

course, due to an unerringly duff sense of direction (despite the fact that two of our lads work in a hill-walking and climbing shop) and an over-imbibance (??) of certain 'beverages', the Disorienteers cranked their way into the daylight.

We're not what you would call a 'demon' bunch – we're only in it for a larf, a chip buttie and the chance to have a face-plant among the sheep

**Jez H.
Dorki**

*Jo Burt w
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all that.*

*Nice try
That busines:*

