

special edition
cheap newspaper vol.6
wnp press, 15 july

latest news

this is a special edition of the cheap newspaper. it is special because it is not published on monday. fortunately, the wnp press takes a break for a week, so there will be no issue on the 18-th of July as expected, so you'll just have to stick with the special edition for a while. special edition has different rules – there are no rules. if in ordinary cheap newspaper you can expect interviews, stories and other certain things, here you can only expect surprises and different funky stuff.



Looking For A Texture

It is said that a texture which you can see on the picture above actually exists. It means that in one of the cities of the planet there is a city square (the one where the market stands) which is paved with textured rock. You are called to find this city, locate this very square and bring back a part of the rock with a texture. The award is most excellent - one million dollars. Please, before you start packing, read some tips.

Tip One. Some people say that this is a city located somewhere in the East. They make the conclusion by analyzing the texture pattern. Such patterns are commonly used in Asia and northern parts of India.

Tip Two. There are rumours that this city is always in the shadow of the mountain, so it's always dim in that city.

Tip Three. Take with you: tooth paste, food, something to wear, plane tickets, gun, pistols, computer, watch dog, a camel, hunt dog, notebook (or Pocket PC), guard dog, cell phone, chase dog, cd player, cds, a dictionary collection, battle dog, a truck, two deer, wood, wife (no girlfriends please!), a set of knives, cook books, tree climbing instructions, exotic animal encyclopedia,

bark dog (soundmaker), horse, pig (to eat), rifle (to hunt), money, credit cards, keys, glasses, hats, socks, underwear, a carry dog.

Tip Four. Don't tell noone - if you keep your trip a secret, you get more chances to win!

Tip Five. This newspaper is the only public source of the contest. Don't promote it and you'll get a guarantee that you will be one of the few happy guys to set up for a journey for one million dollars.

However, you must also understand that if during your journey you: break something (arm, leg), get into a difficult situation (get robbed, lost, killed) or citizens will not let you destroy their textured city square to take a sample rock, organizers of the compo will not be held responsible, because there are none. This compo is a logical paradox - it has an award from organizers, but there are no organizers in the first place. Yet, the compo is really announced. Go figure.

rocky, rocky mountains, evil, evil roads...

Foolish Things

Have you ever wanted to do foolish things?
Just sit there and make toys out of paper?
Or count your hair? Or compose a tower with
tennis balls? Did people call you a fool, mad
and stupid?

Well, perhaps, you are mad and stupid,
especially doing that hoola dance, but the
question is - why? What makes us do foolish
things?

Doing foolish things is quite liberating, like
crafting a Cheap Newspaper. You do
whatever you like and you are not held
responsible, because foolish things tend to
have foolish labels, so that everyone knows
what's it all about.

But foolish things are a sort of help to a
foolish mind. A great talent is to be able to
do serious art and be cool about it; if you're
not, you try to lift the pressure by doing
something you absolutely don't care for or
just have fun. Very often after some time the
project that was started 'for fun' starts being
more serious, usually because doing things

for fun ends up doing great stuff. The person
loses the initial kick and faces his problem
again - the pressure of thinking, planning,
being too serious about what he does.

What stands behind all this is a wrong way
of thinking that went into the
subconsciousness because of numerous
repeating. What kind of thinking? Doing
things because of some definite reason. To
get popular, to get money, to get ego boost.
Doing art for profit. Too much of this makes
art a torture.

What's the solution?

Stop. Stop doing art. Stop, until it cries out
itself, until you feel that you've got
something to say. And while you sit there,
trying to pop up with a hit tune or
something else, you're just wasting your
time. Art is when it comes itself, when fame,
money and success are just by-products,
when you are free.

Foolish things...

-----no comment-----

CTG Music Community

Hi,

I'm really liking the progressions in this track. I can feel how it was spontaneously made, yet it still has such tightness to it in the arrangement. You are clearly a very talented musician and composer. I could hear this being in a trailer for a movie. The strings sound beautiful.

Rating: (9.0)

-----no comment-----

Zombie Desert



Do you enjoy a good drink after a 3 day trip across the desert? I know I do. I've been to a desert, it's called Zombie Desert. Are there any zombies? Yep, there are. I've seen 'em and I almost became one. Here's the story.

Me and my partner Gunter decided to do some extreme travelling, inspired by xTr1m's interview in Cheap Newspaper Vol.5. So we grabbed some stuff and stepped into the desert somewhere in Africa. The townsfolk told us we went nuts, 'cause the desert is said to be black magic place and people call it Zombie Desert. We laughed at them. Gunter said that things should be scientific.

Traveller's Diary.

Day First.

The weather is hot as we expected. Not that tough, though. Gunter finished off a second Pepsi and I told him he has no self-control. He doesn't agree and is now drinking a third one.

Day Second.

Hot, hot, hot! No, I'm not about girls, I'm about the weather! As we walk the second day, I can say it's harder than I thought. What's bad is that I'm afraid to loose orientation - sand, sand all around. We kinda keep straight, but how can you be sure? Gunter says you gotta use the sun, but I think he's just being a smartass. I bet he had all A's in school. Nerd!

Day Third.

I woke up early, because Gunter shook me by the shoulder. He said he couldn't sleep all night, because he heard moaning sounds and then he thought he'd seen some figures on the horizon. I told him he is a lamer and doesn't know anything about desert life. I told him those were just snakes and scorpions and his wild imagination, but he didn't believe me. The water is beginning to end, I hope the desert finishes soon.

Day Fourth.

This time I woke up more anxious. Gunter looks serious and really frightened. He said he couldn't sleep all night again and in the sunrise he saw people on the horizon. He says they looked strange, as if those were really ill people trying to walk. He says it were them moaning. We keep going, faster this time. The food supply is poor. Water supply is lower then low.

Day Fifth.

missed

Day Sixth.

This ain't funny no more! I woke up into a nightmare - the sky is red, the horizon is full of smoke and campfires, pain moaning in the air, odd figures. Gunter was fainting all the time, it was hard to breathe. In the morning we packed, ate something and went on swiftly. I am worried - it's 6 p.m. and the desert hasn't changed at all. When's the end? Gunter is afraid of the dark.

Day Seventh.

The deeper we go into the desert, the worse it gets. In the daylight the surface is absolutely empty - noone around. But at night! Now we've seen them closer - we spotted 17 of them, weird figures, look like ill people walking. They were much closer now and several campfires settled around, with noone around them. The whole night we couldn't close our eyes. Then we marched and marched. Today we drank a last Pepsi. I hate Pepsi. Gunter said he thought the desert was shorter. I told him he was a lamer. We had to take normal water, my mouth is full with that coke sugar.

Day Eighth.

Even as the night is over, I am shaking. This time they were so close, we saw that they are DEAD. Dead bodies walk around. We ran among them, trying to stay as far away as possible, trying to break out of the circle... It's unbelievable! As we made it over the hill, we saw that zombies and campfires covered the whole desert around us! They didn't seem like attacking, yet they obviously watched us. As the night was over, we understood that we lost direction. This time I told Gunter that his sun idea isn't that bad, but all that fear and sleepless nights made him a little out of shape, so he couldn't remember in what direction we started. I told him he was a lamer, but couldn't remember the direction myself. Then we just searched for food. Scorpions, snakes and all that stuff I said to be living in the desert were hiding. Hungry, we kept moving forward, hoping that we have chosen the right direction.

Day Ninth.

This time we were attacked. They were everywhere and they were marching in rows. They tried to grab us, but we had a heavy branch we found some days before and we beat them. Their bodies were falling down, moaning, then rising again, as if some force made them stand up against their will. Gunter was caught by one, but I hit the zombie hard and his body fell apart. As Gunter crawled away, I saw parts of the body compose again. When the night was over, we thought we lived through eternity. We couldn't move, could hardly breathe. We fell down and slept throughout the whole day. Only in the evening we found strength to continue walking.

Day Tenth.

They got Gunter!!! They snatched him and all I could do was save myself. There were hundreds of them, in heaps, in rows. They walked after us, being everywhere. I managed to kill one by making a hole in his head with a branch. As I was maneuvering, I saw that zombie didn't rise again. The I killed some more, but they are not afraid. I slept all day through.

Day Eleventh.

The night was calm. Ready for a deadly battle, I was amazed at the silence. No moaning, no campfires. I walked as fast as I could, happiness all over me, at the same time tears running for Gunter. As the morning came, I continued to walk without rest. My life was a question of time - I had to make it to the edge of the desert. I was weak from hunger, my body hopelessly needing water.

Day Twelvth.

The night was silent and I had a good sleep. Then I walked and walked and walked. By the end of the day I had no strength, no thoughts and no will. Yet, I saw a big castle. At first, I thought it was just an illusion of my sick imagination, but as I was coming closer, the castle remained real. In a couple of hours I made it to it's walls. They were cold, made out of solid rock. The castle wasn't very big, but it had a high tower in the center. Up there the tower has a window and you could probably see where the

desert ends. I searched for the entrance, thinking about water. My stomach went to sleep and I don't feel hunger anymore. I found a door, but it's locked and is very heavy. I am falling asleep...

Day Thirteenth.

I woke up more optimistic. The castle really wasn't an illusion - I was looking at it in the morning light. This desert is really a black magic place after all. The door remained locked. I tried several ways to open it, but nothing helped. The big metal knob had to be turned, but it probably needed to be pushed very hard. I tried my branch, but it broke into two parts! :(Thinking...

Later that day: I found a way to open it! If it's magic, then it should be illogical. I tried to push the knob as weakly as I could and it started moving! The door opened heavily and cold air breathed from the inside. I'm entering.

Day Fourteenth.

I entered the castle yesterday. Having spend all night and day inside, I can say that it is empty. You can't be 100% sure, though, because it's a damn maze! Corridors, countless rooms... The castle is a four storey building, and a tower is like 4 floors higher, double the height of the rest of the building. From the outside the castle looks smaller, but inside... First storey has like 200 rooms or so. Most of them look alike, though. I spotted three kitchens and a dining room. There is a lot of normal drinking water here, but I haven't found much food, just some fruit. I think it is very good. Since I haven't eaten for a long time, I eat small portions for now. The castle is very silent and when I exit back to the desert, I can now hear that it is very noisy out there, the wind, the crawling of sand... Even the sun rays make some noise. But the castle... Oh, it's very silent. Yet, it frightens me a little. It's the kind of silence when something may happen.

Day Fifteenth.

I explored to the second and third floors. They have hundreds of tight rooms which look alike. Of course, they are not fully identical, but they are easy to get lost in. My aim is the tower - only it can help me locate the right direction. I have to locate the desert edge, otherwise the zombies would return and kill me or I'll just die from hunger. Once I leave the castle, I will be out of food very soon again.

Day Sixteenth.

I decided to mark my way with chalk I found. With it's help I ventured back to the first floor again and got more food and water. I noticed that the floor on the first storey is wet. Weird. Then I got up the stairs and followed my chalk marks. I am now on the fourth level. The stairs to the tower are somewhere here, but the rooms are even more tight and the maze is awfully difficult to go through. Looking...

Day Seventeenth.

Still haven't located the way to the tower. There is constant noise from below. I went downstairs and... the first storey is flooded with water! Water is going up! I am not sure what is going on and where does the water come from, but I sure have to find my way to the tower as soon as possible. In the night I thought I heard footsteps.

Day Eighteenth.

Sorry for the handwriting - my hands are shaking. Calm period is over - all night there were footsteps and at last he found me - Gunter! He is a zombie! He was searching for me in the maze, but I ran away from him and he seems to have lost me for a while. I hear his footsteps all the time, but now they are far away, probably on the level below. I try to walk quietly. The water level has risen. Now the second storey is half flooded and water is still coming in. I located the stairs, they probably lead to the tower, but I have to get there carefully, so that I can avoid Gunter.

Day Nineteenth.

I'm in the tower! I locked myself from the rest of the castle by carefully taking the stairs to pieces. Yesterday I took all the food and water supply and then disassembled the stairs to the tower, doing that quietly. Gunter's footsteps were always on the fourth level and he is there now. But he can't get into the tower... I don't know if I can escape the castle through the tower windows, but it is the only way.

Day Twentieth.

I explored the tower. It doesn't have a maze, just circular stairs and some rooms on the sides of the stairs. I made it to the roof and peered through the small windows. In three directions the only thing can be seen is the desert. In the fourth direction there was the end of the desert, some trees and probably a town. I worked with the sun and stuff and understood that it was to the east. Now, using the sun as a compass, I could make no mistake. However, the windows are too small and the rock is solid. I hear Gunter knocking into the tower, he is standing in deep water - the flood continues. I gotta find a way to escape...

Day Twenty First.

I heard Gunter say that since his intellect is very high, he didn't become just a zombie, but almost a black wizard. He said he wants to take me with him into the nightmare. I don't agree. I located funny things in tower rooms. They look very much like some control panel and are located in wooden tables - you just open the wooden plate. Strange... Spend all day studying the controls.

Day Twenty Second.

Gunter stopped knocking, water filled all four levels. I have to hurry, but now I have a solution. You won't believe it, but the controls seem to be from... a rocket. Which rocket? This morning I understood - the tower IS the rocket! All I have to do is point the resulting coordinates. So I set 'em to east. Everything is packed, I am about to start. It's scary, but it's the only way out - I don't want to go through the Zombie Desert again...

Later that day: Flying!!! Hooray! The rocket has taken off and I am now heading for that town. The speed is not that fast, so it'll take a couple of hours... I look at the castle that is left behind. While taking off, the rocket damaged it and the building is falling apart as I'm writing... Poor Gunter. Is there a way to save him or is he really gone? I can't believe it!

Day Twenty Third.

Yesterday I landed two kilometers from the town. The rocket set deep into the sand and I thought my journey came to a sad end, but no explosion followed and I managed to get out. When I looked at the rocket from the outside, I saw that there was its name written - "Pepsi". Odd... Maybe Pepsi isn't that bad afterall.

Day Twenty Fourth.

Yesterday I came back to the village and was resting. It was the same town we left with Gunter more than three weeks ago. The town people were right, the desert is black magic and there are zombies... I told them my story and about Gunter. They said that their wise man can help and when I finish writing, I'll visit him.

Day Twenty Fifth.

The wise man said I can save Gunter! He said that being dead and being a zombie are two different things. If Gunter wasn't really killed by zombies, but just transformed, the process can go back. He can be retransformed into a normal human being again! I'm going back for Gunter!..

-the end-

Continued in "A Revenge For Gunter"!

Ads Section

<p>DoomSquad Destiny is looking for clanmembers.</p> <p>-DSD- is a "Call of Duty" clan that is located in the Netherlands. If you live near the Netherlands (this is important based upon ping time) and you would like to join us, then take a look at www.dsd.codclan.nl Just register and either post in the right forum, or PM me.</p> <p>Greets: -DSD- LPChip -A- *c!*</p>	<p>a spam message from robot x to robot y gv39876g230 7h025 097250 7h087 jh092350 093725bnhm09 002bj0 0202000 m02bmn9053029 mb32b23508jb2bh 98756hnb 987235hb 328957h90832 23h087235 hj093725bnhm09 002bj0 0202000 m02bmn9053029 mb32b23508jb2bh 98756hnb 093725bnhm09 002bj0 0202000 <u>m02bmn9053029 mb32b23508jb2bh 9875097235bu</u></p>
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about Cheap Newspaper and WNP Press

We are a commercial non-profit organization, which is a part of a big program, the goal of which is to provide people with cheap garbage literature. If you want to submit an article to our paper and see your name in the staff, contact Louigi Verona. If you don't know how, visit his homepage <http://www.atgig.com/lverona> or PM him through <http://www.ctgmusic.com> or find him with the help of Yahoo, Google, and such. Thank you.

The staff: editor – Verona L., reporter – Louigi V.