

Local Man is World's Worst Serial Killer

Peregrine Beard has been branded as the “world’s worst serial killer” after his 25-year killing spree resulted in the deaths of not one single person.

BOY, he really was so very bad” commented arresting officer Craig Watkins, shaking his head sadly. “I mean, you’ve got to give him credit for tenacity, but he really was the most useless murderer we’ve ever encountered. We were all looking forward to treating him as a monstrous hate figure, but frankly you just end up feeling sorry for the pathetic old fart.”

Despite continuous attempts to slaughter people over a period of three decades, Mr Beard failed to end a single human life. In fact, at one point his massive incompetence resulted in him accidentally *saving* the lives of one young couple, technically giving him a final death toll of minus two.

Police point to his overly literal mind as one reason for failure. “Taking the song lyrics ‘too much love can kill you’



PEREGRINE BEARD, 42

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at face value, he attempted to murder one victim with flowers and expensive holidays”, commented Officer Keithley. “And don’t even get me started on the whole ‘death by chocolate’ debacle.”

Mr Beard was eventually arrested for causing a public nuisance. When faced with capture, he tried to take his own life by strangling himself, but passed out before he could finish.

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MATT BERRY'S 10 Albums That Changed My Life

#2: KEN PUFFIN *GOOD SEX* 1978

I first heard Ken’s record at around age eight in my Granddad’s greenhouse in Bedford. I realised even at such a young age that Ken knew the score when it came to sex. Not only did he know the score, he was clearly the players’ choice. He sang about the best positions you should use, depending on your level of fitness; at eight years old, I lapped it up!

The first three songs deal with pulling specific girls. In Ken’s case, this takes place in the swimming pool or at the car auction; he always strikes firmly and hits the target. Tracks 4 to 6 concentrates on which wines have the best effect, i.e. “Don’t get her too lit on white if you’re

after that kind of night”. The album then turns into a kind of audio *Karma Sutra*, where Ken takes you through the best ways to keep the sex intense and red-hot!

Whenever I watch cookery programmes, I get the urge to go straight into the kitchen and start experimenting. That’s how I felt when I first heard this album. I can still remember sitting in the greenhouse with my headphones on, waiting for the damn record to finish so I could get off and try all this out. Imagine my disappointment when it emerged that Kan Puffin was, in fact, queer as a duster.



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