

ONE EVENING AT A PUB IN DERBYSHIRE, THERE ARE SOME OLD MEN SAT AROUND A TABLE....

Gather round followers of the great Climber's Club. I have grave news of a defilement of our faith by a work so hideous it makes my blood boil!



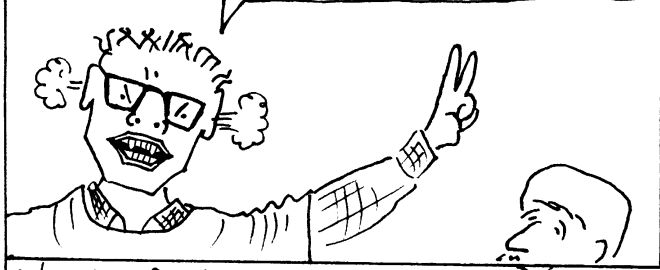
But first let me remind you of the seven C.C. guidebook commandments



Number one! Thou shall publish books full of words and more words and they shall be written in the language of Queens



Number two! Thou shall declare a date for the publishment of each new work and this date shall be total bollocks! Then thou shall wait for years and years and then wait some more and then shalt thou declare that the guidebook is 'at the printers'.



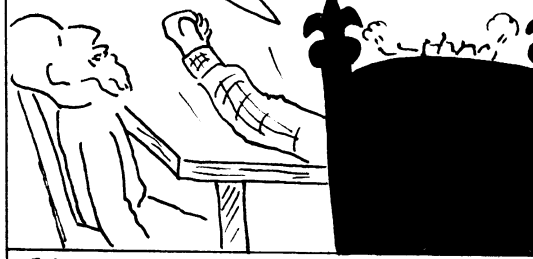
Number three! Thou shall not use pictures or maps. They are evil and are created by wicked magicians who demand money



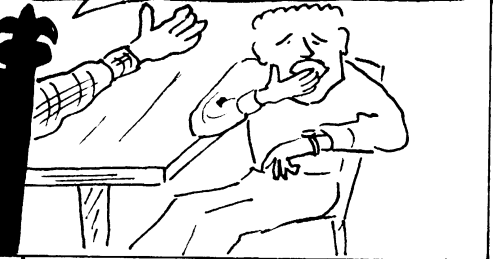
Number four! Thou shall not use wit and humour nor shall thou use metres for measuring distance



Number five! Thou shall make sure that each and every word of the book must be read before the followers can find the start of their chosen adventure.



Number SIX!! Thou shall toil and toil and the words 'Bleedin' hell, I wish I could get on with it without all these doddering old committee members breathing down my neck!' shall not be said.



and finally number seven! Thou shall not, never, no way, not on your nellyes, use the phrase 'six-bee-plus'



I have here a work of such evil that I can't begin to tell you how angry it makes me! It breaks every one of our commandments and that is why I am trusting you, my... our followers with this FATWAAAAR!



GO FORTH, BOTH OF YOU, AND SEEK OUT THE PERPETRATOR OF THIS DISGUSTING WORK; HE WHO CALLS HIMSELF SALMAN ROCKFAX! FIND HIM AND KILL HIM.



and when you've killed him tell him it's not fair! We're only a small club with hundreds of members, all of whom work for free. How can we compete against two blokes with computers in their attics?

