martian, the Witch and the Rat. Called to the ancient stone circle by forces they cannot comprehend, they meet the Yeti, the Woman in Black and Big Brother. Rocket scientists, rebellious youths, bikers and refugees drift in and out of the shadows. Ancient evils lurk and the audience watch on, living vicariously through the misfortunes of others. All called by the will of their great creator they gather to celebrate the anniversary while above them all he sits, hands manipulating them all like an alien creature in Westminster Abbey.

Brian (Munchkin) Milton

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